BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

FEBRUARY
1940

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number seven

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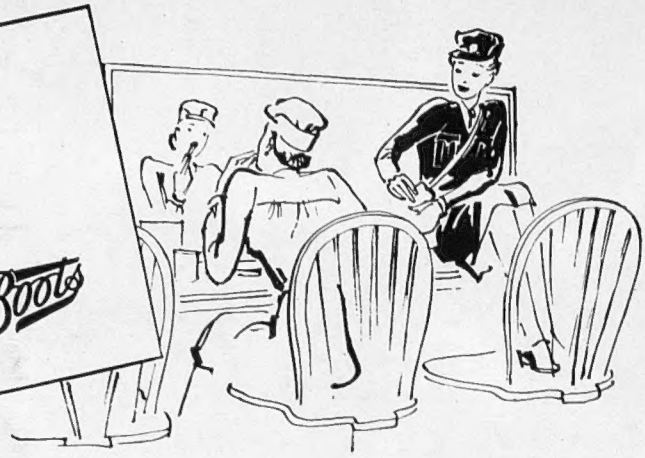

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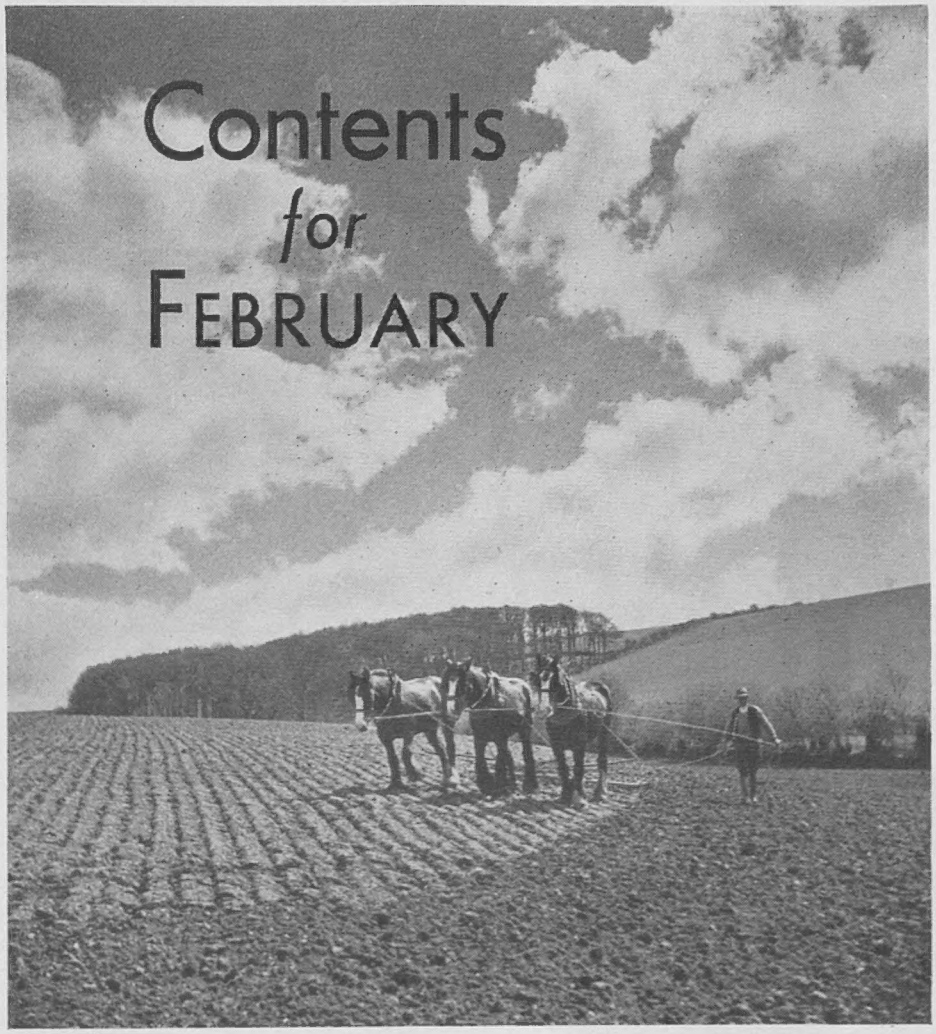
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 20, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1940

Contents for FEBRUARY



Cover Design

by *Carl Shreve*

Articles

Pleasure Hunt :
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
4–5 and 88

Sweepers of the Deep :
by *Stanley Jackson*
6–7 and 86

New Life for the Old Homes of England :
12–13

Behind God's Back :
by *Negley Farson*
18–19 and 76

Old Tales Re-told :
The Temptations and Adventures of Fra Jeronimo de Aguilar.
Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 26–31 and 66

Home Section

Fashions :
by *Jean Burnup*
43–46

Mary Young's Findings for Your Keepings : 47

Baby on Her Toes : 48

Decorative Vegetable Gardens :
by *Eleanour Sinclair Rohde* 49 and 71

What Colour Are You ? : 50–51

Five o'clock is News Again : 52–53 and 85

Knitting Pages :
54–55 and 92

Summer in February :
by *Harriet Muir*
56 and 85

Dinner for Four, Dinner for Six :
57 and 92

Home Section

If I Had a Second Chance :
by *Winifred Lewis* 20-21

On Duty—and Off :
by *Jane Gordon* 35 and 75

Beauty Treatment for the Home :
38–39

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Nervy People 40 and 88
Lovely Hands 41
Night Out in Town 42 and 70

Stories

The Super Sub-Hunters :
by *Weston Martyr*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 8–11 and 71

The Tyrant of Pistoja :
by *Marjorie Bowen*
Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead*
14–17 and 86

Alremo's :
by *Laurence W. Meynell*
Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 23–25 and 66

Silver Wedding :
by *Ursula Bloom*
Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 32–34 and 72

Hearts in Concert :
by *Roy Wirgman*
Illustrated by *Clive Upton* 36–37 and 82

People Taken In : 58

War Law at Home : 60

Confidently Recommended : 62

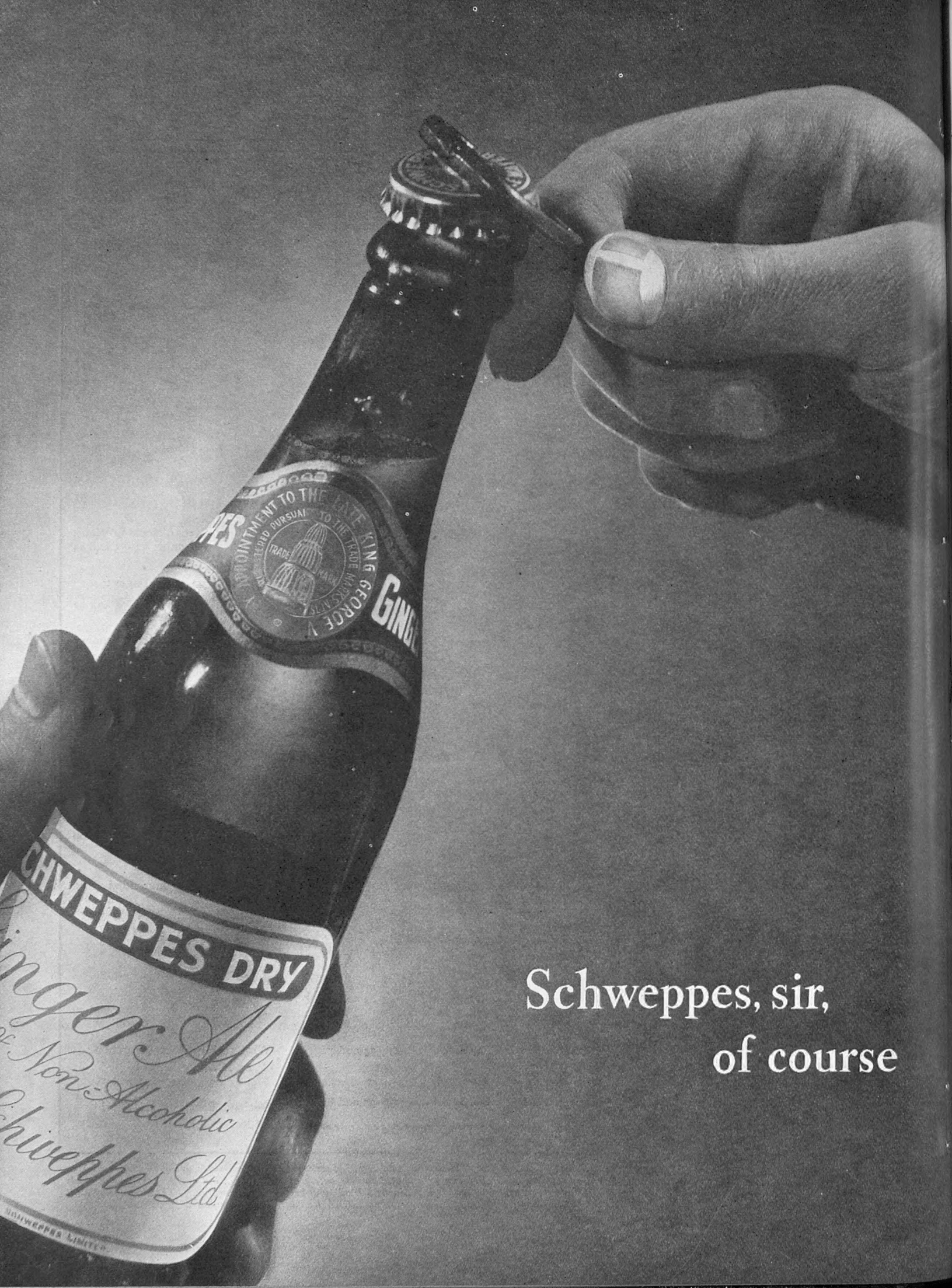
General

Books :
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen*
22 and 79

Winter Motoring in Wartime :
by *A. Percy Bradley* 65

Decisive Battles of the World :
No. 2 : Arbela 3

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 92. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.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Decisive Battles of the World

Alexander Extends Greek Culture

Arbela 331 B.C.

AT Arbela, near old Nineveh, Alexander's army, forty thousand strong, met the Persian masses under Darius in a battle which was to decide whether Alexander's world-conquering march was to continue or end there, whether the Western ideas generated in Greece were to spread or stop at the limits of the Aegean Sea.

The odds favoured Darius. His army outnumbered that of the European invader by seven to one. But the Persian emperor had no more military talent than his ancestor Xerxes, who, trying to extend his empire into Europe 150 years earlier, had been defeated at Salamis and Platæa, and thrust back whence he came.

Alexander, on the other hand, had inherited his father's military genius. He was, besides, enormously experienced already, at twenty-five. Further, he controlled a matchless war machine.

ALEXANDER'S father, Philip, had organised and trained that army. Taken to Greece as a hostage by the Theban captain, Peloponnesus, he had learnt the Theban principles, and—back in Macedonia as king after his brother's death—had improved on them. He had completely reorganised the Macedonian army. Abandoning the armour of the Greek hoplites, he gave his heavy infantry, the shock troops, a long spear, which strengthened its defence while making it more formidable in assault. For he organised this infantry in depth. Sixteen ranks confronted the enemy, sixteen ranks of long spears in depth. This was the famous Macedonian phalanx. The heavy infantry was supported by light infantry, cavalry trained to fight as a unit, an artillery corps operating catapults and battering rams, and engineer units for siege operations.

Philip used this powerful machine to conquer Greece in campaigns spread over twenty years, and ending in the battle of Chæronea, which broke for ever the power of Greece. But after their early struggles, the Greeks had grown indifferent and disunited. Their golden age—which saw developed standards in literature and art which remain unsurpassed, and the imperishable idea of individual liberty in government—was over. Philip, as Captain-General of the Hellenic League, which he created, was preparing to march into Asia Minor, when an assassin struck him down. His twenty-year-old son inherited campaign plan, military machine, and also the military title which camouflaged the status of an emperor.

IT took him two years of fighting to get his European domains settled. He had to march into Greece to impose himself as captain-general, turn north and crush risings in Thrace and the Balkans, march south again and besiege and destroy a rebellious Thebes. He was twenty-two when he crossed the Hellespont.

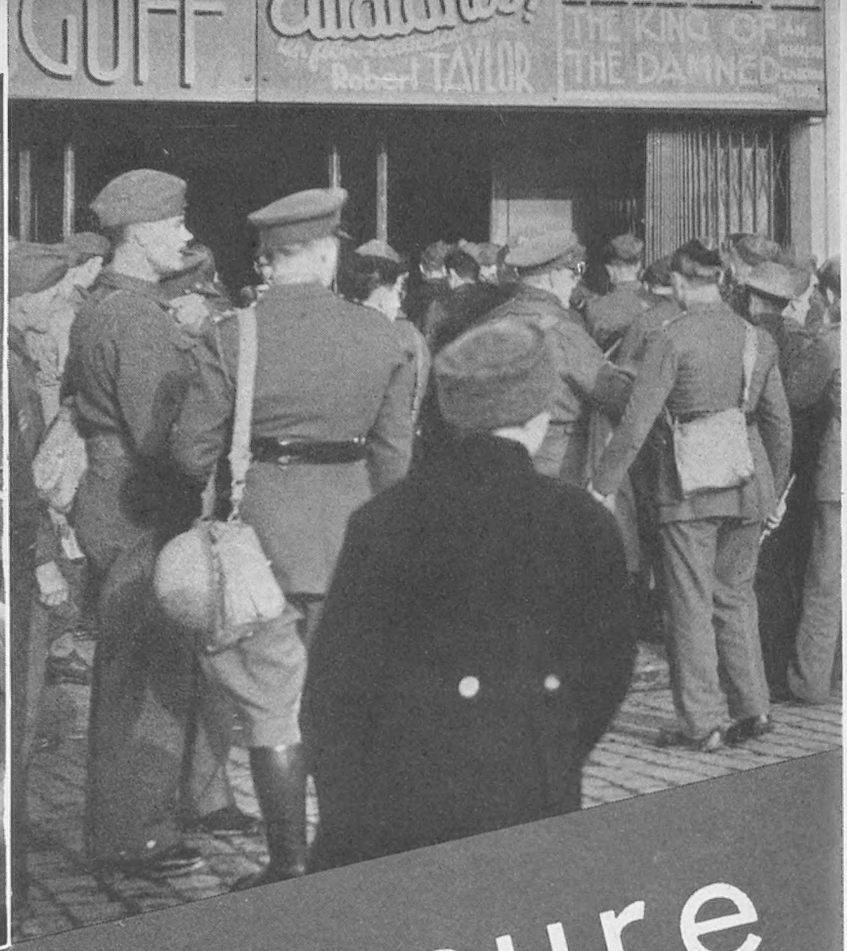
He broke through the Asiatic horde blocking his path on the Granicus River; reduced the pro-Persian Greek cities of the Aegean, encountered the army of Darius at Issus, in the south-east corner of the Mediterranean, and put it to flight; took Tyre in a brilliant siege operation and so conquered Phœnicia; plucked Egypt like a ripe apple; founded Alexandria, later to become the eastern centre of Hellenic culture; and marched back, a veteran, with a veteran army, to meet the new Persian challenge at Arbela.

That battle was brief, and decisive. Alexander attacked. His artillery heaved showers of rocks, which disconcerted the Persian elephants. His massive phalanx advanced and carved through the main enemy forces. The light infantry broke the flanks, and the disciplined cavalry charged round and took the Persians in the rear.

The army of Darius broke. Darius fled, and later was found murdered in the mountains. The Persian empire was Alexander's.

HE marched for seven more years, trying to reach the eastern sea. There was desultory fighting, but Arbela was his last major battle. He died in Babylon, his temporary capital, of a fever, on his way home, and in the midst of plans for new campaigns to south and west. He was thirty-three.

He left a loose empire stretching from Greece to India and from the Nile to the Caspian. But his main achievement was to spread far and wide those Hellenic ideas which still influence mankind.



Pleasure

The public demand for dance music and dancing will expand rather than contract after the war's end, and will probably be more popular than ever

UNDER the blackout in London a strange night life is blooming like an orchid in a dark jungle. It has a double bloom : part private social life, and part commercialised pleasure. It is gay, amusing, colourful, and it has its vicious fringes—no pleasure life anywhere without them. But if you step back and view it objectively from the war-psychology angle, it takes on the sharp gleam of a weapon, and something of the solid outline of a fortress.

In fact, it is both. It is the chief offence against Hitler's psychological allies : boredom and depression. A war of siege breeds the first, the blackout induces the second. In a police state, neither matter much : in a democracy, they can be serious.

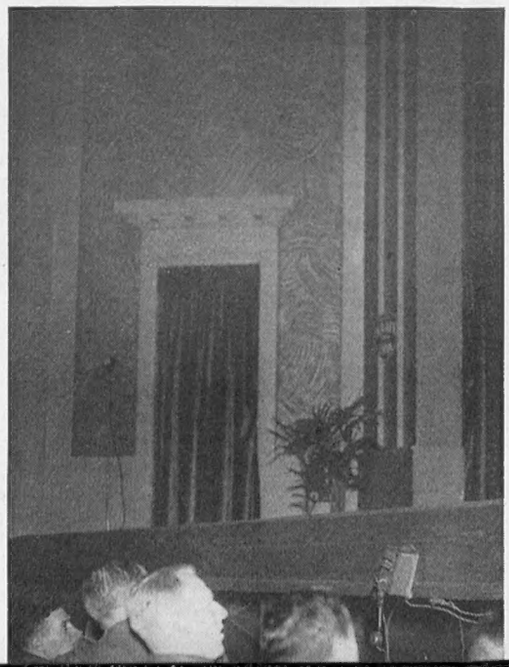
Not that the pleasure hunt is a phenomenon confined to the world's biggest city, or to wartime Britain. It struggles for life in the Third Reich : so much so that at the New Year Police-chief Himmler had to issue an order prohibiting celebrations beyond one a.m. in cafés, restaurants, night clubs, and other public places, ordering "dignity," and the avoidance of boisterousness. The order was reinforced by a warning against "excessive drinking." The authorities did not view this as "undignified." But they need their males for labour and fighting, and an alcoholic in the blackout is liable to become a total loss.

Pastimes which contribute to the fighting efficiency of the Hitlerian State, are less frowned upon. For example, Rudolf Hess announces that any German mother can call herself "*Frau*" provided that the father of her child is serving in the army. A very pleasant New Year's gift, this virtual licence granted to young women and the soldiery to indulge in a certain kind of sport and pleasure without fear of the usual social consequences ! Imagine the public and Church reaction to such an order emanating from Sir Samuel Hoare's office ! More pointed still, conceive the uproar if President Roosevelt made a like concession in the United States—which country, compared with the belligerent states, is pleasure mad, with theatres packed, and a boom in the entertainment and pleasure-resort industries.

But everywhere there is this marked pursuit of pleasure. It is an old phenomenon, characteristic of disturbed times, although now it has new angles and aspects. When old Rome was in peril, it was recorded that the shouts of the combatants outside the city walls could scarce be heard for the plaudits of the spectators at the Games in the circus; and the pay of the gladiator and charioteer crowd favourites soared as high as that of our contemporary crowd favourites of stage, film and radio.

The extreme picturesqueness of the 1940 fashions, particularly those designed for the evening, have been found incongruous by some. But fashions were more daring, if less sophisticated, during the Directory in France, when everything was in flux, an old world was dying, nobody felt secure, and amid the general tension people wanted some brightness and fun while it was to be had.

Human nature being what it is, pleasure is still not a luxury, but one of the necessities, of life. Puritans, kill-joys, prohibitionists, and some others, still don't recognise this. When the war began, Lady Astor wanted to reimpose the liquor restrictions of the last phase of the Great War. Mr. A. P. Herbert protested. Summing up the wartime depressants existing, he remarked that ". . . it takes a strong spirit not to feel that Hitler has won the war already."



(Left) Recreation for the troops is one of the most important concerns of the Army chiefs. Here are seen troops entering a theatre somewhere in France for a Gracie Fields concert

(Below) The Ambassador Girls who were recently at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, rehearsing at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, for the new cabaret

Hunt . . .

In all its aspects it is a gigantic business which cannot be ruined without creating economic, financial and social problems of a dangerous character

By C. Patrick Thompson

Now, Lady Astor has her pleasures. They are golf, politics, and running a political "salon." All give Lady Astor as much heady excitement and pleasure as quaffing beer in the "local" gives folk in less elevated stations. But Mr. Herbert did not suggest that they should be suspended for the duration. I think he missed a point there.

Pat Kirkwood who made a hit in the "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love" number in the revue "Black Velvet" at the London Hippodrome

(Left) Miss Gracie Fields sings to the troops at a concert where 3,000 British soldiers were entertained in a theatre somewhere in France

Still, we are becoming more educated in the psychology of pleasure. There are pleasures, and pleasures; and the healthy ones are those which establish a balance, and put new spirit into a human organism by providing change, and taking the mind off anxieties and the hard business of living. Even the War Office are now fully alive to this—remembering perhaps that although Wellington spent the eve of Waterloo at a ball, he still got to the field of battle well on time—unlike his ally, Blücher, who took his pleasure out of a bottle, and so arrived late.

Recreation for the troops is one of the most important concerns of the Army's new managers. As early as the first month of the war they were urging the Home Office to issue an Order in Council enabling cinema proprietors in troop areas to open on Sundays. Only a third of Britain's cinemas normally open on Sunday; the rest stay closed either through lack of demand, or more usually because the local authorities regard the cinemas as competitive with the churches, and frown on the idea of Sunday "pleasure" anyway.

Professional entertainers are being regularly shuttled between England and France—pleasure "rations" for the forces in the field. The lesson of the last war has been well learned. Then, it was five months before anything was done; and curiously it was Kitchener, the stern and unbending soldier, who saw the need for entertainment for the troops, and Sir John French, the pleasure-loving cavalryman, a man who lived pretty fast and high who resisted. (*Continued on page* 88)

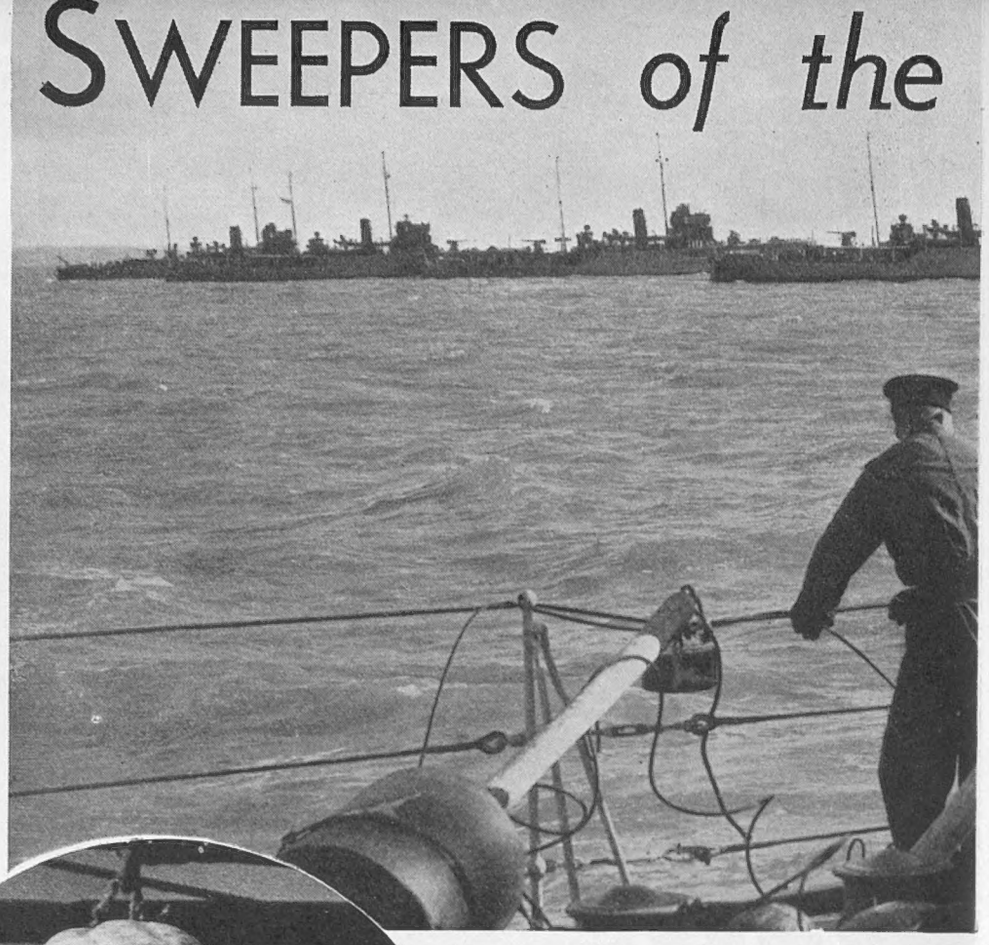
SWEEPERS of the

A FEW weeks ago, when every radio bulletin was announcing some triumph for the Nazi murder mines, our Admiralty issued an urgent appeal for another 200 trawlers and 2,000 fishermen who would fight this new terror of the high seas. Quietly and without any fuss, the men queued up outside offices in every fishing port on the east coast. I shall not easily forget that Saturday night. Some of the men had just come off their trawlers and they were dog-tired. In their homes blazed roaring fires. Supper was on the table and slippers beckoned from the fender. There was laughter in the pubs and many a man must have thought longingly of a foaming tankard. But all that could wait!

"Winston wants us," said one red-faced skipper as he puffed patiently at his pipe.

Throughout that Saturday night and all through Sunday morning they filed silently into the offices to declare war on Hitler's mines. There were youngsters among them whose lassies waited patiently with them in the drenching rain. There were tough, weatherbeaten old men who had worked at the same job a quarter of a century ago. Some of them had retired to cosy country pubs and little confectionery shops. All were ready to pull on their oilskins once again and go fishing for dynamite instead of cod. By Sunday afternoon the recruiting offices had closed and men were being turned away.

Upon men like these Britain depends to keep the traffic channels clear, and to give the "go ahead!" signal to our food ships. It is a dangerous job, and one that demands nerves of steel and dogged resolve. Every day at dawn our minesweepers put to sea, prepared to sweep or be blown sky high. All around them



A fleet of minesweepers ready to start on its day's duty. When working together their movements have to be as precise as those of soldiers on parade

A North Sea fisherman—typical of the gallant volunteer crews keeping our seas clear of mines

Training minesweepers in peace time. Putting overboard an "Orepesa." This instrument is used when a sweeper is working alone, is trailed at the end of the "sweep" wire and keeps it at the requisite distance from the vessel

float death traps in the shape of ugly little "cheeses," each of which holds 400 lb. of T.N.T. Half a dozen horns sprout from its sides, each containing a quantity of acid. Once the horn is touched it snaps like one of Hitler's non-aggression pacts! The acid then runs into a battery and the mine explodes.

Our "Hoovers" do not face this menace on a hit-or-miss basis. Every man on a minesweeper knows his job, and has been shown how to use the complicated "tackle" on board. Long before this war began men from the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve were given a course of training in the art of detecting mines and dealing with them effectively. Hundreds of fishermen spent their summer holidays serving with minesweeping flotillas.

Before tackling the practical side of the business our trawlermen learn all about methods of laying mines. Mines can be laid by ordinary ships, by U-boats or by planes dropping parachutes. The virtue of using submarines for this purpose is that they can be safely planted from below the surface. The mines are dropped over the stern from little trolleys which are fitted so as to avoid accidental damage to one of the deadly horns.

As the mine drops into the sea a cable to which it is attached unwinds slowly and releases a "sinker" weighing about six hundredweights. Once the sinker has struck bottom it automatically keeps the mine in place below the surface at the required depth. Some are sunk deep enough to blow up a heavy ship, others are sown in shallower waters to deal with minesweepers.

The "bubble mines" dropped from parachutes do not worry our Admiralty overmuch. To be effective the mine-dropping plane must see exactly where it is laying its deadly cargo. Haphazard mine laying can prove a very mixed blessing, as the Germans have already discovered. To sow

DEEP

Heroes of the minesweeping flotillas grapple with the danger of sweeping the sea clear of mines sown recklessly by the enemy

By Stanley Jackson

The sweep wire has been hauled in and the "cutter" is being removed. This cutter severs the mine from its sinker, and the mine then floats to the surface

their mines in the most used shipping routes the Nazi planes have to work with light. By day this activity is apt to prove disastrous, and few pilots would risk it. Their only chance is to operate by moonlight, when they are at the mercy of our searchlights and deadly anti-aircraft guns.

THE magnetic mine presents a more difficult problem. It is no great shock to our Admiralty. As long ago as November, 1917 our scientists were aware of the magnetic needle device that could explode a ship before its steel hull actually came into contact with the mine. The device is not quite the mystery that the Nazis would have us believe. The needle is locked in a container at the top of the mine. The mine is kept in place by a sinker in the same way as the non-magnetic mine, but unlike the others the needle can explode the detonator instead of waiting for the ship to strike one of the horns. As the ship's hull comes within range the needle revolves until it contacts the detonator.

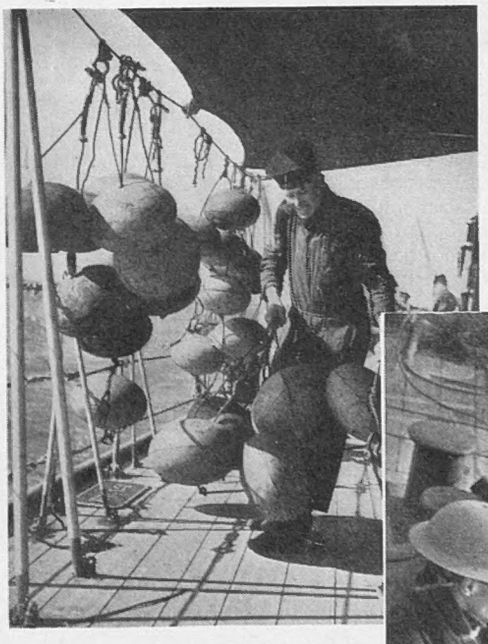
If the magnetic minefield is controlled the mines could be exploded by pressing a button two miles away, but the ordinary uncontrolled mine has a range of only about twenty-five feet, according to its Swedish inventor. Another serious drawback is that it can only be effective when laid in shallow waters.

The magnetic mine, like the ordinary type, can be laid in dozens of different formations. A common method is to link them in pairs by means of thick wires. When one is struck the other is pulled in and also explodes.

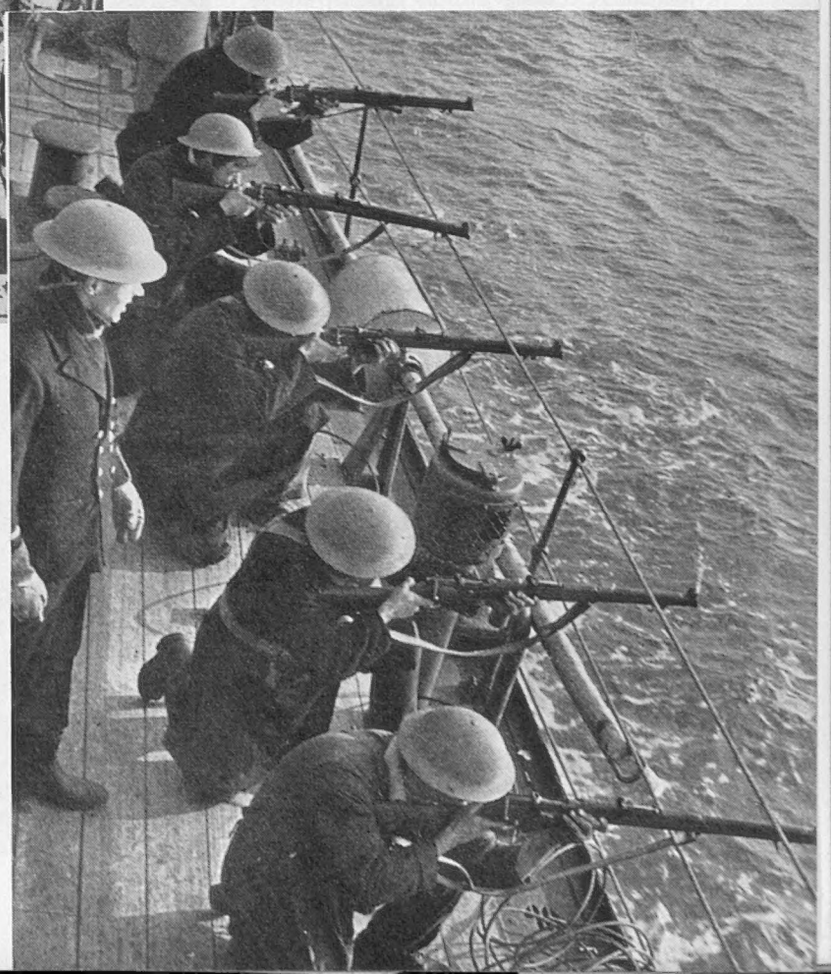
But these tricks and new gadgets do not disturb our minesweeping heroes. What arouses their indignation and that of the whole civilised world is the German policy of indiscriminate mine laying. It is legitimate to mine the enemy bases and harbours, but only a murderous pirate would declare mine warfare on enemy and neutral alike. Throttled by our blockade, and with their merchant navy rotting in neutral ports, the Nazis are going all out for a *blitzkreig* on the open sea. With a cynical disregard for international law, they have neither informed neutrals of the position of their mine traps nor taken steps to make them harmless on getting loose from their moorings.

Gangster methods always show quick dividends, but once again we are taking vigorous action to rid the seas of vermin. To-day we have the world's greatest minesweeping flotilla. At least 800 vessels are engaged on the hunt. They vary from specially constructed minesweeping ships to converted drifters, trawlers, yachts and even paddle boats. In the last war some of our vessels were handicapped by lack of speed. Most of our "Hoovers" can now dash through heavy seas at a splendid pace. No vessel is employed unless it is both fast and seaworthy.

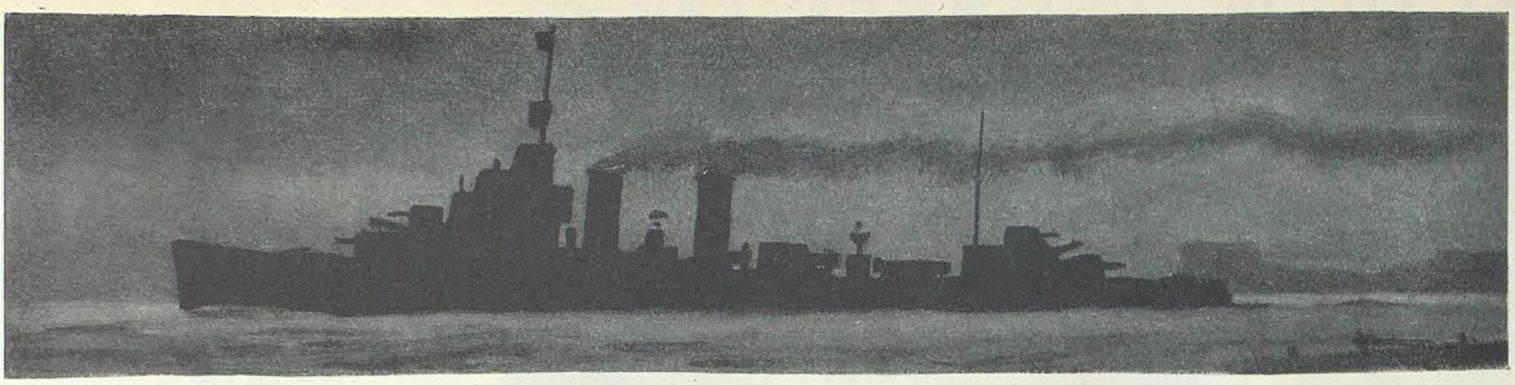
The minesweepers have two main functions. They must constantly keep the usual shipping routes clear and rush to sweep an area where some casualty has just occurred. They sweep in pairs or six or seven (*Continued on page* 86)



A sailor on board a minesweeper sorting out pellets. These are attached to Dan buoys and mark channels which have been swept clear of mines



(Right)
The excitement of being in at the kill. A firing squad exploding by rifle fire another German mine which has been cut free by the sweep



The Super Sub-Hunters

SHE has no name. The navy calls her "No. 33." What the enemy calls her and her sisters I do not know; but I can guess what they think of her. Those of them with whom she has not yet had direct dealings must think of her with terror and dread; and those who have met her are not in a position to think at all. They are dead.

As her commander said, "Oh, yes. It's pretty safe to say, once we get on the track of a sub, she's our meat. Don't think I'm boasting. You see, this ship was specially designed and built for her job. That makes it easy for us. If we see, or hear—specially *hear*—a sub, then all we've got to do is to keep her in sight, or hearing, and, bar flukes, we're sure to get her in the end. Bound to."

"But how? Why?" I said. "I don't see."

"Well, we're sailing to-night," said "No. 33's" commander, "and with luck, you will see before we get home again. Now, this ship wasn't built for passengers, so there's no spare cabin for you. You'll have to doss down in the wardroom. This is the wardroom. Through here. Duck your tu'penny. This is my Number One. Langley, here's somebody coming with us this trip to see what we do and how we do it. Look after him and see he doesn't get into mischief."

The commander vanished. Number One looked at me and I looked at him. He was a little, meek-looking man, with pale blue eyes and sandy hair. I repeat: he *looked* meek.

Said he, "Sit down. Have a drink. No? Then, what can I do for you?"

"If you could find time," I said, "to show me over the boat and explain things before we sail, I should be very much obliged."

"This is a ship, not a boat," replied Number One. "From the look of you I hoped you were a sailor, but if you're only one of these damned journalists who don't know a boat from a ship, it's only going to be a waste of time explaining anything."

Here I judged it wise to present my letter of introduction. Number One read it with scorn in his eye. But when he came to the signature he said, "Oh, him! Well, you should be all right if *he* vouches for you. What do you want to know?"

"Tell me about this ship," I answered. "Tell me *all* about her. And show me all over her. After that I'll try not to trouble you more than I can help."

"Thanks," said Number One, dryly. "You writing chaps call us the Silent Service; but this ship really is silent. She's a noiseless ship. She was built to be silent. That's why she's got reciprocating engines instead of turbines or motors. She goes like a ghost up to twenty-seven knots and after that—well, I'll admit there's a slight hum when we press her beyond thirty. She begins to vibrate a bit then, but nothing rattles. Nothing's allowed to. Yes. She's quiet, all right. Listen!"

He stamped his foot, hard, on the wardroom floor. His stampings made no sound. The floor was carpeted with, amongst other things, soft, thick rubber.

"She's like that all through," Number One went on. "There's no bare steel decks here for the hands to go clumping about on. They're all wood sheathed and rubber coated, even in the engine room."

"Why?" I said.

"So that *they* can't hear us," answered Number One. "And, when you're listening, the less noise you make yourself, the better you can hear *them*. Here! Come below and I'll show you."

He led me into the bowels of the ship, along sound-proof alleyways and down noise-insulated ladders. He opened a door. It looked as thick and solid as the door of a bank vault, but it swung open silkily at his touch.

"This," said he, "is the listening room. The hands call it the 'ear 'ole.' They would, of course."

HE turned a switch (that switch did not click, let it be noted) and the dim, suffused light which resulted revealed a room with its walls decorated with dials, tubes, wires, gauges, and instruments and apparatus of strange shapes.

Said Number One, "There she is. This is where our dirty work's done and these gadgets are what we do it with. You can't see much, but the light's kept dim on purpose. You can hear better when you can't see, and you don't need to see much when you're on this job. What we do here is concentrate on listening. This is the ears of the ship—and her eyes too."

He held up a thing which looked to me like a giant, padded helmet. "Hydrophone headpiece," said he. "Same thing as a telephone headphone—only more so. When you wear this you can't hear anything, except what comes through your earphones. I said, anything. And the earphones are a bit special, too. They amplify sound. Magnify it, d'you see? If you put this headphone on, and I dropped a lump of coal overboard, you'd think someone had dropped a bomb. That's if the main amplifier's tuned full on, of course."

He pointed to one of the queer instruments on the bulkhead. "That's her," he said, "our main amplifier. We call her the M.A. She's a masterpiece. You can tune in on her—*if* you know how—and pick up the sound of a seagull landing on the water at two miles range. I've done it. When I was passing my listening course I spent three months on amplifiers alone. Two weeks theory and ten practical. The whole course takes five months and, you can believe me, they do the thing properly. If you pass, you can call yourself a listener, all right. Yes. *My* final test, before they'd pass me, was to plot the distances, courses and varying bearings of a beetle walking around on a table in a room two stories below me. Made me sweat; but I did it. And you're only allowed an error of two degrees on bearings and one per cent on distance. But it wasn't too difficult, really. Not when you get used to it, and thanks to all this gear."

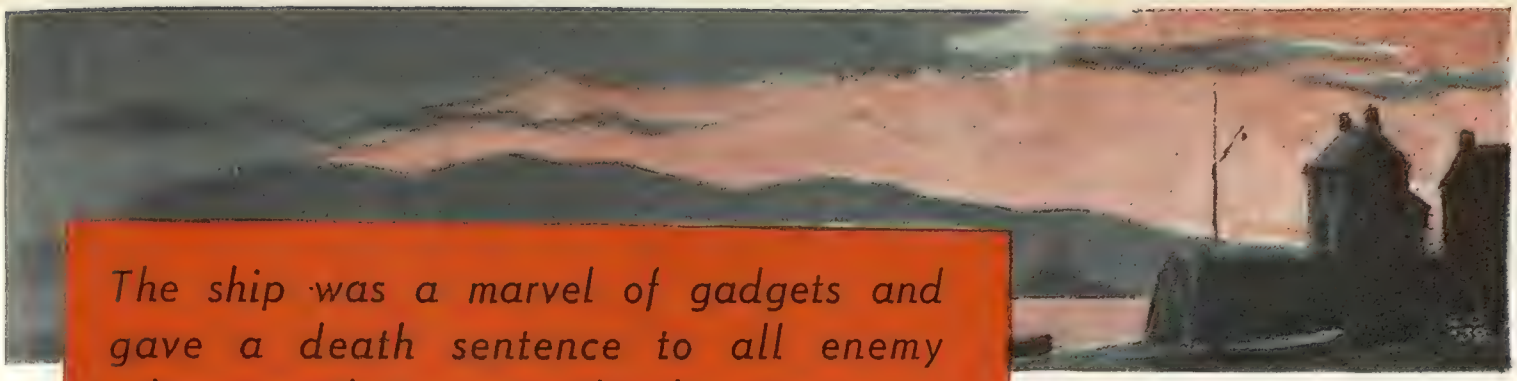
HE waved his hand around the room and twiddled a knob or two. "This bunch of tricks screens the particular sound you're listening to—it tones down the other noises. This outfit here gives you the range, and this little chap's the B.I.—the bearing indicator. It's a poor name for him, because he doesn't just indicate; all his statements are accurate and precise. If there's a sub working within hearing range this instrument gives you its bearing to one degree. Which is good enough; it's closer than any ship can steer.

I said, "It's good enough, all right. I understand, now, why you never lose track of anything you get on the trail of. But what I don't understand is, how your instruments pick up the sound of a sub in the water."

"Quite simple," said Number One. "The microphone—the business end of this hydrophone, that is—sticks out from the bottom of the ship below water. The mike picks up the sounds that come through the water. And water's the best conductor of sound there is, don't forget. The sounds are transmitted through the amplifier, which magnifies them, to these headphones. And when you twist the mike about, it shows you, through the B.I., the bearing the sound is coming *from*. The range finder gives you the distance *off*, and . . . well, then I phone the dope to the skipper on the bridge and we get to the spot indicated as quick as we know how, and dump our depth charges on top of that sound, and the rest is—er—silence! Got it?"

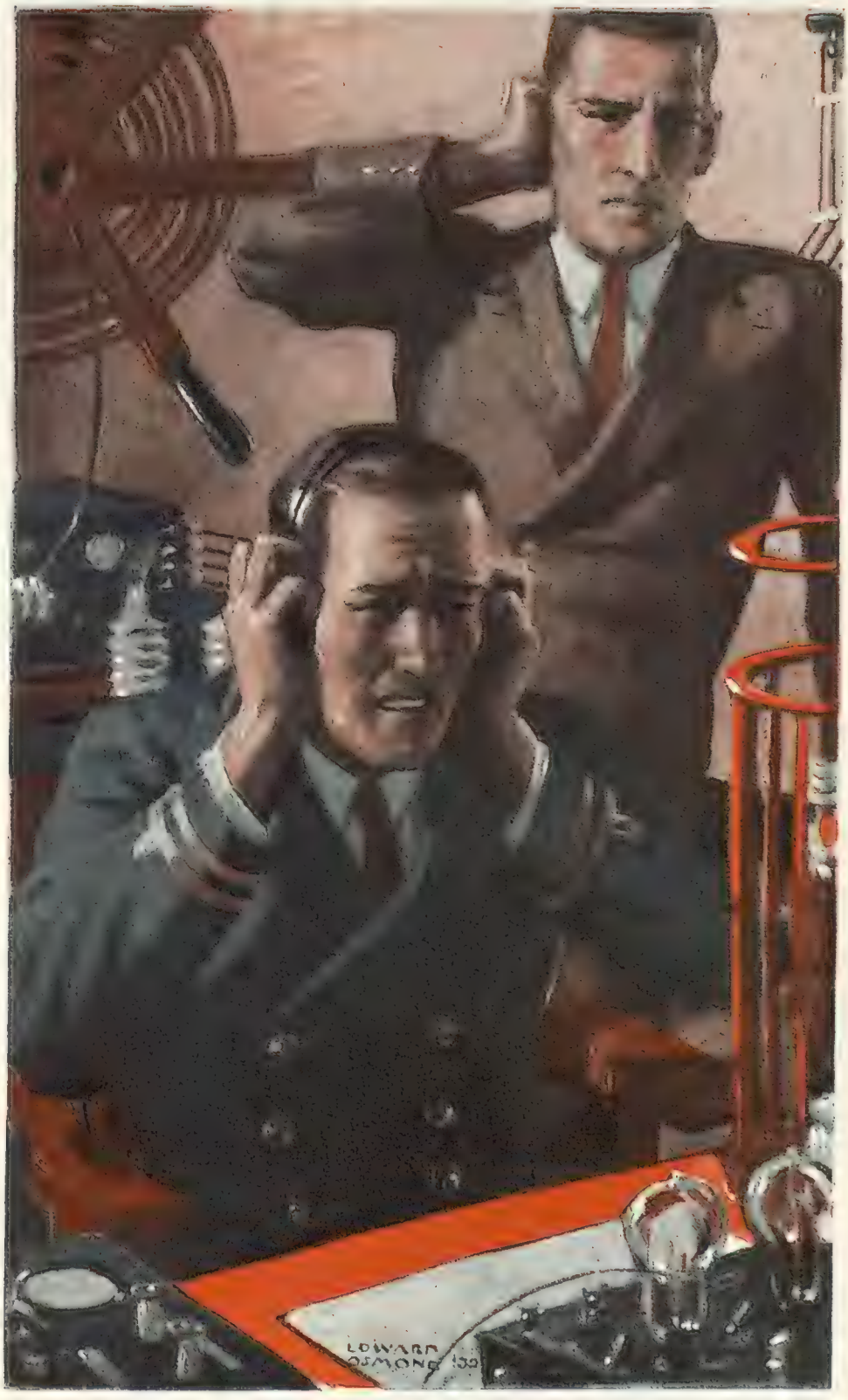
"By jove!" I exclaimed. "As simple as all that!"

"Not quite," answered Number One.



The ship was a marvel of gadgets and gave a death sentence to all enemy submarines that came within listening range

By Weston Martyr



"The listener's got to know what each sound is and what makes it. That needs practice and experience; but . . . well, we've had quite a lot."

Number One took up the headphone. "Like to try it?" he asked. "I'll screen off everything except sounds from dead ahead of us, so's not to muddle you. You tell me what you hear."

He adjusted the helmet on my head. At first I heard nothing but the singing in my ears. I watched Number One twisting handles on the amplifier, and then I jumped and tore off the headphone, because somebody was slamming at my ears with a sledge-hammer and firing at my brain with a machine gun.

Number One grinned and put on the headphone. Then he winced, and tore it off even more quickly than I had done. "Sorry!" he said. "That's a joke we generally play on greenhorns. I turned on full power to give you the benefit of any noises there were about, but I didn't know that motor boat was passing close ahead of us. That was her exhaust, and the noise of her propeller. Nearly blew my head off! Serve me right. Hoist with my own petard, all right! You try again. I'll keep her tuned low. I won't play any tricks this time. At first you'll hear raspy, swishing noises. That's the sound of the tide running past us. I'll screen that out, and then you'll hear what's doing ahead of us."

I said, "No, thanks. I've had enough. You've deafened me for life. And this place gives me the creeps. I'm going on deck."

ON deck, Number One showed me, amongst other things, the guns, the depth-charge mortars and the depth charges. There seemed to be a lot of them. "We use torpedoes, too," said Number One, "but these are the chaps we rely on, chiefly."

He patted the head of a big, steel drum, lying in a chute filled with its twin brothers.

"All ready to dump overboard," continued Number One. "*The* latest pattern. They're bung full of sudden death and you adjust this valve to make 'em explode at any depth required. And when they do explode all life ceases to exist within a radius of quarter of a mile. I hear the U-boat chaps don't like 'em."

When it was dark we went to sea. "No. 33" steamed out of harbour as silent as a ghost, with no lights showing. The wind was cold, the night was black, there was nothing to see, and I could not walk about the deck, because I kept tripping over legs and falling amongst

Number One grinned and put on the headphone. Then he suddenly winced, and tore it off even more quickly than I had done

recumbent gun crews, who cursed me. So I turned in on the wardroom settee and tried to sleep; but the settee was too short for comfort, and that was the first ship I had ever been in which did **not** rattle and creak when under way. Her unnatural silence oppressed me.

It was daylight when I became aware of the commander. He held a slice of toast in one hand and a mug of coffee in the other. He was grinning. "Morning," said he. "How's the guest? Slept well?"

I said, "No, commander, I haven't. It looks to me as if I'm in for a darned uncomfortable trip. How long's it going to last?"

"Oh, until we make contact with Fritz. And as he seems to have made up his mind to leave us alone and tackle neutrals in the Baltic, it looks to me as though you're in for a pretty dull and boring six weeks."

"Six weeks!" I cried.

"About that," said the commander, laughing. "Unless our fuel runs short before that. But it's unlikely. You see, we're just . . . huntin'. Patrolling, that is, at our most economical speed. We just wait, and look, and listen. Especially listen. It's going to be dull for us and worse for you. I'm sorry. Don't blame us, though. It 'ud be different if Fritz was busy, but, after the first two weeks, he hasn't been about much. I don't think he liked what we gave him."

"What, exactly, did you give him?" I asked.

"Hell. Exactly. With trimmings," the commander answered. "So Fritz went home—at least, the survivors did. And since then he's stayed put. But I'll say this. It's only my own idea, but it may cheer you. I think they'll soon be at sea again. It's a matter of bolstering up prestige—and grim necessity."

Thereafter, for interminable days, we steamed about the cold wet seas, looking for trouble which seemed sedulously to avoid us. I had expected a short trip, packed full with thrills. Instead I was being bored to death. I had nothing to do. Nothing happened. I suffered.

It was not so bad for the crew; they had their regular duties to attend to. They kept the ship going; but, chiefly, they watched and listened with unremitting vigilance. "No. 33" had never less than ten pairs of eyes on look-out duty at any second of the night or day, while down in the listening room Number One and his satellites appeared to live, eat and sleep with headphones permanently clamped to their ears. Nothing happened on the face of the waters which was not seen, watched, and, if thought necessary, meticulously examined. No sound from beneath the sea escaped us, or was taken on trust. It was identified and confirmed. And our wireless staff attended to the ether.

ON the eighth day, or the eight-hundredth (I forget which) Number One took pity on me. I awoke from my after-lunch nap to find a yeoman of signals grinning at me. Said he, "Mr. Langley presents his compliments, sir. We're closing a submerged sub. If you want to listen in, he says, you'd better play lively."

I jumped up. I was excited. Who would not be? "At last!" I cried. Holding my breath, I ran down to the listening room, where Number One gave me a knowing wink and motioned me to don a spare headphone.

With my heart beating fast, I put the headphone on, and listened. I heard, distinctly, a throbbing, rhythmic humming. I raised my eyebrows at Number One. He nodded. My heart leapt. "At last!" I hissed. "By God! D'you think we'll get her?"

Then Number One grinned. So did the yeoman of signals. "Hark to our fierce civilian!" said Number One. "What awful bloodlust."

The yeoman's grin widened and I perceived my leg was being pulled. I said, "Blast you! Number One. But I *did* hear something."

"Yes. You heard a sub, ten miles sou' west of us, proceeding east on her lawful occasions, full out on her twin Diesels," he said. "She's one of ours. The flagship informed us last night of her position, course and speed. Warned us not to go putting salt on her tail—as if we couldn't tell she was ours as soon as we heard her motors!"

Number One seemed, I thought, a trifle hurt with that flagship. I said, "Good! They evidently don't

trust you. They show good judgment. Personally I never trust a man who perpetrates wicked jokes on the innocent and the godly."

That was the one and only incident to break two weeks of deadly monotony. I count that period as the dullest, slowest fortnight I have been condemned to live through. And then, suddenly, without warning, so many things happened so quickly that I find myself in danger of forgetting the run of them.

Let me see! It was a fine, clear day, and warm, I remember, for mid-autumn. I was smoking my after-breakfast pipe in the lee of the fidley, when I saw our "Sparks" come flying out of the wireless room and sprint up to the bridge ladder. This burst of speed surprised me, because "Sparks" weighed sixteen stone, and he had recently spent two full hours describing to me the uncomfortable and perilous symptoms induced on a weak heart by any hasty or unconsidered movement.

The next phenomenon was the sight of the owner emerging from the chart room at the double and trying, apparently, to tear off both handles of the engine room telegraph by their roots.

Judging all this to be a prelude to coming events, I looked at my watch. The time, let it be noted, was 10 a.m., as near as makes no matter.

They must have been awake and on their toes in the engine room, for, hard on the heels of the telegraph's unusual clamour, I felt our engines jump into full speed. Then I saw "No. 33" really begin to move for the first time since I came aboard her. I felt her throb and tremble. I saw,

by Edward Osmond

amazed, the modest bow-wave, to which our previous leisurely amblings had accustomed me, begin to spread and grow, until it built itself up into two rushing Niagaras, seething level with the fo'c'sle head.

I climbed to the bridge. I knew I had no business up there, but I knew I had to find out what was happening, or burst.

I pushed an inquiring, but most apologetic nose around the chart-room door. I expected to find all the brains of the ship in there, in hectic consultation. I expected to be told to go to hell in a hurry. Instead I saw our commander smiling at a chart. He was whistling "The Turkish Patrol" in time with the syncopated beat of our engines. He looked up and grinned.

"Come in," said he. "Just picked up an S O S. A tanker The *Spitsea Court*. Rum name to give a ship, what? She's torpedoed and sinking. She gave her position, though." He dabbed with a finger at a pencilled cross upon the chart. "Here she is—or was. Sunk by now, or wireless out of commission, because there hasn't been another peep out of her."

I gazed at the chart. My heart sank. That pencilled cross was obviously beyond our reach, hundreds of miles away, out in the Atlantic. I said, "God help her crew, then; for *we* can't."

Then I saw "No. 33" really begin to move for the first time since I came aboard her. I felt her throb and tremble . . .

"Oh, they're all right, if they took to their boats," answered the commander. "Someone ought to pick 'em up all right. I hope so, anyway. If *we* have to stop and pick them up it means half an hour lost, at the very least, and it spoils our chance, by that much, of tackling Fritz."

"The U-boat!" I cried. "Surely you're not hoping to get her? She must be a couple of hundred miles away. And you can bet she won't hang about there and wait for us by the time we get there. . . . Well, talk about a needle in a haystack. We haven't a hope."

"If you've quite finished telling me about my job," said the commander, "perhaps you'll let me state that I confidently expect to rendezvous with Fritz about the dinner hour. Yes. That's taken you aback, but I'm not pulling your leg, if that's what's worrying you. This is a pukka show. It's what you came to see. Shall I proceed?"

I apologised, quickly and very humbly. "Can do," said the commander. "You see this chart. At 10 a.m., when we picked up the S O S, our position was *here*, and the sub was *there*, as near as dammit. The distance between the two positions was 140 miles. It sounds a lot, but we've been shortening it at the rate of thirty-five knots, and we'll be doing that a bit faster still when the chief gets busy in the engine room."

Thirty-five knots! "No. 33's" unsuspected speed made me whistle. "But even so," I said, "140 miles is the deuce of a distance. And when we do get there. . . . Well, that U-boat is just a tiny speck, lost underneath all that water."

"Not such a speck as you seem to think." The commander chuckled. "Don't forget we can hear her. We can hear her motors seventy miles away. That turns your lost speck into a circle 140 miles in diameter. And the centre of that circle is telling us all the time, 'Here I am.' And the nearer we get to it the louder it shouts. Bar flukes, we *can't* miss her. D'you get it?"

I said, "My God!" for I was beginning to see. I was even beginning to feel sorry for the U-boat.

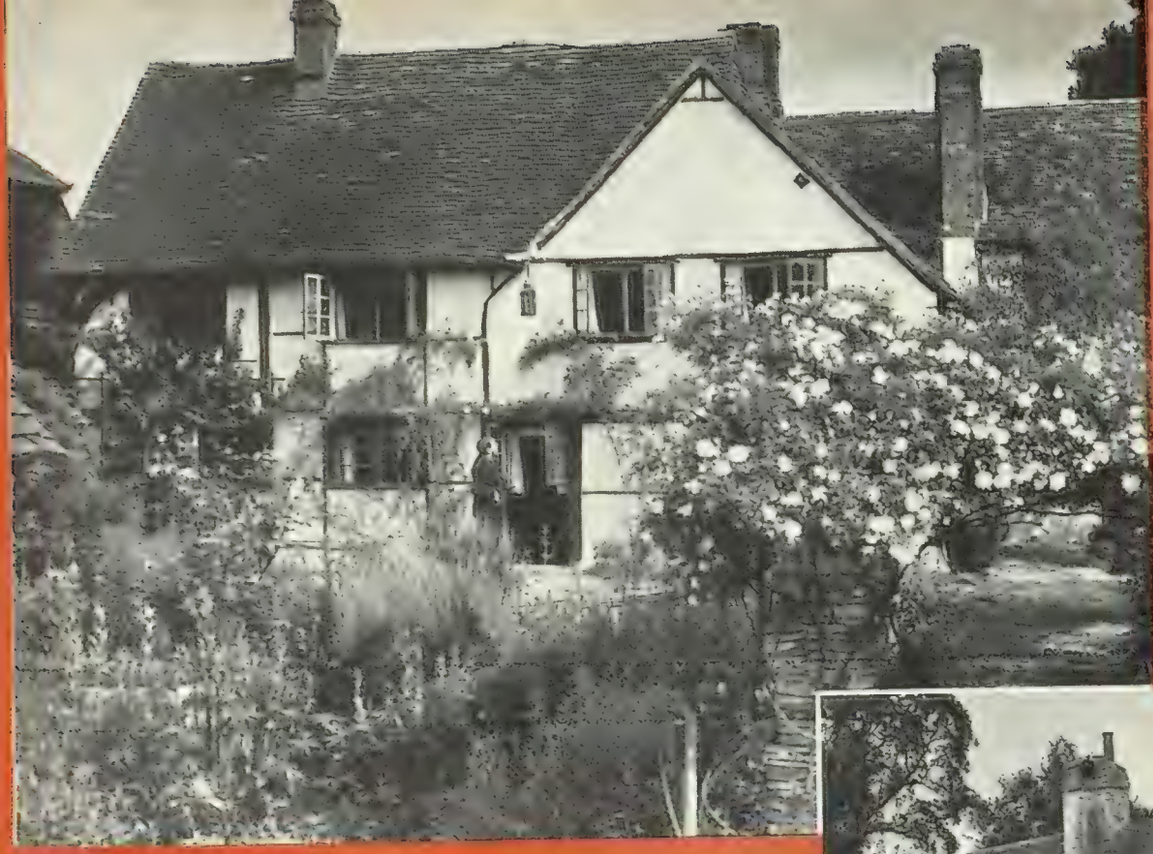
At 11.30 a.m., mark you, was one and a half hours only after we received that S O S, sent from 140 miles away, we stopped the engines for a minute, to give Number One at the hydrophone a better chance to listen.

"We've steamed fifty-three knots since 10 o'clock," said the commander. "That puts us, now, eighty-seven miles from where Fritz sank the *Spitsea Court*. It's a long shot, but she *may* have been steaming away from the—er—the scene of the crime, *towards* us. She can do over fifteen knots on the surface so she may be twenty-two to twenty-five miles nearer to us than we think. That would put her only some sixty miles distant—perhaps. And we could hear her seventy miles away."

THERE was a loudspeaker telephone in the chart room, connected to the listening room. From that instrument there came, at this precise moment, the voice of Number One. "Listener to commander. Sound of enemy twin Diesels, sir. Faint, but distinctly recognisable, sixty-five miles distant, seven degrees on starboard bow."

"Can do, Number One." Our commander's voice had a rasp in it I had not heard before. "Sixty-five miles. Seven starboard." He stepped out to the bridge and gave his orders.

(*Continued on page 71*)



Left: *Some disused outbuildings were demolished at Old Clack Farm, Ruislip, and this lovely old cottage erected from the salved materials*

Centre: *Crows Nest Farm stands beside the stream at Ruislip where Captain Davis has recently brought to life an old-world English village*

Below: *The dining-room of Old Clack Farm, the house that Captain Davis has so skilfully restored to its former beauty for his own use*

NEW LIFE for the OLD HOMES of ENGLAND

Left: *The rural preservation plan which Captain Davis has undertaken at Ruislip and in other parts of England included the restoration of this lovely timbered residence for Mr. Crowther*

Centre: *Captain Davis superintending the uncovering of an ancient baking oven during the restoration of an old cottage at Evrickers, Lodsworth, Surrey*

Below: *Another view of the house at the top of the page which Mr. Alfred Crowther has filled with part of his collection of English antiques*

THIS is the story of a man who set out to turn a dream into a reality and succeeded. He is a man who had watched the decline of rural England with fear. Who saw the speculative builder decimating the countryside he loved. For years he watched the slow disintegration of fine English houses and the decay of cottages that had stood, centuries long, for the finest traditions of the land.

He was no architect. He had nothing more to guide him than his love for these things, but he resolved to devote himself from then on to the restoration of England's ancient homes.

That was thirteen years ago. Since then the beneficent touch of Captain Davis's hand has shown itself in many parts of the country.

As a beginning he set out with his wife to find a house for themselves. An old house upon which to begin their great experiment.

They found it at Ruislip, a gnarled and beautiful old place. It was Old Clack Farm.

About this time Captain Davis met with a Thomas Downey, in whom he found a collaborator and friend.

Thomas Downey is head of a family of Hertfordshire craftsmen. Men who have worked in stone and thatch for three hundred years. So together he and Captain Davis began the work of restoring Old Clack Farm.

Ancient outbuildings were taken down and the materials incorporated in additions to the main buildings. New materials were introduced so cleverly that none can distinguish one from the other.

When the house was complete, the beauty of it suggested to Captain Davis the need for preserving its setting. So he began on a new phase of his work which was to raise a hamlet about the farm.

Thus Old Priory sprang to life, and there is no prettier village near London.

"Love from Heaven wandered far
With weary feet, with weary feet,
Until he came to Pistoja,
And found it sweet, and found it sweet."

"GIVE me the yellow ribbon," said the duke indifferently.

He took it from Farinata; it was satin, glittering with gold and looped at the end with rubies. Julian, the duke, held it against his dark face and gazed into the little mirror on the wall.

The ribbon shone vividly above the purple and violet of his dress, and the rubies glimmered blood-red against the links of his silver belt.

"It is beautiful," he said carelessly.

Giovanna set her viol down.

"Yes," she said. She glanced at the duke, her brother, sideways, then at Farinata; her lids drooped; there was a little contained smile on her crimson mouth. Above her waist, on the white velvet of her gown, hung two striped lilies; in the pause that followed her slim fingers played with these.

Farinata looked at the dwarf, who sat in the window-seat with his monkey beside him; Silvestro looked at Giovanna, the duke into the mirror, the dwarf's gaze was on the yellow ribbon.

The chamber was full of late sunshine and the shadows of the citron leaves and the jasmine flowers that grew without. Giovanna, raising languid black eyes, gazed through the open window at distant Pistoja.

A silence, idle yet ominous, reigned. Once the monkey moved, ringing his bells; Silvestro pushed back his heavy red hair; his gaze travelled to the duke.

"Julian," said Giovanna, her feet touched the viol and the strings gave forth a silver wail. "Julian."

Her brother turned slowly in his seat.

Giovanna laughed a little.

"Will you give *me* that ribbon?" she asked.

"I have but just bought it," said the duke indolently.

"Why?" asked Giovanna.

The tyrant of Pistoja lifted his superb black eyes. "Why, because I choose? Why else, Giovanna?"

"It cost—more than a town," she said languidly, "give it to me."

She held out her hand; the dying sun caught the rings on her white fingers.

"Why should I give it to you?" he answered, looking on it carelessly.

"Did you give so much for it—for yourself?"

The duke yawned, ignoring his sister, and Silvestro's straight brows frowning; he glanced at Farinata. Julian called to the dwarf: "Braccio!"

Giovanna's slim hand fell to her side; she glanced at Silvestro; the sun, glorious behind the towers of Pistoja, lit up her calm face and the thick rippling of her black hair.

Braccio, the dwarf, came to the duke's side; his squat body in its blue and white livery was a grotesque contrast to the slim youth of his master; his squint eyes still rested on the yellow ribbon.

"At the feast to-night," said Julian, "you will be insolent to the Genoese, and humble to the Florentine——"

He broke off to exclaim:

"Why do you, fool, look so at me?"

A little shudder ran through the dwarf.

"I look at the ribbon, lord," he said in his thick voice.

The duke smiled; for a cruel man, a

"Think of to-morrow, when I ride beside you through the city, and Julian's body lies flung upon the palace ash heap . . "

Just a piece of yellow ribbon, but it saved the life of

THE TYRANT of PISTOJA

By Marjorie Bowen

hated, heartless man, he had a gentle smile.

"You think that it is beautiful, fool?"

Braccio's ugly little eyes puckered with an inscrutable expression. "Yes, lord."

The duke looked at him curiously; he swung the yellow ribbon over his hand and noted the dwarf's gaze of intense admiration.

He smiled again.

"Take it, fool."

He handed it magnificently and rose.

Braccio flushed dully and stared at the yellow ribbon.

"For you," said the tyrant of Pistoja. "I give it to you."

He remained a moment, leaning idly against the arm of his chair; his slender figure erect under the weight of his heavy embroidered garments and his trailing purple mantle.

"For me?" repeated the dwarf.

"Why not?" Julian fingered the ends of his black curls indolently.

There was a little pause while Braccio gazed stupidly at the yellow ribbon; then Julian della Bella, tyrant of Pistoja, laughed and left the chamber.

As the door closed on him, Giovanna rose with passionate eyes; the flashing crimson sky cast a glow over her tall figure as she turned to face the window.

"Why not?" she echoed bitterly her brother's last words. "Why not?"

And in her turn she laughed and moved with outstretched hands towards Silvestro.

"To-night!" she cried.

"Hush!" said Farinata, with uplifted hand and anxious eyes on the door.

But Silvestro had brushed past the silent dwarf, and caught Giovanna to his breast.

"Ah, love, to-night!"

Again she laughed and clung to him; her fingers clutched tightly into the stiff gold tissue of his doublet; there was a fierceness in her look of love; Silvestro kissed the bare white

arm her heavy falling sleeve exposed.

"How little the fool recks!" he murmured.

Her bosom heaved.

"Ye saw him with his toys!" she cried, "oh, blind indeed!"

Farinata spoke cautiously.

"Yet his food and drink is watched!" he said, "and Braccio found no chance to slip that powder into his wine. Is it not so?"

The dwarf started; lifted his eyes from contemplation of the ribbon.

"Yes, lord," he said.

Giovanna raised her head from Silvestro's shoulder.

"Braccio, a greater fool than thou art gave thee that—" she pointed to the ribbon. "How dull he is! To-night we are to kill him—we four, and he sits with us and never sees or feels."

"How should he?" said Farinata.

She glanced at him; then her blazing black eyes turned to her lover's face.

"I think that I should know when my death drew so near, Silvestro! Would you drink poison unsuspecting, and think the bubbles winking at the brim were kisses?"

"God knows; if you gave it me," he answered passionately.

She frowned.

"You are in a very daze for love, my Silvestro; ah! hold me not so tightly, you crush my heart."

"If it were mine I should not hurt it, Giovanna."

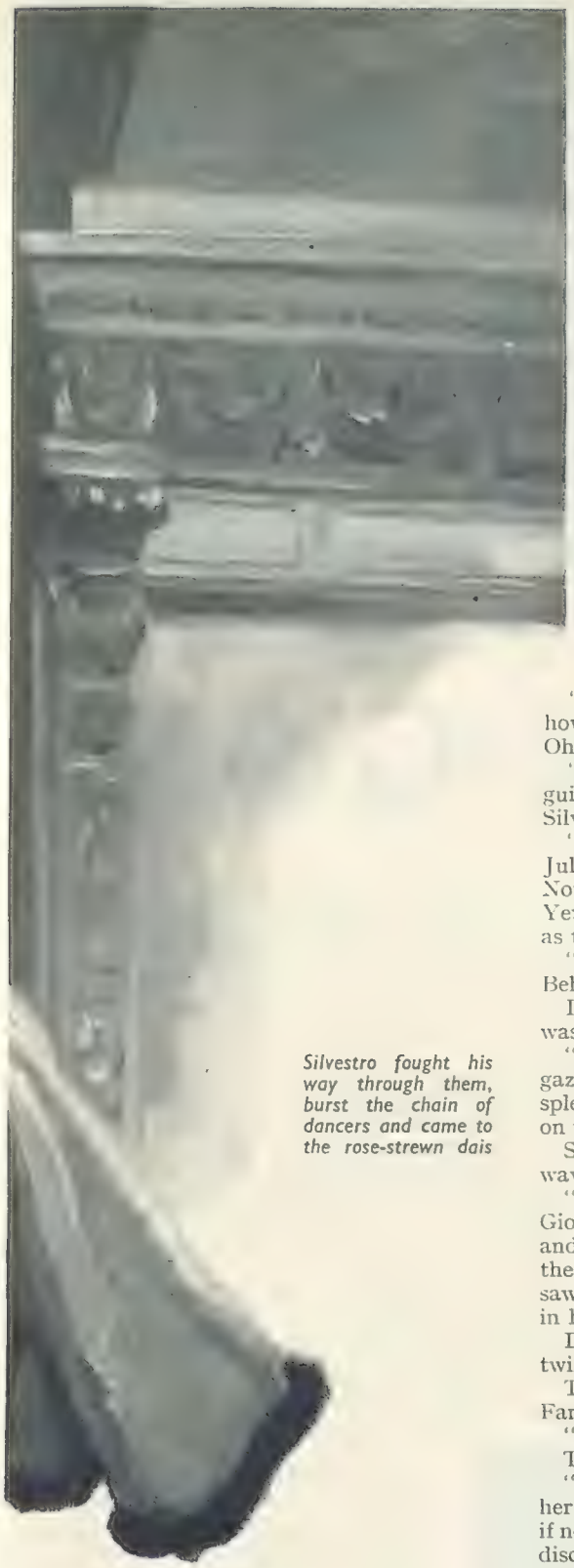
"Yours!" she laughed, "I will make you tyrant of Pistoja."

"Hush!" said Farinata. "Even now—yes—even now, someone might warn the duke."

Giovanna della Bella drew herself from Silvestro's embrace and put her hand over the crushed lilies at her breast.

"Who would warn Julian?" she

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead



Silvestro fought his way through them, burst the chain of dancers and came to the rose-strewn dais

asked. "I think he has no friend in all Pistoja."

She smiled and the hot blood rose and rested in her cheeks.

"To-morrow, Silvestro. Think of to-morrow, when I ride beside you through the city, and Julian's body lies flung upon the ash heap; when you take me before them all, not secretly as so far, when Pistoja comes to kiss my slipper and cringe at your stirrup—to-morrow!"

She ended in a great sigh and held out her hand.

"Come, Farinata, come and watch the sun die. Was ever day so long!"

He came to her side and she stood between the two men gazing over magnificent Pistoja.

Braccio, the dwarf, the fourth conspirator, stood ignored in the corner of the darkening chamber; by his side the monkey jabbered, playing with the bells while Braccio gazed on the yellow ribbon, and drew it backwards and forwards over his rough hand.

As Giovanna della Bella leant forward, the last light coloured her eager face and Silvestro's pallor framed in his straight red hair; it lit up Farinata, too, and sparkled in the jewels on his dress.

"See!" cried Giovanna. "All ours—from to-morrow—all ours. Oh God! to let all that slip for toys!"

She pointed to the white and red houses lying in the purple haze of twilight. The rising spires of churches, the fragrant green of the trees intersecting them, all the beauty and wealth of splendid Pistoja.

"Silvestro, I can scarcely wait! See how long the sun takes to die! So slow! Oh that my breath might blow it out."

"As well try, my Giovanna, to extinguish the love in my heart," whispered Silvestro.

"My breath could not do that; yet Julian could say: 'I live! I live!' Nothing can blow out my flaming heart! Yet, ah, Silvestro, we are not so immortal as the sun."

"He dies!" cried Farinata. "He dies! Behold!"

In glittering, burning vapours the sun was sinking.

"Now you die," whispered Giovanna, gazing at it. "You fade and die—your splendours are so dim that we may look on you—ah!"

Suddenly the sun slipped behind the dark waving trees and the sky was bare of gold.

"So shall Julian die to-night," cried Giovanna. She drew back into the room and leant against the wooden ribbing of the wall, and Silvestro, gazing on her, saw a great resemblance to her brother in her beautiful, impassioned face.

Dark filled the chamber, and the twilight perfume of the citrons arose.

The three looked at each other; then Farinata called to Braccio:

"What will he wear to-night?" he asked.

The dwarf shuffled forward.

"Haste, fool," cried Giovanna, tapping her gold-shod foot. "For what use are you if not for these things? Were you not bid discover what my brother wears to-night?"

Braccio looked through the window at darkening Pistoja.

"He will not be masked, his servant said, nor in any dress of carnival; he will wear an orange mantle and a leopard skin, and mingle with the guests."

Giovanna's cold white hand fell to Silvestro's wrist. "Then, it is arranged, we send to him in the middle of the feast. We say a lady—an unknown lady—waits for him in the western gallery, beneath the picture of St. Catherine."

"Yes, it is dark there; the lights are low," said Farinata.

"We shall be there; we—but who shall take the message?"

Silvestro answered:

"Braccio; he trusts Braccio, doth he not, fool?"

"Yes, lord," replied the dwarf, and he glanced at the yellow ribbon.

Giovanna looked also and laughed.

"After such a gift he is not likely to suspect thy loyalty," she said. "Silvestro is right. The dwarf shall take the message; and you, Farinata, answer for the people, the soldiers. At the word 'the duke is dead' they will rise!"

"When the duke is dead, Pistoja is ours," he answered. "When the duke is dead," cried Silvestro, "Giovanna is mine."

He caught her arm and drew her to him.

"When Julian is dead," she said, "you will be tyrant of Pistoja. Ah, strange that out of death cometh life; and that the sun—dead to him for ever— shall rise so fair for us to-morrow. Ah, I will ride his white horse through the streets, and they will lay the myrtle boughs beneath our feet. Kiss me, Silvestro—yet thou shalt not—no, to-morrow, before them all. Wait—the daggers—I have them here."

She drew herself up and took from her belt two slender poignards. Of one the handle was formed of an ivory apple with emerald leaves. This she gave to her lover—the other she placed in Farinata's hand; it bore a pearl upon the hilt set in silver.

"So," she said, breathing fast, "go now; I may not see you again before it happens. Go, Farinata. To-morrow, maybe, I will kiss you in the market place. See to it all—beneath St. Catherine's picture at twelve to-night."

He kissed the hem of her sleeve.

"You also, Braccio," she said. "Begone, and look for high rewards to-night."

WHEN these two had left and they were alone, she put her arms about Silvestro shudderingly.

"Ah, love!" she cried. "Was there ever such a night? See how the stars come out like diamonds! Ah, lord of my heart and of Pistoja—look at them."

"I would that I might rob the sky," he said, "to twist them into a crown for thee."

"The circlet of Pistoja, Silvestro, will content me. Shall I not become it better than Julian does?" She raised her glowing face; the blue net slid from her hair and lay glittering like sea-water among her curls.

"At church yesterday," she said, "they preached of damnation and Julian turned to gaze at me. For one second, I thought he knew, for the priest spoke of blood and murder; but his eyes drooped before my glance and he fingered idly the rose at his belt. Ah! blood-stained fool, Silvestro, is he not? And could one be damned for slaying a fool? He does not understand what life is."

She glanced round the dusky chamber with wide eyes.

"Are you afraid?" laughed Silvestro.

"Afraid!" she smiled. "Whose thought was it, my love? Did I not say to you, who wooed me secretly? I will not love and be ashamed to say it? Did I not, while we lived in terror of Julian discovering our troth, say to you, you must end it—kill Julian or forego me?"

"Nor was I long, my Giovanna, in choosing."

"Should I ever have looked on you had you been a man to hesitate in choosing? Did I not lure Farinata into our plot and the evil dwarf, who is ever by Julian's side?"

"Love, you did all this."

"Then do not say 'afraid' to *me*. Quick, it is dark already— (*Continued on page* 86)

Big "chair" in the Belgian Congo. Two lots of boys can trot along at the rate of four miles an hour for a whole day

Behind God's

The splendid Masai of Tanganyika. Not negroid, these beautifully built warriors have a Grecian perfection of figure unique among African natives

THE outstanding characteristic of Tanganyika is the way the British have held the balance of power in the mandate. That is the chronic complaint of the English settler. He claims always that Dar-es-Salaam (the Government seat) had interpreted too literally its mission that the land of Tanganyika should be held in trusteeship for the natives.

British settlers also claimed that by giving all foreigners equal rights in Tanganyika, the administration was giving an unfair advantage to the German settlers. Why? Because the British settler in Africa is usually a strong individualist—it is more often than not that grain in his character that led him to go out there. The Germans, on the other hand, are born get-together people; and when, as frequently happened before this war, a German colony in Tanganyika got together and presented a petition to the German Consul-General at Nairobi—and the consul-general threatened to take it up with the League of Nations—then London became nervous and warned Dar-es-Salaam to put on its kid gloves with the German element.

Take an example. On the fringe of the rain forest cloaking Ngorongoro crater—an extinct volcano 8,000 feet high, with a crater that is ten miles in diameter—there is (I don't know what's happened to them for the moment) a colony of fifty-six German coffee planters. It is a completely self-contained unit. There is not one Englishman among them. They have their own general store, garage, school, doctor and hospital. And since 1937 the Third Reich had been paying this colony's children's fare home to the fatherland, where they would receive their "finishing" education (including six months in a Nazi labour corps, then two full years in the German Army), whereupon, it was intended, they should return to Tanganyika again.

Now this land had been pledged to be held in reserve for the natives of Tanganyika. How did the Germans get in there? They marched in: they deliberately stalked in there and squatted. This was in 1927. The Dar-es-Salaam administration ordered them to evacuate. Some South African settlers, who had trekked in there with the Germans, obeyed orders and cleared out.

And the Germans? Well, the details of the British administration's efforts to evict them are not important; but the Germans appealed in a body via the consul-general at Nairobi—Berlin took it up with London—and, in 1929, a fresh survey was made (purely a face-saving performance)—and the German settlers were allowed to stay.

Here is a true case in point of what a Tanganyikan British settler means when he says that *absolute fairness* in the mandate has militated against the English settler.

That German tea colony on the slopes of Ngonongoro, with a great salt lake blazing away to the west in the setting sun, and a deep broad valley below (stiff with buffalo) is one of the most beautiful sights in all Africa.

Yet absolute fairness has been the outstanding characteristic of the Tanganyika mandate. I talked with every German *fuehrer* in the territory, driving 500 miles out of my course across Africa to go down to Mfindi and see the leader of the big German tea colony there.

I found all these *fuehrers* fair men—on at least one point; they all admitted that the British were treating them with absolute fairness. More than that, many a German (even those who insisted they would fight to get the colony back to the fatherland) admitted frankly that they were probably receiving better treatment under the British mandate, with more freedom, than they would find under their own government.

"How do you do?" in the pigmy country—Mrs. Farson, shakes hands with the one pigmy who wasn't afraid to do so in the Ituri Forest

BUT more striking than that was what the Indians told me everywhere. There are 33,400 Indians in Tanganyika against merely 8,500 Europeans. It might even be called the Aga Khan country. These Indians, who own most of the real estate, including all the hotels and movies in Dar-es-Salaam, and all, except one, of the office buildings along its main business street, who are doctors,

The car which Negley Farson drove across Africa—from Dar-es-Salaam on the Indian Ocean to Duala on the Gulf of Guinea

Negley Farson with Watusi policeman—a race of giants. Farson is over six feet tall. Jumping is the historical sport of the Watusi ; they can jump five feet easily, six feet if they try, and considerably above that if they are considered experts

Back By Negley Farson

AFRICA is inevitably involved with peace aims, whatever they may be.

Negley Farson has just finished an unorthodox and zigzag journey down and completely across the continent, which, socially, consisted of consorting with such remote people as the Ovambas, and watching the elusive bushmen do their "doctor" dance on the edge of the Kalahari Desert ; and then, for political purposes, included interviews and long talks with all the political personalities at the Cape (such as General Smuts, Oswald Pirow, Dr. Malan), and discussions with the British, French, Belgian governors of every territory he passed through.

The wind-up of the trip was when Negley Farson bought a second-hand motor car in Dar-es-Salaam, and drove, without a "boy," from coast to coast across Africa to Duala on the Gulf of Guinea.

On this intimate journey in the long evening talks with district officers, administrateurs being carried in their "chairs" at a dog-trot through the Belgian Congo ; in the cloisters of the White Fathers high up in that green Switzerland of Africa—the Belgian mandate of Ruanda-Urundi—in thoughtful discussions such as these, and casual chats by the wayside, Negley Farson gained a perspective on Africa, which is shown in this article.

He believes that that great continent, which, from Cairo to the Cape is like a coloured carpet in its various forms of rule, and administrations major and minor, there are some lessons which might hold a lesson even for Europe.

In particular, he thinks the fairness with which the British have administered the Tanganyika mandate, shows that, with the right will, a mandate can be made both an acceptable and practical form of government, always provided it has the power to enforce its authority.

lawyers, surgeons, professors, and Tanganyika's biggest importers and exporters —these happy and intelligent Indians one and all said to me :

"Oh, but we *want* the mandate to continue ! We are having a much finer and freer life here than we could hope to have in India."

And when I said to one of them, a distinguished jurist : "Yes, but if you got that total freedom in India, which you are always clamouring for—what then?"

His honest, handsome face stretched a little between a sophisticated smile and his torn emotions :

"That is not fair," he said. "You must not ask me to jettison my patriotism to my people. But you see, in India, we have so many differences among ourselves. Not settled yet. It will be hard to keep the balance. But the administration in Tanganyika—I can tell you that it is jolly fair in the way it holds the scales."

SO there you are. This is not an article about Tanganyika. It is about all Africa ; at least, that part which I covered in seven months. Months just prior to the outbreak of this dismal war. And the reason why I'm anxious to write it (aside from the little necessities of life) is a desire to see in print some of the lessons that continent has brought home to me—*since the war began.*

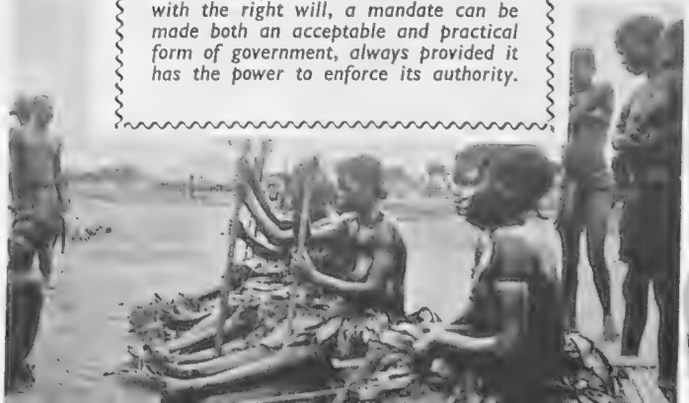
"Slack democracy" compared with German "efficiency." Well, that brings up an interesting *volte face* in my own attitude. It is impossible for any thinking man to travel Africa and not be struck by the high class of the average German settler, the ability and vigour with which they work their lands, their ability to combine for co-operate effort. By contrast, the British settlers seem slothful—and there are too many colonels among them, *not* professional farmers.

There seems always a plethora of officials and among these seem too many young men who spend most of their waking moments consciously *being* gentlemen. While the administrations themselves seem to be devoid of any economic initiative and deaf, dumb and blind to the local settlers' demand to develop these vast territories.

A lot of which is still true. And that's the way it struck me—at first blush.

BUT now I have to blush. Democracy had become a tarnished word in the mouths of politicians. Yet, when we see it at stake, it has suddenly taken on a new lustre. We see things shining in it we had almost (*Continued on page* 76)

Dancing belles of a village in French Equatorial Africa. They have been prepared for their début in the village ballet. They are shining with oil, and all wearing a nice new fore-and-aft suit of leaves



"Spoon-billed" lady from Portuguese East Africa—working in German sisal plantation in Tanganyika. They never put their babies down while they work — for fear that someone will steal them

If I had a Second

I married with a youthful self-confidence in my ability as a home maker and an hereditary conviction that a man's heart is part of his digestive system. That was ten years ago. I gave the self-confidence a decent burial after six months.

It must be proof either of the capriciousness of life in general or the accuracy of my hereditary conviction that ten years of piling up mistakes has built me a happy home.

They *were* mistakes, too, whoppers. Not so much the ones of boiling the eggs too hard and exchanging my husband's suède shoes for a pot plant, but the mistakes arising from the belief that a moderate quota of intelligence and a certain amount of book lore on housekeeping are worth having, without experience.

Second chances hardly ever come, least of all in marriage, where, even if you have a second trial you have a different set of circumstances, a different combination of personalities presenting an entirely different set of problems. But if some unlooked-for chance gave me an opportunity to start all over again with the experience I now have at my command, I should . . . Oh well, I should probably start a fresh series of mistakes.

But there are some things I should remember not to do. For instance, I should begin home making with far fewer plans than I had at first.

Plans are a very troublesome source of disillusionment. That isn't defeatism; ten years of marriage wipes defeatism right out of your nature if you make a success of it at all. But I have come to regard a facility for turning to good account the advantages of every moment as more important and far more satisfying than toying with plans that the shifting circumstances of domestic life make so hazardous.

No, in my second chance I shall take care to plan for those things that I am already within reasonable reach of attaining. This makes for a contented soul. You can't have a peaceful home without one.

My own room. A summer and winter room away from it all, but not too far

Parties that were too crowded and under-victualled, in every way harmful to my prestige

It takes a subtle blend of caution and recklessness to achieve that equable balance which so many marriages are without. I've been experimenting for ten years to discover just when one is justified in throwing caution to the winds and breaking out into downright recklessness.

One thing I know, you cannot get far on a policy of one hundred per cent caution or one hundred per cent recklessness. You must marry the two, and the success of the union is partly due to instinct and partly to good judgment.

"Cut your coat according to your cloth," or in other words live within your income is a fine axiom. Just the same, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is just as true. Don't ask me how to reconcile the two. I've only had ten years and I'm still experimenting.

As to the routine jobs of home making, you learn in time that the measure of your own judgment is the measure of your skill in nearly everything. You will never become a good cook until you are a good judge of food. You can't be a good hostess until you understand and appreciate, through much study, the needs and the reactions of your fellow beings.

Sincerity is something you must have to be a good wife and home maker. There is no humbug about home making. You can go on pretending to be efficient, pretending to be content, pretending to your neighbours to be something you are not and all you ever get out of it is a pretence, to yourself, that you are getting away with it.

I made all the elementary mistakes when I began. I started with food that was too elaborate for my limited experience. In the attempt to impress my guests and to indulge my own vanity I made some awful concoctions.

It wasn't until sheer nausea led me to the practice

Chance

of preparing wholesome plain food that I began to know something about good living.

My entertaining was silly in the extreme. I invited more people than my house would accommodate and put up bigger shows than either my pocket or my experience warranted. The result was a few absolutely deadly parties which were too crowded and under-victualled, in every way harmful to my prestige.

But I wouldn't have been without them any more than I should care to have missed the mistakes I made in the equipment and decoration of my home.

The decor was pretty good, I admit. I wanted people to go away impressed with my home? Some of them did, no doubt, but what it took me a long time to learn was that the particular impression I had been aiming to achieve was worthless.

I am more interested now in people remembering my house as a home than as a show piece.

Some of the little bits of information you pile up in ten years seem trifling enough, but they provide the key to a tranquil household.

Among my list of don'ts for the second chance I may never get is don't let the little difficulties of the domestic routine ruffle your complacence or undermine your humour. It is a certainty beyond question that if you cannot handle the smaller problems of day-to-day housekeeping with confidence and humour you can never handle the bigger ones.

As a wife and mother and even just merely as the person who runs the house you have to have a philosophy if you are going to amount to anything at all. Life is full of little disappointments, and a house is the place where a woman encounters most of them. That applies to personal relationships as well as material things.

Your children, your husband, the butcher and the woman who comes to clean are all potential sources of disillusionment as well as of comfort and assistance. The important thing is to keep in mind that you yourself are just as great a problem to them at times and that a good nourishing laugh is as good a cure for the feeling that you are unappreciated as anything you can name.

Wise people have sought to convince me that a measure of independence is a fine source of security for a wife and mother to have. Perhaps I'm wrong, but as experience mounts up I find myself more and more emphatically in disagreement with that view. My home and I are one and indivisible, and the measure of my influence there is the measure of my indispensability. The conviction that you need *them* is the one thing that will for ever keep alive in husband and children their need of *you*. So that puts independence out.

In any case I never met a woman yet who was unwilling to give herself unstintingly to her home who has ever succeeded in raising more than a ghost of domestic joy. You take out what you put in.

That is my bit of philosophy. Some little personal whims that I should like to indulge if I had a second chance are these :

A room of my own away from it all, but not too far. A little room tricked up exactly as I want without a single concession to others. A place where I can indulge a mood and talk to my women friends in safety and be as unmethodical as I want and talk on the telephone for fifty minutes without exciting incredulous comment from my husband.

Never again a kitchenette but a place for cat swinging and making mistakes on a big scale

I never again wish to hear the world kitchenette or attempt to be a model of efficiency in anything less than a kitchen that is a domestic laboratory with room for cat swinging and for making mistakes on a really big scale. The rest of the house can be small, but the kitchen must be large.

Somehow I must eliminate moving. Moving has been a prolific source of expense and dissatisfaction and shattered ideals in my ten years of domesticity.

I was always thinking that if I could live in a rather smaller place we could save money. Whereas, of course, by the time we had moved and fixed up the new place and disposed of our inferiority complexes acquired in the process we discovered that it would have been cheaper to stay where we were.

More than once I allowed myself to be fooled by the notion that it would be extremely good for us to live in an entirely new district. "Think of the stimulus," I argued. "New places, new contacts. Let's get away from all this."

We did, twice, before I was convinced that it is just an expensive and empty-headed form of restlessness to try and live that way. You must put your roots down. Permanence may have its dull side, but it is the only source of real contentment.

So the next time I look for a house, it will be one that will become a background as permanent as the shifting sands of life will allow. It must be a place that I and my family can grow into. That will hold our roots and nourish them with affection and with familiarity, and with the security that springs from both.

What it will look like I don't know nor much care, because a pile of bricks and mortar is a meaningless thing. It is the soul that grows up in them. The spirit of unity and the consciousness of peace that make it home.

By Winifred Lewis

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* Trevor Allen

WATCHMAN, what of the night? Alternatively: *Publisher, what are you doing to lighten our blackout evenings?* If a nation's wartime morale may be judged to some extent by the books issuing from its presses, then the batch in front of me implies that all's well with the home front. They give cause for pride; they show that we remain staunch to our heritage.

Is anything more intrinsically British than the music hall? Does anything bridge so effectively the diverse tastes of Lancashireman and Cockney? Mr. George Foster, variety agent, has spent sixty-five years in what he calls this "glamour world." He has known intimately most of the top-liners from Bessie Bellwood, Marie Lloyd and Little Tich to the Crazy Gang. "The Spice of Life" (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.) is his entertaining scrapbook of memories at seventy-five; and as one reads one thinks: Yes, this certainly is a part of the traditional Britain we guard to-day.

Our abundant humour is enshrined in it. Mr. Foster recalls Gatti's-in-the-Road, for instance, when that ancient hall south of Westminster Bridge had John Watkins for old-time chairman. One evening he announced with vast dignity: "The next turn, ladies and gentlemen, will be Cain and Abel!" "Blimey!" came from the gallery, "when's Adam and Eve comin' on, guv'nor?" And the programme stopped for five minutes.

But I think I enjoyed most of all Mr. Foster's first-hand stories of the great Sir Harry Lauder's ca'canniness with the bawbees. "They all happened in my presence," he avers, so they are not just publicity legend. At a rehearsal Sir Harry had to wait until another turn had finished her run through. He then ran to the front of the stage and yelled to the conductor: "Hurry up, Horace. I've a taxi waitin' ootside, and I'm no ridin' in it!"

Mr. Foster went to pick up Sir Harry for a day at the Derby. It was hot. He murmured summat about champagne. "Now, George," said Lauder at last, "I'll gie ye one of the verra finest drinks in the worrrld!" Before his visitor's horrified eyes he mixed a glass of *sherbet*—yes, sir, *sherbet* . . . on Derby Day. . . .

They crossed to New York together. Mr. Foster had reserved a room at the Knickerbocker Hotel, and spent the voyage over arguing with Sir Harry to do the same—for the sake of his prestige. Finally, Lauder succumbed. "Mind ye, George," he said, "it'll only be for one night. When I've seen the Press boys, me and the family'll be movin' out to something less expensive."

William Morris, the booking agent, treated them to champagne suppers. The third night it was their turn. When Morris considerately insisted "no champagne" as it disagreed with him, Lauder came in at the double with: "All right, George. You pay for the supper and I'll pay for the drinks."

And so on.

"Doesn't Sir Harry *mind* these stories?" I asked the publisher circumspectly. "Not at all," I was told, "he enjoys them!"

At least they are told without malice, like hosts of others in this diverting book. If you have but a fiftieth of Mr. Foster's love of the halls, you will read it with gusto.

The Book of the Month

"My Royal Past," by Baroness von Bülop as told to Cecil Beaton (B. T. Batsford, Ltd., 21s.)

STOICALLY and long have we suffered the memoirs of Teutonic ladies with royal pasts. Mr. Cecil Beaton has parodied them deliciously, with just the right flavour of satire, in a fragrant skit, a *soufflé* of wit and malice.

The baroness: "I can recall, when three and a half years old, dressed in *broderie anglaise*, with a crisp blue sash, my father carrying me into my uncle the Archduke Theodor's *cabinet de travail* where, standing on a *boule ecritoire*, I extended a wee, podgy hand to be kissed by the various officials then being given audience. My uncle gave me a playful pinch and I was rewarded by a preserved cherry. . . ."

The same: "Really the newspaper photographers have been a pest! Having one's picture taken used to be a question of posing in a studio equipped with mercury vapour lighting, but now these emissaries of the Press are positively everywhere. To-day I was unexpectedly snapped outside the hotel while waiting for my little dog to finish his wee business at the far end of the lead, and later, in a most undignified position for royalty, taken from behind going upstairs! Really I am lost without my *face à main*!"

The lady in her photograph is shamelessly Beaton; if she were not she would have to be Ernest Thesiger, Douglas Byng, or Bee Lillie. She's that kind o' dame.

There are screamingly Victorian-rococo sketches; a ponderous introduction by "Major Wilcox-Hubbersty," whom God preserve; even facsimile marginal scrawls by the baroness's most inane reader, and clips from reviews: "The illustrations alone make the book worth glancing at"—*Darmstadt Gazette*.

It is not merely a book but a period piece for the drawing-room, to be shown visitors with pride—and chuckles that will never stale. It may be enjoyed for life and handed down as a family heirloom. At the wartime guinea it is a gift from heaven. . . . But enough!

THERE is humour of a subtler kind in Mrs. Agnes Keith's "Land Below the Wind" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). She writes of the everyday life of a doting, much-tried United States wife of an English conservator of forests and director of agriculture in North Borneo. As newly-arrived bride she exerted her feminine prerogative to change house as well as mind and cleared him out of his stale bachelor quarters in Sandakan. Soon

(*Continued on page 79*)

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good . . . and Wanda Neelson certainly did a good turn unwittingly to

Alremo's

IF you know Alremo's at all, you know it, no doubt, as a compound of a blaze of blue lights outside; of the scarlet and gold uniforms of the two six-foot commissionaires; of music syncopated and seductive; of the hurrying feet of attentive waiters; of the shirt fronts and the silks of the people who patronise it. And that is precisely as Alremo's would have you know it, that is the pleasant mask which it presents to the world. But, observe, a mask only. Behind the mask there is a face; under the glittering surface, depth. And both face and depth might, perchance, be different from what you expected.

The woman who swims into an evening drawing-room plucked, polished and painted, soignée to the last square centimetre of her lovely body, has put in some hours of painstaking work to achieve that very desirable result; and to appreciate Alremo's properly you should see it at, say, eleven o'clock in the morning.

At that hour the campaign of battle for the day is anxiously being drawn up. The menu is being discussed; the flower decorations are causing endless trouble, being hideously expensive and yet how impossible to manage without them? The ever-present, ever-depressing list of breakages lies on your desk, refusing not to be seen; there is the question of the waiter who is alleged to have been rude to the party on table fourteen; the band wants more room, and more room for the band means fewer tables for patrons; there is the mysterious fact that four separate fuses blew out during the previous evening, which thought has a hideous threat at the back of it of the possible necessity of re-wiring the whole electrical installation at the lord alone knows what figure. And there is the laundry, charges for tablecloths and napkins are to be advanced immediately: is it safe to put an extra sixpence on the set price of the meal? Does sixteen shillings sound much more than fifteen and six for dinner and a floor show?

Problems such as these are the bones, as it were, the troubled bones, on which the smiling face which you know is founded. And problems such as these were the ones that Prescott Wilson was considering.

Prescott Wilson, an energetic man in his early thirties, sat in the tiny office of Alremo's and was worried. He was desperately worried, for on top of all other depressing difficulties there was the graph. The graph of the nightly

By Laurence W. Meynell

PRESCOTT was on his feet, grabbing at his hat. "Let me get out of here," he said. "I'll get hold of those newsmen if it kills me"

takings at Alremo's showed a steadily declining trend. Occasionally it flared up suddenly, due to some single, easily identifiable cause such as Boat Race night or the like; but on the whole it made reading as depressing as a barometer chart in a thoroughly wet summer.

Prescott Wilson had put all he had, and a good deal that he didn't have but which the bank had been cajoled into lending him, into Alremo's; he had also put the energy and determination and the twenty-six hours' worth of work which he was uniquely capable of compressing into a day. And now he looked like losing all these things. Strangely enough, especially in these days, the prospect of losing his money was not what worried Prescott most. As he looked at the overwhelming pile of problems on his desk, his thoughts were running on Fred and Mack, the two commissionaires; on the waiters; on pretty little Tony Dresser, the cashier; on old Mrs. May in the ladies' cloakroom. They had all trusted him and (as he liked to think) in a sense even loved him; and now he was going to let them down. He couldn't help it, of course, but there it was.

He looked up and saw Fernando, the head waiter, looking at him. The man's eyes were fixed on him in a mixture of apprehension and resignment and understanding; but the apprehension predominated. And Prescott knew why. He knew well enough that with things as they were in the West End, not half his people would be able to find fresh jobs. And most of them were married and had families. But he knew also the stubbornness of the facts against which he had obstinately banged his head for the last six months. No good to go on banging now that things were positively finished.

"It's no good, Ferny. We certainly can't go on. We've got to shut up shop, I'm afraid."

The words made an uncomfortable silence in the room. Prescott had called in half a dozen of the staff to hear the fatal decision, and now they were crowded round his desk in silence, their eyes fixed on him.

He looked up almost angrily and threw his hands out in a gesture.

"I can't help it—you all know that. I'd hang on if I could, but I can't. We are pouring water into a bucket without any bottom to it. We've done our best, but it just hasn't been good enough. There was a period"—Prescott picked up the tell-tale graph that he knew by heart—"when we were keeping on level terms. A bit of luck then, a minor royalty or a film star, or somebody like that coming—dammit, even a murder in the place and we might have jumped up into the top, but——"

Prescott had learnt the heartbreaking truth that to earn success as a *restaurateur* inspired cooking, first-class wines, impeccable service and the wittiest floor show in town are not enough. To all these excellent ingredients must be superadded the all-important one of luck. The whim of the public must be inclined towards you by some chance. . . .

"You couldn't get us written about in one of these 'Round About Town' columns in the papers, Mr. Prescott?" It was Mack, the older of the two commissionaires, who spoke; and Prescott knew all about the invalid wife whose existence put an edge to the query.

"I've been after those boys till I'm tired, Mack, but it's a sort of vicious circle. They say they can't be expected to write about Cousin Dick and Aunt Henrietta up from the country, who are about the only people who seem to come to this darned place. Unless somebody with a name comes here, we shan't get our paragraphs; and unless we get in the paragraphs I suppose nobody with a name will come here."

The chef, a thin intellectual-looking man, said quietly, "So we have got to close down, Mr. Prescott?"

"That's it. It's no good saying I'm sorry, but——"

"*Mr. Prescott.*"

Tony Dresser, short, with a tip-tilted nose and the bluest eyes ever seen outside a story book, rushed into the office. She was one of the most valued props of Alremo's, taking the table bookings all the day and looking after the cash desk once the evening had got under way.

"Hullo, Tony, what's up?"

"*Wanda Neelson's secretary has just rung up to book a table for to-night for twelve.*"

A gasp of incredulity and relief almost equally blended ran round the room. Nobody there who did not know the name Wanda Neelson. It is absolutely safe to say that there was nobody in England, with the possible exception, of course, of the densest of His Majesty's judges and the oldest don at Oxford, who did not know the name. Wanda Neelson was news. She was the very personification of the whole glamorous fantastic mock aristocracy of the film world. She was heaven's kind gift to overworked journalists. Wanda wasn't worth skimpy paragraphs only—she was good for columns. Everything that she did had the Wanda touch about it. Recently, she had been involved in an accident; and, in the true Wanda tradition, it must be an aeroplane accident and royalty must be involved in it at the same time. Since the accident, Wanda had been out of public life for some six weeks, snowed under by inquiries, flowers, fruit and assurances that the great heart of the public yearned to see her back. Much speculation had been rife lately as to when and where she would make her reappearance; she was known to cultivate eccentricity, and even as to whether that reappearance was not being slightly delayed because of some marring, after the accident, of that classical beauty.

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

All these things were known to everybody in that fateful little office, but to nobody better than to Prescott Wilson. It was luck so stupendous that he could hardly bring himself to believe it.

"It can't be true," he cried.

"It is, it is! With a party of twelve, this evening, at nine."

Prescott was on his feet, grabbing at his hat. "Let me get out of here," he said. "I'll get hold of those newspaper boys if it kills me. I'll have all Fleet Street here."

THE Hon. Chester Vale put back the telephone on its stand. "You are a most extraordinary woman," he said, adding thoughtfully, "which is partly why you charm people so easily, no doubt, and also partly why you sometimes

TONY DRESSER, who had announced salvation for them, now announced disaster. She appeared white faced and glum round the doorway of the office

infuriate me to the point of murder." Wanda laughed; her manicurist was painting her finger-nails a light green, but, in spite of this important business, Wanda could spare enough attention to Chester to laugh at him.

"Why shouldn't I go to this place, Alremo's, or whatever it is, to-night?" she asked, adding words always pregnant in her mouth, "if I want to."

Chester began to tick things off on his fingers.

"A, because you told me only yesterday that nothing would persuade you to appear in public for at least another month."

"*Yesterday.* Now, in Heaven's name I implore you to tell me what has yesterday, and what I may have said then, got to do with to-day?"

"B," Chester went on imperturbably, "because Alremo's is not a fashionable place, and——"

"I have given up fashionable places. I loathe fashionable places. I shall never again go anywhere except to little, quiet, unfashionable places."

"And they will instantly become fashionable," Chester pointed out.

Wanda smiled at him. "It is because you say nice things like that, that you stay here," she said.

Chester Vale wondered; and, for the matter of that, the rest of the world wondered, too, exactly how it was that he had got caught up in the whirl of the Wanda household and exactly why he stayed on in it.

He was not her lover, though rumour, of course, said that he was. But he was not. He had become attached to her as friend, adviser, admirer, part secretary, part companion. He thought that she was one of the shallowest, most beautiful, most magnetic, and most stupid women he had ever met. She was vain, cruel, ignorant and ambitious. And yet she was possessed of some tiny spark, there was some indefinable element in her make-up, which men call the quality of Queenship. For some reason or other men were content to agree that she had a right at the top. If, as some philosophers maintain, mankind is divided from birth into Worshippers and Worshipped, there could be no manner of doubt as to which class Wanda Neelson belonged.

Chester Vale remained with her principally, perhaps, because she interested him. He liked specimens. Oddities and characters appealed to him. Wanda was always capable of producing some fresh inexplicable whim, and this fancy of hers, to make her reappearance in public without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, at unfashionable Alremo's, was an excellent example of it.

PRESCOTT WILSON knew the habits of his fellow-men pretty thoroughly. When he pushed open the swing-door of the Saloon Bar of the Magpie the four most important columnists in English journalism were there.

They greeted him with apparent warmth, but with that inward reserve of wariness which the columnist acquires as second nature. "Well, boys, how's tricks?" Prescott asked. (*Contd. on p.* 66

"You think it's the rottenest floor-show you have ever seen, do you? Well, you are the rottenest customer we have ever had in this place by a long way"

Old Tales

The Temptations and of Fra Jeronimo de

The caravel struck a sandbank and became a total loss

SEVENTEEN years had elapsed since Columbus, the great Genoese, discovered the island of Cuba (then called Hispaniola), and other territories of Mexico; yet exploration of the land had not gone very far. Extensive tracts of country were still wrapped in mystery. To the navigator's eye, the coast presented an amazingly varied panorama. Miles of sandy plains—a desolate and silent world baking under the scorching sun of the Tierra Caliente—then woods in their virgin fertility, dense with aromatic shrubs and wild flowers, whose odours filled the air with their tropical and intoxicating blend.

A year or two after Columbus's death, a little colony of Spaniards had established itself on the island. They had built a kind of fortification as a protection against probable attacks by the elusive but ever-present natives. Several other centres of colonisation had sprung up, of which the chief was Darien—not far from the place where the Panama Canal was subsequently cut. Communication between these different centres was extremely difficult and perilous. There were neither maps nor charts; the sudden storms characteristic of those regions made sailing a hazardous enterprise.

These romantic little outposts of European civilisation of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were all composed of men well worthy to leave their names to posterity. History, however, mentions few of them besides the great conquerors.

The aim of these pioneers was not only the acquisition of territory, riches and other advantages offered by the new country. They intended also to spread Christianity among the barbarians.

On this account, adventurous monks left the peaceful life of their Spanish cloisters and joined the expeditions, ready to share in the glory as well as the risks.

Seventeen years of slow but steady penetration had not sufficed to establish a really solid foothold in every district they had reached; and in spite of persistent investigation, the Europeans had not yet learned much about the extraordinary native inhabitants. Tales concerning them were legion. They were subjects of a powerful empire. Their nature and costumes were puzzling in the extreme to the European mentality, in that they combined refinement and luxury with signs that suggested the most savage and primitive barbarism.

The temptation to surmount the obstacles that barred the way to this wonderful unknown world was increasingly irresistible to the ambitious pioneers. Before them lay endless tracts of country, tantalising and fertile as the Biblical promised land—beautiful valleys, enchanting lakes, mountains as high as the Alps. In short, there lay thousands of square miles of a potential paradise, ready to be explored and exploited by anyone who dared.

In the year 1510 a Spanish caravel, loaded with provisions for several months, left Darien bound for the island of Hispaniola. The

Re-told

Adventures Aguilar

Written and Illustrated

By

F. Matania, R.I.

One by one they were stretched naked on the sacrificial stone of jasper

journey in a direct line across the Caribbean Sea was about nine hundred English miles.

The monk who, according to custom, had celebrated the Mass at parting, and had remained on board, was one Jeronimo de Aguilar.

A pleasant man, still in the prime of life, he had left his native Ecija, in Old Spain, and joined one of the adventurous parties bound for the New World. He had officiated long enough to acquire a rudimentary knowledge of the local language. In their turn, the natives he had come in contact with had already reached a certain degree of familiarity with European civilisation. At least, they were aware that Europeans were neither monsters nor demons, in spite of their " sticks that spat fire " !

The caravel had had a favourable wind until she lost sight of land. For a few days more the weather kept fairly good, and the navigators did not meet with any difficulty.

As they drew farther out, however, the sea began to grow rougher, and the caravel was continually forced to westward. The struggle to avoid the many banks that lie along the coastline of Honduras became intensified, until at last it was almost

impossible. The mere rudder of a boat, against the fury of that sea, became no more than a useless appendix. Mountains of water were hurled against the sides of the ship—or passed right over her, carrying away every object that was not made fast to the deck.

The intention of the navigators was to run for the island of Jamaica, but the hurricane pushed them ever farther and farther away from it. Every night was a night of terror, and every day a day of despair. The valiant crew accomplished miracles of energy and resource in an effort to keep a north-easterly direction; but it seemed that fate had decided on their destruction.

The time came when, tossed and retossed by the mountainous waves, the boat struck a sand-bank. The sound of the ensuing crash was a sinister one, for it denoted not only the impact itself, but the unmistakable rending of woodwork, which meant the end of the caravel.

The boats were lowered, but there was little hope of getting them safely away before they were smashed to pieces against the rocking hull of the ship. Darkness descended, and made even more horrifying that grim tragedy. . . .

WHEN the livid rays of dawn appeared on the horizon, there was not a living thing inside the battered hulk of the caravel.

Around her floated wreckage and human corpses, pathetic flotsam of the waves.

Several men, however, had been lucky enough to man a boat successfully and pull away. They were already far distant, rowing with all their might. Fra Jeronimo was amongst them, and with his amazing vitality he contrived to keep up the spirits of that handful of survivors.

They were very far from land, and exhaustion and exposure soon claimed their first victims.

The nearest coastline was that of Yucatan—the last they would have chosen for a landing, as it was totally unexplored. At least, if ever a European had set foot on it, he had never come back to tell the tale. However, since they were surrounded on every other side by hundreds of miles of open sea, they had perforce no alternative.

The grim presence of a dead companion lying on the bottom of the boat spurred on some of the survivors to redouble their efforts to reach land. Others were so discouraged that they would have given up and weakly awaited death. Fra Jeronimo fought strenuously against this moral and physical defeat. He explained that every man who abandoned his oar diminished the chances of survival for others. At last the coastline came into view. With a final effort, inspired by fresh hope, the wretched oarsmen managed a few more strokes, which drove the keel of their boat on to the sandy beach.

Their number had been reduced by half; but for the moment they forgot every emotion save the joy of being once more on *terra firma*. If they could have foreseen the ordeal that lay in store for them, perhaps they would have envied those of their company who were now beyond the reach of human suffering.

The sky was clear, and bright sunshine revealed a beautiful landscape. The newcomers were considerably astonished to find signs of cultivation. Encouraged by this discovery, they went in search of provender—only to find themselves attacked by natives, who seemed to spring from nowhere and chased them relentlessly. One by one they were all caught, with the exception of Fra Jeronimo, whose hiding-place was somehow overlooked by the hunters.

The unfortunate men expected to be slain on the spot. Instead, they were bound and led towards the interior.

Meanwhile, Fra Jeronimo crept out and followed the group unseen. Close in their wake, he reached the vicinity of what seemed to be an important town. There were many temples with lofty summits, from which columns of smoke rose to the sky. When night came, the countryside round about was brilliantly illuminated by these fires. In shape, the temples somewhat resembled from a distance the Egyptian pyramids.

Owing to the presence of increasing numbers of natives, Fra Jeronimo had lost touch with the group he was following. He knew, however, that he could not help them. He knew also that human sacrifice was widely practised by these Indians, and his chief fear was that his countrymen had been spared only to be immolated later in one of these bloody ceremonies.

The Mexican chief forced temptation that Eve's

Fra Jeronimo to submit to arduous trials. Every trick and daughters could combine to devise was tried out on the obdurate monk

History does not say how long he lived in the surrounding woods, a prey to every kind of terror and danger. The time came when he was aware of a stirring of excitement among the natives. From his hiding-place he could observe a great multitude of people, women and children included, ascending the pyramidal steps of a temple "teocalli." They grouped themselves on both sides of the steps, leaving a clear space in the middle. On the last platform, where the building stood, there were three altars. Huge fires burned on the outer two, while the centre one was surrounded by priests in gorgeous raiment. One of these was arrayed in flaming scarlet. A procession approached the temple and mounted slowly towards the altar. At the same time, barbaric instruments played a rhythmic accompaniment to a chorus in which all the multitude took part.

Helped by attendants, the Spanish captives mounted the steps of the "teocalli." They were the centre of attention. Garlands of flowers had been placed on their heads and round their necks. As soon as they reached the level of the central altar, the brutal ceremony began. One by one they were stretched naked on the sacrificial stone of jasper. Six priests held the victim down, while the one in scarlet, with a sharp razor made of *itztli* (a kind of volcanic stone), opened his breast. A moment later he raised his arm again, holding up towards the sun a human heart—then dashed it at the feet of the god to whom the sacrifice had been offered.

It was noteworthy that these rites did not take place during an orgy of bloodthirsty barbarians, but amidst a throng of reverent people prostrated to the ground in adoration.

The chief decided to make use of Fra Jeronimo's remarkable qualities and made him steward of the household and guardian of his numerous wives

On his knees in hiding, Fra Jeronimo prayed for the souls of his erstwhile comrades and breathed a last benediction. It was all he could do for those who had earned so hardly their places in heaven.

FROM that day on, the lonely fugitive—always keeping well clear of populous districts—wandered further and further into the interior of the country. The luxurious vegetation offered him both nourishment and concealment.

But the day came when he too fell into the hands of the Indians. He did not endeavour to escape, but obeyed them meekly, perfectly resigned to a fate which at best he could have delayed but a little longer. The severity with which he was treated convinced him that his end was not far distant. Perhaps it was this conviction which enabled him to preserve his calm demeanour. His manner, habitually kind and cordial, became even more so. He succeeded even in exchanging some conversation with his captors, being an adept linguist. Weeks went by, during which he was kept a close prisoner. He was at a loss to understand why they were postponing for so long their grim ceremony.

At last, however, he was taken to another and more settled district. There he was brought to the imposing dwelling of the man who seemed to be chieftain of the township. He had his first close view of the warriors, who were more gorgeously apparelled than any he had ever seen. Their bodies were covered with tight quilted tunics, finely ornamented with multi-coloured feathers arranged in patterns. In their hands they bore large wooden swords with saw-like teeth made of sharp flints. On their heads were helmets resembling animals' heads, with gaping jaws through which one could see their strong, dark faces. The helmets were surmounted by luxurious crests of feathers which fell down their backs and reached almost to the feet.

Fra Jeronimo speculated: were they going to carve him to pieces with those terrible weapons?

The chieftain, or Cacique, had evidently expected the captive to cringe in terror. He seemed rather astonished at being confronted with this smiling and courteous man, who paid his respects in punctilious Mexican fashion, and was so well acquainted with the language.

The cross-examination was long and laborious. It gave Fra Jeronimo ample opportunity to realise the deep hatred the Indians felt for the Europeans; and he learned, furthermore, some of the tales of European cruelty and persecution which had reached these tribes. They told him that they would exterminate every stranger who set foot in their beloved land.

He had many interviews with this Cacique; and as the time went by, their association became more friendly. Indeed, Fra Jeronimo often had the impression that the chieftain looked forward to these conversations. He noted also that the severity of his prison life was relaxed, his food improved, and a certain amount of freedom was allowed to him. His cassock, by then in shreds, was replaced by native garments. His tales of European culture and

civilisation so interested the powerful Cacique that, like those of the Arabian Nights, he had to continue them indefinitely. In his turn, he was much impressed by the fairness of Mexican law and government. Apart from their religious excesses and the horrors of cannibalism, he was forced to admit that, in many ways, Western civilisation offered no improvement on that of the Indians.

These colloquies with the chieftain conferred great prestige on the prisoner; and after a few months he found himself treated like an ordinary citizen.

On one occasion he inquired why he had not been sacrificed on the altar like his unfortunate companions. The Cacique told him that he no longer considered him to be an enemy. On the contrary, he wished to make a useful member of the community of him; and to this end, he advised Fra Jeronimo not to delay too long in choosing a girl in marriage.

He explained that every citizen started with one wife, and if he became prosperous, he could have as many as he could support.

Fra Jeronimo, always cordial, respectfully declined the honour on the grounds that his religion did not permit of matrimony for priests. He was sure that this simple but effective reason would absolve him from further embarrassment. Instead, however, he received an unpleasant shock.

Anger clouded the face of the chieftain, who had taken his refusal for an insult.

Then curiosity spurred him to investigate further into the reasons why an intelligent man should repudiate nature's supreme gift to humanity.

Fra Jeronimo advanced many—but they failed entirely to convince his captor. On the contrary, they were received with contempt. The Cacique's ultimate conclusion was that Fra Jeronimo had some secret intention which he was trying to cloak under a network of lies and hypocrisy. Vows, abstention, continence; these were words that conveyed nothing to him. He lost patience and cut short the discussion with this obstinate monk, threatening him: "You *shall* marry. I shall see to it myself."

Fra Jeronimo had expected trouble and difficulties of many kinds, but he had not been prepared for anything like this. He was sincerely orthodox in his principles, and intended to keep the solemn oath of celibacy which he had taken. The Cacique, however, was not the man to take "no" for an answer—least of all from a European captive whom he had deigned to honour with his friendship and upon whom he had conferred already many benefits. Poor Fra Jeronimo, bewildered, did not realise the weight of the storm that was gathering over his head.

He was summoned one day to the chief's presence. Barely had he made his salutation, when a bevy of Mexican beauties filed in, and the Cacique, pointing a stern finger, said: "Choose one."

Fra Jeronimo glanced heavenward, made the sign of the Cross, and respectfully refused to obey.

Containing his fury, the chieftain ordered him to examine the girls one by one before voicing another refusal.

Again the monk was stubborn. This time the Cacique dismissed him; but commanded one of the girls to follow and establish herself in his room—adding that if she did not succeed in making him change his mind, another would try.

It was plain that the Cacique was banking on the irresistible edicts of nature; but he did not know how, in the West, religion was so strong a force that it sometimes effaced in a man all his natural impulses. In barbaric Mexico priests were expected to marry and raise families like other men, and they were held in no less respect for it.

Fra Jeronimo's voluntary renunciation of this blessing seemed so extraordinary that it could only be justified by some abstruse or diabolical reason. Hence the Cacique's tenacity of purpose. He forced Fra Jeronimo to submit to arduous trials. Every trick and temptation that Eve's daughters could combine to devise was tried out on the obdurate monk. For weeks on end he was nearly suffocated by the attentions of alluring beauties specially selected for the purpose. Never before had he held girls in his arms at all. They breathed perfume over him, kissed even the lobes of his ears. He had not known how soft a woman's body could be.

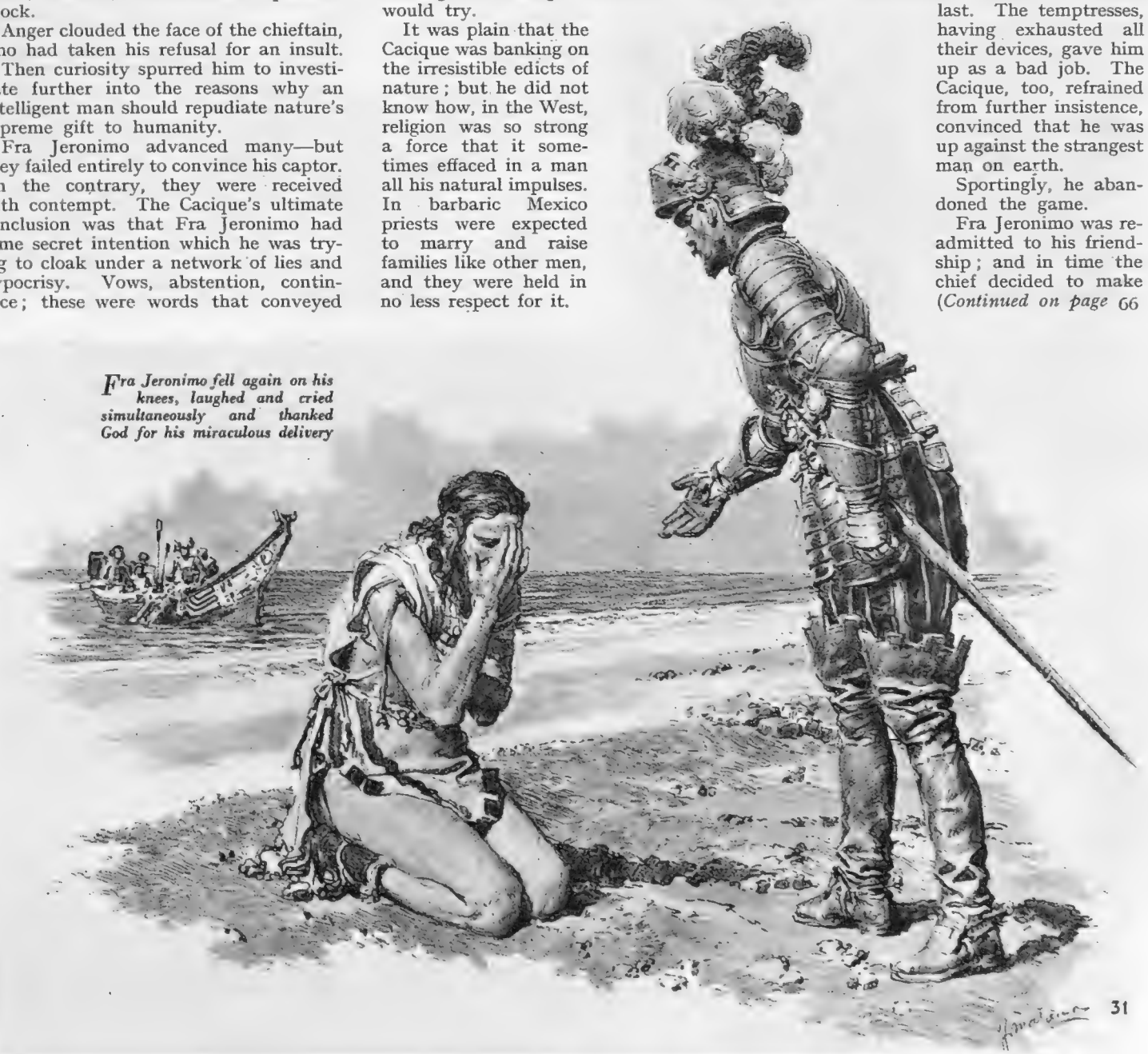
THE historian Prescott, without deviating from his learned and austere style, describes the episode in the following words: "The Cacique put his virtue to a severe test by various temptations, much of the same sort as those with which the devil is said to have assailed St. Anthony. From all his fiery trials, however, like his saintly predecessor, he came out unscorched."

But St. Anthony came out unscorched from nothing more tangible than visions! Poor Fra Jeronimo, instead, had to contend with the *reality*—seductively, caressingly alive. He had every excuse—but yet he did not waver. No matter what it cost him, he was a block of ice to the last. The temptresses, having exhausted all their devices, gave him up as a bad job. The Cacique, too, refrained from further insistence, convinced that he was up against the strangest man on earth.

Sportingly, he abandoned the game.

Fra Jeronimo was readmitted to his friendship; and in time the chief decided to make

(*Continued on page* 66



Fra Jeronimo fell again on his knees, laughed and cried simultaneously and thanked God for his miraculous delivery

Silver Wedding

She lay in Laurie's arms, and he kissed her. She did not stop him.

LOIS lay in bed watching the trickle of sunshine creeping through the corner of the blind, and realising that it was her silver wedding day. There were to be celebrations. Herbert had insisted on this, for they were keeping Richard's coming-of-age at the same time. The anniversaries coincided by a couple of days. She had not wanted a party, she had tried to avoid it, but you could never argue with Herbert.

She lay watching the light, thinking what a big chunk out of a lifetime twenty-five years could be, recalling how thrilled she was when she had woken years ago, as a bride. The acuteness of that memory almost hurt.

The sacramental arrangement of her room then, with the wedding-dress shrouded in tulle, and the scent of lilies stood in a big jug in the corner; the new trunks packed for her honeymoon at Monte Carlo, and her mother's triumph in the knowledge that her daughter was marrying so well. All memories. All hurtful.

Lois had gone through the two previous seasons, which had disappointed the mother, who had wanted to see her as an eighteen-year-old bride. Nothing had happened according to pattern. The men her mother would have chosen for her had not come up to the scratch; the undesirables were for ever proposing. There had been parties, frocks, more parties, more frocks, and constant recriminations at home in the London flat. Her mother was a managing woman, and was always saying that Lois played her cards badly. Lois hated playing cards in the love game; she had always wanted to care deeply for the man she married.

A satisfactory marriage without love offered her no charms, and she rebelled against the idea. But that had availed her nothing.

The home atmosphere became too bad, and she arrived at the point when she could not bear any of it a moment longer. It was her third season, and whereas at first her mother had been scornful

Twenty-five years of unhappiness can be reprieved by an understanding beyond price

By Ursula Bloom

through a veil, now she was abruptly derisive about it.

"You should have married the marquis that first June," she told Lois, choosing to forget that the marquis had never suggested marriage. He had danced a great deal because he was sorry for the girl with the scheming mother, he had flirted (but always discreetly) and had finally gone off into the country to marry the local parson's daughter, who was the serviceable kind with large feet and a heart to match.

The good-looking young peer had pursued the same tactics in a different form, going off in the end with an actress. The mere honourable was found to have a wife nobody had seen, but who was ungallant enough to refuse a divorce.

In her third season, Lois had suddenly grown afraid of the future.

Herbert came into her world, a business man with no title, and there was little glamour about him but a lot of money. He had a very kind heart. "Beggars can't be choosers," said her mother, settling down to make the bait attractive for Herbert. He, not being absolutely in the social swim but desirous of it, was flattered by the advances. He was generous and he liked the girl. He grasped that her mother might be badgering her, and one night, at Claridge's, he said, "What about getting married? It would end all this marriage market business, which can't be very pleasant for you?"

Lois was so sick for escape that she had come to believe that a home of her own was merely a mirage in a desert. Now it materialised. She believed that in time she could really love Herbert, if only he would give her that time, and be kind to her. "I'm not in love with you," she said truthfully.

"I'll take a chance on that."

He ordered a magnum of champagne and had to disclose the price of it, because he was always proud of being able to pay. He liked things to be expensive. He bought her an emerald ring, emeralds being the most costly stone that he could get. That was Herbert all over! He gave her lavish gifts, but each of them had the ticket attached. She hated that. Perhaps in time she would be able to swallow it, but she felt that Herbert believed you could stick a price ticket on emotions, and she knew that you couldn't.

It was a big wedding, because Herbert and her mother wanted it. St. Margaret's, Westminster, and ten bridesmaids with scarlet velvet cloaks, and carrying muffs made of red roses.

"Give them something unusual and the papers will make a song about it," said her mother who adored publicity.

Lois awoke that morning realising that it was her great day. She had accomplished that which she had been brought up to London to do, and in time she would learn to love Herbert properly. He had such a dear kind heart, she told herself.

The honeymoon was lavish, it cost him hundreds, he told her. All the time he had the air of see-what-I-am-doing-for-you, so that she felt like a pensioner. Dependent. He did not mean it that way, of course, as she kept telling herself, but it had that effect upon her. She wanted to love him so much. In time, I'll make it, she kept telling herself, in time.

The bedroom door opened and Herbert peered round it. They had given up sharing a room over twenty years ago, when she had had such insomnia before Richard was born.

Herbert said, "Awake, my silver bride?" and came towards the bed with a small case in his hand. Emeralds again, she thought, I wonder what it has cost him this time! "This is a great day for us, and it's lovely weather. A bit of luck, because that makes all the difference to the party."

"I'm glad." But she wasn't glad, that was the irony of it. She would have liked it to rain.

"I brought you something to remember

"WE brought a friend who is staying with us, he comes from India," they were saying, and she was looking into the eyes of the man before her. It was Laurie

HERBERT spoke quickly, "I was rather frightened when Laurie walked in, afraid that he might complicate things. You used to think a lot of him years ago"

the day by. There isn't another like it in Bond Street. Cartier's, you know. The best for the best little girl." He opened the case and showed her the burning snow of diamonds against dark velvet.

"It's very pretty."

"Pretty? It's a beauty. It cost five hundred. Look at the size of the diamonds, look at it. If ever you want to realise it, it would fetch its price again."

If only Herbert had not been made in this mould, assessing everything, pricing everything, life could have been so different. The things that matter are beyond price, and she wished that she sounded more enthusiastic as she said, "Thank you very much, Herbert."

She went down to breakfast. Richard was in the hall, not like his father in appearance, with her chestnut hair, and those incredible brown eyes. Like topaz. "Hello, mater! I must say that the old man has stumped up gallantly. He has given me a four figure cheque. It's jolly decent of him."

"He always was so generous."

"I know, but I can't help wishing that he did not realise it. It's awful looking a gift horse in the mouth, but I'd rather have had a hundred than a thou., and being told that it *was* a thou."

She showed him the diamond clasp, white against the blue velvet. "I know exactly how it feels, Richie. I would rather have had glass than be told this cost five hundred, but that is his way, and it can't be helped."

"Just his funny old habit."

"Yes, and we are silly to grumble about it. All the same, I often wonder whether if he had paid in emotions, something which he really felt, he would have talked about it the same way. Probably not."

"He's so sporting that it's pretty rotten of us to feel this way."

"I know."

He kissed her on the tip of her nose. "Dear little mater. We're pals, aren't we? We see life through the same eyes, speak the same language."

They went out to the marquee to view the finishing touches. Herbert had (*Continued on page 72*)

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

On Duty — and Off

THE war service offered by various beauty parlours is really very interesting. A certain number have reduced their prices to women in uniform.

Amy McClymont. If you are in any of the Services you can get a full face treatment at this modern beauty parlour for 8s. 6d. instead of 12s. 6d., which is the usual price. This treatment lasts an hour. Eye treatment and tired feet treatment, which usually cost 7s. 6d., will be reduced to 5s. for you, and although the 3s. 6d. clean-up remains the same price it will be very much longer in your case and include a specially good make-up.

The wartime policy of *Tao* includes staying open until five o'clock on Saturday afternoon and also allowing clients to arrive after six in the evening if they cannot get in earlier. The Saturday afternoon service is, of course, invaluable to business women. The most popular wartime beauty treatment here is the half-hour face massage for 5s. 6d. This beauty parlour is famous for its up-to-date electrolysis treatment for superfluous hair.

WHAT fun it would be if we were doing the things that we usually do at this time of the year. . . . If, for instance, we were sunning ourselves on the Riviera or winter sporting or off to Palm Beach, or even if we were in Paris with the buyers from America who used to arrive during the first week of February so that they might see the spring and summer fashions and buy models from the world's most famous dress houses to take back to America.

Heigh ho !—there are quite a lot of tiresome people who seem bent on telling us that life will never be the same again and that no one will be able to afford a good time in the future. I daresay that there were plenty of people voicing these same opinions during the last war, and they were right in a way, because life *did* change. But we managed to enjoy ourselves in spite of that.

True, we are not buying ski-kit or holiday clothes for the south, but we have suddenly started to take a lively interest in all sorts of other things, such as the woolliest of undies, stout pyjamas, zinc-lined cabin boxes, "fleabags," and mittens.

We know to a bottle how much stock of our favourite perfume is held by the stores where we have an account and when the authorities are likely to release the American nail varnish which is down at the docks, and the difficulty our hairdresser is experiencing in getting good hair friction.

This only goes to add a little spice to our shopping. It will also in time add a little to the price, but that is only to be expected.

Jane Gordon

On Duty

Off Duty

HAVING spent the winter in a hospital where the passage walls break out periodically into a cold sweat and the little room where I sleep has neither fireplace nor power point, I feel I have become an authority on draught-proof pyjamas and undies. At one moment I toyed with the idea of flannel pyjamas, but it appears that hospital laundries have a trick of shrinking a full-size pyjama into the semblance of a baby's slumber suit. The best way of solving this problem is to walk down Oxford Street, where the stores can show you a large selection of tailored pyjamas with long sleeves. Mine are called *Bon Soir*; they are a silk and wool mixture in grey-blue, copper pink and pastel green piped with white. The man-tailored jacket can be buttoned up to the neck or worn with revers. The trousers are particularly well cut with a fitted band in front and an elastic at the back and they fasten with one button at the side. The price I paid was 23s. 9d., and if they have not already gone up in price I am told they shortly will do so. The Viyella pyjamas are a little more expensive, although, of course, they are extremely warm and well tailored. You can get them in a flower pattern on pastel grounds. There are also pyjamas in brightly coloured checks which are very smart and gay.

IF you are searching for a really nice present to give either an Army man or a business woman, have a look at the hide last-minute document case which is in Revelation's window along Piccadilly. The price tag is marked 67s. 6d., which is a tidy price to pay for a document case. This one is, however, the nicest I have seen. It has a generous inside portion with pockets, a top zip and an extra space with oceans of room for papers and documents. There are three locks, arranged so that the top flap (*Continued on page* 75)

UNDERSTATEMENT may have its place, but not in beauty parlours, where the trend is more towards poetical licence.

As a rule, this poetical licence is the attractive packing used by the various beauty parlours to wrap up a useful preparation, and it goes without saying that some of the preparations are much more useful than others.

Having worked for many years in a skin clinic, I am probably more inclined than most to be doubtful about beauty treatment cures for acne and blackheads, and when I was told that Inoxia had produced a lotion called "Solution 41" for this condition, I must admit I was extremely sceptical. I heard its praises sung, the mysterious formula was explained in some detail, a skin specialist present talked of cases treated personally by herself. I was given a bottle to take home and try out—and still I had my doubts. A few days later a friend of mine complained of blackheads and greasy skin and agreed, though somewhat grudgingly, to act as a test case for me. We tried out the solution and greatly to our mutual astonishment the greasiness cleared up and the blackheads disappeared and the pores of the skin became definitely smaller.

Mind you, this was only one case and there was no sign of acne. But a solution which will deal with blackheads is certainly worth knowing about.

If you live in a part of the country where sirens are apt to warble, let me tell you that chewing gum is the best first-aid for nerves you can hope to find.

Your own nerves may be as above suspicion as Cæsar's wife, but even so a little gum offered in time to someone else may save them a queasy feeling in the tummy. Chewing gum has another advantage. It will save your ears from aching when there is a lot of noise around you.

THE most efficient housewife I know had luncheon with me a few days ago and said that she knew of a sure and certain way of turning margarine into butter. You take half a pound of Stork magarine and a quarter of a pint of cream and salt to taste. Having gathered these ingredients together, you heat the margarine in a pan until it is warm but not oily, then you add your salt. In the meantime the cream must be warmed when it should be stirred gradually into the margarine. You continue stirring until cream and margarine turn into a lump, when they are put into cold water to harden. This mixture tastes like the very best butter—at any rate, that is her story.

NOT so long ago a good hostess had to keep pace with every slimming diet which originated in Hollywood. Now, one of your most valuable assets is a working knowledge of food values which will enable you to turn those pastel-coloured ration coupons into a perfect diet for physical fitness and good looks. In a way, (*Continued on page* 75)

Hearts in Concert

Fame and Fortune in Hollywood or Love and Duty at Home . . .

By Roy Wirgman

HELEN DEWER answered the piano's final chord on a long-drawn, heart-catching note that throbbed through the crowded auditorium like the pure vibration of a harp.

There followed a breathless hush, then the crash of applause thundered against her ears, blood stirring, intoxicating, before the curtain swished across her.

Five times they called her back, and each time the curtain rose, their thrilling tribute rose to a crescendo, and within her breast, Helen's heart beat with a breathless excitement that coursed through her veins like wine.

And then she remembered Chick Penworth, her accompanist, and turning, led him out of the shadows back of the limelight, so that he, too, might share the fullness of her triumph.

Dear old Chick! Queer how embarrassed he always seemed in moments like this. For all his splendid breadth of shoulder, his grave good looks, he hadn't a pennyworth of personality to put over when it came to charming an audience. Just a shy nonentity he must seem to them, though every one knew that he was far too talented to be wasting his time second-fiddling to any one. But that was Chick all over: the most modest man alive, the kindest friend, but a man without a grain of go-getting ambition in his make-up.

As the curtain fell for the final time, Helen relaxed the fixed brilliance of her professional smile to a little, intimate grimace.

"Grand audience, Chick, darling! We fairly had them on the run to-night. Thanks a lot!"

She slipped her arm through his and led him towards the dressing-rooms.

"Gosh, Chick, I'm tired!" She looked up at him, half-smiling, half-yawning, and his hand closed protectively over hers.

"What about an old-fashioned early night," he suggested." "A bottle of Chianti and a dish of spaghetti, then bed!"

Helen shook her chestnut head and sighed.

"Wish I could, darling, but Grove Morton phoned just before I left for the theatre. He's managed to get hold of a big musical director from Hollywood, and I'm to meet him at a party at the Dorchester to-night."

Chick grunted.

"Grove Morton gives me a pain all over, Helen. He's a vampire in modern dress. He'll suck you dry of your youth and energy, then kick you in the teeth. Tell him to go and climb a tree!"

"Chick, you know I can't. You know how important it may be. Hollywood! We'll be really in the big money!"

She paused at the door of her dressing-room, her lovely dark blue eyes glowing with vision. Chick grimaced wryly.

"We're making plenty as it is," he pointed out quietly. "More than you ever dreamed of making, two years ago. What's the hurry, anyway? We're young——"

"Listen, Chick," and she spoke as if he were some dull, backward child: "We've got to cash in on our youth. Luck has been with us so far. Nothing has gone wrong. But just think of what might happen. There's nothing tangible in a voice. A touch of laryngitis, and what have you? And you know as well as I do how little we've managed to save——"

"So that's the way Grove Morton puts it, is it?" Chick said. "He's been playing on your fears. It's an old trick of his. And you won't be the first promising young star he's worked to death."

"Oh, that's rot, Chick!" with growing impatience. "Grove Morton put us on the map. We didn't see any real money till he took us up!"

"Oh, he'll keep you in the money—as long as you can stay on top, Helen. Don't forget you're making money for him, too. But that's not the point. You're tired. We haven't had a break

THEN, finally, when still they begged for just one more, she turned to Chick, and he saw that her smile was wet with tears

for more than a year. There's more to life than just work, and making money and chasing fame. We're missing it. . . ."

His eyes pleaded, but Helen's lips tautened.

"Is this another prelude to a proposal, Chick?" she asked.

A quick flush darkened Chick's lean cheek.

"You're good at getting me wrong, aren't you?" he returned. "For once, I wasn't thinking of myself. If you remember, it's quite a time since I asked you to marry me. I don't think I've brought the subject up once since you put yourself in Morton's hands."

Helen shifted uneasily, and her eyes fell before his steady look.

"You see, my dear," Chick went on quietly, "I never calculated to marry a bread-winning wife. You're the money maker, nowadays. In fact, I'm not sure that you're not paying me too much. Any competent pianist could do what I do. . . ."

It was Helen's turn to show colour, and she reddened angrily. Chick had never spoken to her like that before, and the sharpness of the snub pricked deep.

"If you want to break up our partnership, you've only to say so," she said coldly.

But he did not quail before the blue blaze in her eyes. There was something that looked like pity in his dark eyes; something that made Helen feel like a spoilt child.

"I'll stick just (*Continued on page* 82)

Beauty treatment with paint. This mahogany bedroom suite has been stripped to its natural colouring and cleverly decorated with paint in two shades of green. The walls are cyclamen and the carpet is a rich plum colour

Beauty TREATMENT

Any woman can be beautiful. The secret lies in knowing how to present yourself. The same is true of the home.

Like a well-dressed woman, the home shows its character and its interest in those touches which are not so much dependent upon the ability to pay highly as in creating an individual appeal.

The trouble with many of us is that we are content to be copyists. This is not a bad thing in some senses, but imaginative copyism is one thing. Just plain copyism is another. Borrow your ideas from other people by all means, but elaborate them, give them your personal signature.

English homes are stereotyped. You can't get away from it. There is a convention in furnishing fashions and the Englishwoman adheres to it, slavishly.

The result is that the average home is comfortable, even charming, but monotonous. Whereas a little more experiment, an accent here, a touch there, would make it memorable.

Look around your house. Ask yourself what you could do to it that would give it a new interest, a new excitement.

If you think that originality is costly you are wrong. It is not always so.

For instance, it costs no more to have a beautiful and original colour scheme than it does to have a dull one.

If you are buying flowers anyway you can buy unusual and colourful ones and display them in a new way. It costs no more, except perhaps in thought.

A woman whose home is amusing and individual, is usually an experimenter. One week the sitting-room is arranged in one way, the next it's different. She has a brainwave about the colour or the distribution of furniture. Suddenly the idea has come to her that bookshelves in the recess would improve the appearance of one wall. So bookshelves appear.

She dabs paint about and hoists new fabrics and changes the whole complexion of a room in a few hours. She has a lot of fun.

On the other hand, she wastes no effort. That is expensive. There is co-ordination and purpose about her plans which reflect themselves in every aspect of the home.

Do not imagine that because you have a houseful of furniture that seems outmoded, your efforts to be gay and original in decoration are wasted. This is the time when a beauty treatment is most badly needed.

If the furniture is ugly and cannot be redeemed, then your task is to distract attention from it by using eye-catching effects elsewhere.

A good colour scheme will make a start. Drab furnishings will take on an entirely new interest against a background of colouring that is stimulating and original.

Paint is a modern miracle. The picture above is an example of this.

Here you see part of an old-fashioned mahogany bedroom suite. The chest of drawers was stripped to its natural colour. This can be done by an amateur with any one of the many paint strippers available now.

The sides and part of the front were left unstained. Green paint, outlined with a darker shade, was used for a simple decoration. Against a cyclamen tinted wall and a deep plum carpet slightly deeper in tone than the heavy curtains this old furniture was new again.

One attractive window treatment will lighten the spirit of a whole room and turn the eye away from its less pleasing features. Look at the simple curtain treatment shown in the picture lower right. An ordinary casement window is overdraped with furnishing ninon in a peach shade. Three china troughs of flowers suggesting a window box brighten the window shelf and at each side, unobtrusive during the day, hang long curtains of deep red glazed chintz, interlined to effect a blackout

at night. Nothing could be simpler, more effective. Certainly any other treatment would cost as much.

An undistinguished fireplace can be given a touch of the dramatic by an original disposition of objects on the mantelpiece. There is nothing remarkable in the objects displayed in the photograph below, yet the balance and arrangement of the whole gives something quite arresting to the finished group.

The delicate candelabra are arranged low to offset the unusual height of the ceiling. The little flower picture gives a rich note of colour to the pale background of the wall and the two low glass vases on either side hold sprays of dark evergreen which, again, stand out in pleasant relief against the pastel background.

The charm of this simple arrangement is in the thought with which colour, grouping and form have been devised. The same mantel with a conventional arrangement would have been commonplace.

Look into every corner of your home, consider it carefully. Ask yourself what a beauty treatment could do to make it more pleasing. Don't give up hope because you have no money to spare for extravagant treatments. The things you already have may look like a million dollars after a beauty treatment.

Down the side, top: Treatment for a room with a sloping wall. Pale blue pin-spot wallpaper. Plum upholstery. Sheer white accessories

Uplift for a simple electric fire through a mantel treatment that any carpenter could do

Casement window gracefully draped with ninon. Dark red curtains and a china window box

Eye-catching scheme for a narrow passage shows effective use of a focal point at one end

Below: Old fireplace with a new feeling. The secret is in clever grouping of colourful decorative objects against a well contrasted background

FOR THE HOME

NERVY PEOPLE

Are you one of those high-strung people who sit at their desk with one leg tightly wound round the other, who cannot relax in a taxi, who start if a plate is dropped, or who answer "m'm, m'm," to a question, and then shout back furiously if the question is repeated?

Your familiars have told you there is something wrong with your nerves. Too true. Most probably because there is something wrong with your blood.

Not at all, you are likely to reply, it is all because you have so many things to think about and no time in which to think them in, so many ends to try and meet and nothing with which to make them meet, so much to do that—oh, what's the use.

All this, of course, is steadily poisoning your blood, because irritated nerves poison the blood, just as poisoned blood will irritate the nerves. In any event, the nerves of the most nerveless and sweet-tempered are a bit on edge in February, even with those who keep their nerves isolated in cosy layers of fat, because the blood stream which nourishes them has been climatically deprived for a whole season of the vital elements on which it feeds.

If the nerves of the general public were exposed to a microscope at this moment, they would be revealed as looking rather like parched and withered leaves. That's one of the reasons why every one is fed to the teeth with winter, because of their clamouring blood needs.

Nerves wilt quickly owing to poverty in the blood stream, and revive as quickly when there is wealth. They are the automatic telephones which report everything to the brain; a curious link between mind and matter which is equally subject to the influence of either, so that the problem in diagnosing nerve trouble is always: "Where did it start?" Did blood-poisoned nerves affect the mind, or a dejected mind affect the nerves? Nor is it so easy to distinguish, except in definite maladies.

For instance, shingles: mental anxiety inflames the nerves and causes them to precipitate acid into the blood which comes out as shingles. But this looks like a blood complaint. On the other hand, St. Vitus's dance, which looks like a nervous affliction if ever there was one, is due to poison already existing in the blood, which re-acts on the nerves. Incidentally, this poison is a form of the same acid that causes rheumatism. Nerves get it either way, and the oddest pranks are played.

A duodenal ulcer is known to originate in the mind, in overstrain: as the stomach happens to be the individual's weak spot, flagellated nerves precipitate acid into the duodenum until the lining is burned away and an ulcer results.

Luckily, agonising and grave as this complaint may be, it is one of the simplest to cure. A diet of milk only, up to three quarts a day, very slowly sipped through a straw, serves to create a film over the ulcer under which it heals. Rest, and a respite from worry, are also necessary.

In other cases, mental flurry brings about nervous indigestion—a sharp pain at the back, in between the shoulders. This disappears as soon as food is taken. Actually it is a form of reflex pain, again induced by nerve acids. The bother is that once such a weakness is created, it is rarely more than temporarily cured, and recurs not only with agitation, but even if a chill is taken. Poison inclines to go to the same spot.

The stomach is so frequently attacked, because the solar plexus, the great nerve junction, is situated immediately behind it. That is why, at certain times of apprehension—not of fear, which affects the knees—but of that special apprehension which charges the whole system, like the nerves of an actor before a first night, or of a champion boxer before entering the ring, or of an admiral when his ships steam into action, are often marked for the individual by violent sickness. Actors and playwrights have notoriously emotional stomachs.

Then there are the nerves of a racing motorist who, when he is at the wheel, seems to have eyes all round his head. He will even notice a shadow twitching at the back of his car, to his distraction. Or the nerves of a musician, to whom the scraping of a fork on a plate is torture.

The nerves of some people become hyper-sensitive to sound and movement if work demands that they should concentrate, others can become oblivious to all that is going on. Nerves of accountants, lawyers and scientists go sick round the temples, they suffer from neuralgia. Now, whereas stomach nerves are allayed by taking milk which soothes, neuralgia is helped by taking honey, which stimulates.

The fresh juices of young vegetables are a great help for the debilitated nerves which are so common in February. As these are not obtainable yet in any quantity, what I would suggest is, at both luncheon and dinner, a tablespoonful of Hofel's carrot juice. This can either be added to the meat course or enjoyed as a cocktail.

It consists of the crushed juice of the whole vegetable, which has not been pasteurised and contains no preservative. It is exactly what (Continued on page 88)

Lovely Hands

Every woman can have fragile-looking hands—however hard she works and whatever their natural shape—provided she knows what tricks to use.

Sympathetic nail-tone cannot help but lengthen the shape, a dissenting note on the finger-tips must inevitably cut it. Brown hands, for instance, should not wear a bluey-red cyclamen nail-polish. An orange or ochre-red will suit them better, one that is dusky and not too vivid. White hands can take any nail-tone. Deep and glowing varnishes are flattering, but choose them with discretion and match them meticulously, not only to the shade of your clothes, but to the skin-tone of your hand.

Close-fitting, even cuticles are the hall-mark of a beautiful hand. They sensitise the appearance of any finger. Only ignorant manicurists ever snip a cuticle nowadays, as they can be shrunk back and kept permanently smooth by a mere drop of cuticle oil, slipped over the base of the nail with a paint-brush. If you do this each time after you wash, you will have a perfect nail-frame. It takes less than half a minute, but if you cannot remember to oil during the day, at least oil before you go to bed. Peggy Sage Cuticle Oil is the one I recommend. This product of a New York specialist cleverly combines astringent and lubricating properties. The skin remains taut, but never cracks.

A clean nail is another essential. You may think this hardly needs mentioning, but far too many women are careless over cleaning under the projecting shards of their nails. An ordinary nail-brush chips varnish, but secretions cannot be allowed to collect under the impression that a brilliant nail over-hang cloaks a multitude of sins. A fastidiously clean under-nail is a telling touch. Thoroughly brush under it with Nail Dress by means of a stiff paint-brush. Nail Dress is a cream which is also a soap, it bleaches the nail-point and serves to accentuate it; it will also remove stains from the upper surface and prolong the colour-life of the varnish. From Peggy Sage again.

Here are all-important secrets on how to manage the nails in order to obtain that filbert shape which transforms a square and spatulate hand into one that appears to be long and tapering.

Never file the nails down the sides to the cuticle, under the notion that it emphasises a thin or fine point. It merely broadens the look of the nail. A nail will seem narrow according to the length it can show above and away from the sides, even if the tip is a semi-circle and not a point. The moon at the base of the nail should be carefully arched to follow the same line as the tip. The illusion of slenderness this creates is vital.

A white hair-line, caused by wiping the varnish off the extreme edge, casts a high-light halo which elongates. These, then, are the three chief factors. Another point of significance is the health and resilience of the nail, which is immeasurably increased by systematic buffing before varnish is applied. This brings up the circulation to feed the nail. To and fro rubbing is no use at all. Buff one way only, up.

Hands need not be snow-white to look delicate, but they must be one-colour and smooth. This is difficult to achieve in February, when cold weather often turns them red, immersion in hot water makes them look boiled, and even the minimum of manual labour swells the knuckles and wrists inordinately. A good cream massage helps this condition. There is a special midday cream for the before-lunch wash, which will draw out all tiredness and magically dispel numbness, if passed firmly over the knuckles, down the hands and over the wrist. It re-forms the hand, there is no other word for it.

Two lightning whitening remedies are (*a*) cream which is instantly absorbed and leaves a fine surface; (*b*) a hand-mask which takes fifteen minutes to transform a hand that has become a ham through rough usage into something approaching a lily. Neither of these two remedies will be necessary if you will only make a habit of using the Hand Massage cream daily and supplement it with a strongly smoothening cream twice a week at night. The latter—and all the rest—comes from Peggy Sage; it is perfumed, does not grease-mark the sheets, and there is this strange fact about it—the wearer's hands are never ungraceful, maybe because its particular perfume lends self-confidence.

New Varnishes

Mantilla	An acute blue-red. Highly romantic. For pale hands that have a dark undertone.
Fez	A clear, sharp red. Dazzling with black, white, browns. For blondes.
Nosegay	Pastel, yet definite and attractive. For the grey-haired and conservative and those who like the exquisite.
Regency	A flesh tone, which gives a discreet groom. Ideal for uniforms.

By CHRYSIS

War conditions have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts

London night life, taking the war in its stride, has tuned-in to a mood of quick gaiety.

Men get a break because white ties are definitely out. Everywhere evening dress is optional, but that does not mean that women should turn up in tweeds, unless they have no choice.

Men, especially in uniform, are still susceptible to subtle flattery, and it pleases them to be seen with a girl who wins general admiration. Woollen dinner-dresses, ground length, in soft warm colours, or brightened with vivid embroideries, are the best choice because they are a good foil for khaki or blue. Wear them with or without a hat. But if you feel like dressing up in the grand manner, go ahead. You will have company.

If it is to be a Gay Party start off first with cocktails and a snack. Swing a new one on your friends and take them to L'Abris du Ritz. Here you eat and drink inexpensively and well in what is certainly the gayest Air-Raid Shelter in town. The decorations are cheerful, the atmosphere is stimulating, and if you want to, you can get a most satisfying Plat du Jour for 3s. 6d.

Afterwards supper at the Café de Paris, where you can dance to two bands that make you feel as nimble as Astaire and Rogers, and where, at midnight, you get a very sophisticated cabaret. Better not to take your maiden aunt. If you want to get there earlier you can dine and dance from 8 o'clock. In either case, the cost is 15s. 6d. Alternatively, go on to GrosvenorHouse where you can always be sure of seeing the loveliest cabaret girls in London. Dinner or supper costs 12s. 6d., and members of His Majesty's Forces in uniform get a discount of 20%. It is a good place for a stag-party.

At both places black ties and dinner dresses are slightly more in evidence than day clothes.

For a Family Gathering there is nothing to equal a good dinner, dancing, and an impressive cabaret. Carol Gibbons is at the Savoy and you can dance to his band and to Geraldo's. There are two floor-shows, one at 10.30 and the other at midnight, and an atmosphere of warm enjoyment that is very human and pleasant.

Dinner costs 15s. 6d., supper 12s. 6d. Both, of course, include dancing and cabaret.

If you want to spend the night at the Savoy you can have a bedroom and private bathroom, a full English breakfast, *and* dinner and dancing in the restaurant, or dinner in the Grill Room for a combined charge of 35s. For two people the combined charge is 60s. In any case, there is a 15% war discount on all rooms.

The Dorchester is another grand spot for this sort of party. You can dance and dine there from 8 o'clock at a special war-time price of 12s. 6d., and there is an entertainment at 10.30. Supper is à la Carte, and they claim that theirs is the safest building in London. Dress if you want to, but you need not bother.

A Formal Evening à Deux calls for careful planning because a sympathetic background is vitally important. You will not want to dash about from place to place, so having drunk your cocktails at your leisure, or perhaps having been to an early cinema, make for Quaglino's and settle down there for the rest of the evening.

In the restaurant, where uniforms, black ties and dinner dresses predominate, you can dine and dance for 10s. 6d., or you can eat and dance in the Grill Room.

You will find the passing pageant piquant, with privates rubbing shoulders with Cabinet Ministers and Field-Marshals.

A Romantic Interlude suggests cocktails first, preferably at some place where there is music. Afterwards dinner where there is no music, but where the food is beyond compare and the atmosphere is intimate. The Coq d'Or is famous for its Chicken à la Broche, and has a magnificent French cuisine. Everything is à la Carte, but on an average you will spend from 12s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. each. At Luigi's you will think that you are in the heart of Paris. And in the Berkeley Grill you can dine for 8s. 6d. and feel that the world is yours.

If you don't feel like going home yet there are several good bottle-parties from which to make a choice. The Kit Kat has a sensational cabaret; so has the Cabaret Club. The Embassy has a marvellous Rhumba band, Rector's is almost a tradition, and at the Paradise and the Cocoanut Grove there is plenty of pep and crowds of well-known people. Jack Harris and Lew Stone, with their bands, are at El Morocco.

You cannot get into any of these places without an invitation, but if you do not know a member you can write for an invitation. You can then take with you as many of your friends as you like. It is not cheap. You pay entrance fee and practically double price for all wines and spirits, but there is no charge for entertainment.

Dancers' Delight. Remember the dancing craze of the last war? It is here again, with the result that tea and cocktail dances are in full swing. They have them in the Lounge at Grosvenor House, (Continued on p. 70

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

Women all over the country are experiencing a kind of clothes hangover, not from too much, but from the wrong kind of indulgence in buying.

The long dark winter, the completely unexpected pattern traced by this curious war into our lives, has been responsible in part for a we-will-make-anything-do mood, in part for crazy, unplanned, and often regrettable purchases for imperative celebrations. The result of all this is a more than normal Spring yearning for good-looking new clothes. The good-looking new clothes are with us.

One of the surprises about shopping to-day is that clothes are not so dear as everybody anticipated. Could anything be better value than the grey, green bound jersey skirt and jacket on page 44, carrying the Jaeger signature of styling, tailoring and stuff? It costs £3.9.6.

Basically, the line hasn't changed. So new things mate comfortably with old. But everything tortuous, elaborate or unessential has been weeded from the mode. Wartime clothes are youthful, flattering, confident, wearable, functional. They are built to last, if necessary, longer than usual, built to wear, if necessary, against many backgrounds.

The small waistline is still very much stressed. The high pushed-up bosom, rounded hips, swinging skirt still there. Occasionally, a slight militarism is evident in an epaulette, buttons, trimming. Larger-than-life pockets appear everywhere. Colours are cheerful, but never shout. Choose from all the blues, all the greens, bright browns. Red has never been so liked in its life. Lachasse is doing pastel tweeds. Matita have a whipcord jersey, supple as silk, never stretching. Checks and plaids riot with colour. Top-coats are versatile, suiting town and country. Elaborate, low-cut naked evening gowns seem to be worn chiefly by dance hostesses. Otherwise women still prefer the sleeved evening dress that covers up more; sleek for those whose hips can take it, full skirted for real grace on the dance floor.

The group of dresses on page 46 illustrate the new importance attaching to afternoon dresses which can travel smoothly from luncheon, *via* tea-dancing, cocktails, dining-out, the theatre, to smart restaurant supper-dancing.

Two-piece dress, looking like a suit, the top in black wool jersey, the wool serge skirt in dark blue, dark green and gold tartan. *Alix*

Lime-green wool, with a saffron-yellow throat bow. Adroit tucking and gathering give a flattering corselet cut. *Spectator Model*

Fine black velours woollen, the skirt very full, the prim bodice piped in red, spangled with rhinestones. *Robert Piguet*

Bishop's sleeves lift a shirtmaker dress in sage-green wool with scarlet belt, scarlet pipings. *Spectator Model*

1. Rosewood and dusty-pink wool jersey dress, aping a suit. *Matita*

2. Fine navy woollen dress, with a white piqué neckband, a red angora tweed fitting jacket. *Matita*

3. Navy face-cloth coat, epauletted, with deep, slanting flap pockets. *Jaeger*

4. Grey wool jersey suit, with emerald binds. (Other colour combinations are navy and scarlet, dark red and pale blue.) *Jaeger*

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FACING PAGE.

5. Salmon and cucumber check tweed, the pattern cut on the straight and the bias, a green shirt. *Lachasse*

6. Red-rust woollen suit, the skirt pleated at intervals, the jacket with a new square neck which shows the white angelskin blouse. *Lachasse*

7. Snuff woollen dress with turquoise stripes, tobacco brown jacket faced and pocketed with the dress fabric. *Lachasse*

8. Black satin smothered with fine horizontal tucking. *Hartnell*

9. Black crêpe afternoon dress, with variable all-over diagonal tucking. The collarless tucked button-through jacket has large silver-fox cuffs. *Hartnell*

10. Tweed coat in heather colourings, with leather and gilt buttons and belt. Beneath is an Air-Force blue woollen, short-sleeved, front-buttoning dress. *Worth*

11. Black faille, bias striped with mauve, red and pale blue satin. The low square neck has a cross-over drape. At the back a wide gathered panel, striped vertically, hangs loose. *Worth*

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11

1. Black crêpe two-piece, with draped tie at waist, white and green kid appliqué on shoulder. *Swan and Edgar*, five-and-a-half guineas

2. Blue-grey crêpe with a very square draped and corded shoulder line, a wide sash. *Galeries Lafayette*, six guineas

3. Fine nut-brown woollen with a subtly draped bodice. The wide sash is black satin. *Fenwick*, six-and-a-half guineas

4. Horizon-blue crêpe, the square necked bodice finely pleated and stitched flat, a blue velvet belt, a wine-red flower. *Dickins and Jones*, American Department, four-and-a-half guineas

5. Black faille two-piece dress (or suit). The full-shouldered jacket buttons from neck to hem, has two tiny hip pockets, a little bustle bow. *Dickins and Jones*, American Department, six-and-a-half guineas

Mary Young's FINDINGS *for your* KEEPINGS

That bar across the middle of the dish is a spit. The roaster can be used before your open fire (thereby saving fuel), in the oven or on top of the cooker. Use it for chicken, chops or steaks. In best quality cast iron, the roaster costs 15/6, from Fortnum and Mason's. Postage 1/-

Here is a table that can be converted instantly from standard height into a low table for playing bridge at your ease from the fireside armchair as shown here. Two sets of legs of different lengths that fold up flat are the secret of its versatility. Price 25/- from Selfridge's. Postage 2/-

A simple home treatment works wonders on acne, blackheads and allied skin ailments. Innoxa Lotion 41 acts as a fat solvent and normalises the fat glands. Pat in night and morning and leave on under your ordinary make-up. Most good chemists, price 5/6. Post free

Two drops of Gaygleme Lotion in the eyes will give them sparkle, clean them, protect them against dust and glare. It can be used whenever the eyes feel tired or strained. Gaygleme comes in a handy flacon with glass dropper stopper. From Boots, price 2/6. Postage 3d.

New-shoe awareness is instantly dispelled by treating the leather with Expan. Brush into the spot that pinches or feels hard. Expan will stretch and soften the toughest Service shoes and boots. Price 1/-, from The Expan Leather Co., 10, Manchester St., W.1. Postage 2d.

Helena Rubinstein's newest lipstick "Night Red" is a great flatterer, perfect for the specialised restaurant and night-club lighting which seems to make many lipsticks pale. Wear it with the season's rich new shades, also with black and white. From good chemists, 4/6. Postage 1½d.

The handle of this knife is hollow. When filled with hot water it keeps butter at the correct spreading consistency. The serrated edge and wavy tip are for making up little butter curls without any waste. Selfridge's Cutlery Dept., price 2/6. Postage 2½d.

Adéle Maurice powder base in block form, which is easy to use and convenient to carry. Rain or spray will not affect it. It protects the skin and hides blemishes, making frequent repowdering unnecessary. Four shades. Price 4/6, from Dickins and Jones. Post free

Our Miss Young, not satisfied with telling you of her discoveries of the month, has bought a camera and is going to photograph them too. You can buy any of these things direct, of course, but if you would prefer us to get them for you, send us an open postal order and we will see they are despatched. The address is: Mary Young, "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood. Hunton Bridge, near King's Langley, Herts.

Baby on her Toes

Some children carry it like a torch; an irrepressible vitality, a bloom of health that keeps them perpetually on their toes. In others it is not so evident, though in most it can be acquired. Vitality is often spoken of as something intangible bestowed at birth or not. Actually, the vitality which we associate with energy, with alertness, often with cheerfulness is very largely a physical quality. A reflection of bodily health.

Children who are lethargic, lacking in spirit, are not so much victims of their temperaments as of a breakdown somewhere in health.

How to keep up the standard of health to such a point that a child is always on her toes is what most mothers want to know. How to keep the vitality gauge so high that infection and sickness are warded off is vital knowledge, for nobody will question the fact that illness attacks most readily when the tone of the body is lowered, when the life-spring of vitality—call it resistance if you like—is for some reason temporarily impaired.

So it becomes essential to study the means of sustaining the vitality gauge at a high level and of bolstering it up when it shows signs of flagging.

A sound routine background is the best beginning, a well-balanced diet, quantities of sleep, fresh air and exercise in large and systematic doses and, last but not least, a mental environment conducive to quiet and steady development.

However lucky your baby may be in her natural fund of vitality, or however painstakingly you may have built it up by watchfulness and sensible management, there are times when it is heavily taxed and needs support in some other way than through the normal routine.

After a long and sunless winter, even if you have been specially careful about diet and fresh air, the system suffers certain deficiencies which, unless replenished, cause the machinery to slow down, leading, finally, to a falling-off of that radiant vitality which is the signal that all is functioning to plan. Dancing eyes become listless, racing feet slow down, high spirits fail, turn to irritability, and infection—always waiting its chance—pounces on its prey.

This winter will be even more exacting. Rationing must bring diet deficiency in its train. Children, moreover, are sensitive to atmosphere, and the emotional stress under which parents are living in these times is bound to communicate itself to the little ones. It cannot be otherwise.

So precautionary measures should be taken to see that vitality is kept at a reasonably high level. Vitamin A is the richest source of vitality and this is contained in a preparation called Haliborange. This palatable anti-infective has the effect of strengthening surface tissues by keeping them in a normal condition of growth. It is the finest defence against infection.

Haliborange is a highly concentrated extract of oil from the halibut liver with extra Vitamin D. It is pleasantly flavoured with orange juice (in itself a valuable source of health) and can be taken without the slightest feeling of nausea. For keeping up body resistance, to increase weight and as a guard against rickets it is excellent.

Sensible, reliable clothing is as good a way as any of keeping out the cold and consequent troubles. Chilprufe underwear is not, as some people suppose, clothing of a kind essential only for delicate children. It is the most sensible wear for all who need protection from fluctuating temperatures and from the capricious changes of the English winter.

Chilprufe garments are not expensive in the long run, because they outlast other makes. Moreover, they can be sent back to the makers for enlargement, an economy that every mother must appreciate.

The Treasure Cot Company have Chilprufe garments for every age from the first week to fourteen years of age.

Trained assistants at this shop can advise you on exactly the right type of garment for your child's particular needs. Moreover, the advice is unbiased and always given in the interests of economy.

A very authoritative little manual called "Motherhood," which has been produced by the manufacturers of Cow and Gate food, is worth a place on the bookshelf in these times when the maintenance of good health in the family is more and more hazardous.

Every aspect of child development is simply and comprehensively dealt with: feeding, general hygiene, minor ailments and a mass of interesting general information. The book is 1/-, on application to Cow and Gate Limited, Cow and Gate House, Guildford, England.

It will help you to keep your baby on her toes.

Louisa Kay

Decorative Vegetable Gardens

"Dig for Victory" confronts us on every hoarding. That means vegetables, that means grow our own food. Well, we can do this and still have a good-looking garden. Some of our most useful vegetables were first grown as ornamental plants.

For instance, we grew scarlet runners for their beauty for two centuries before it occurred to any one to eat them. Provided they have full sun they will grow in almost any soil, they are invaluable for screening ugly sheds or untidy corners and their usefulness is past all praise, for a row only fifteen long will provide quite sufficient beans for the average household from early August until cut by frosts.

If you have not the space for the tall kind I advise Princeps. This grows only four feet high, is earlier by a fortnight than any other variety, and very prolific. And to support it you can use very light sticks.

I save all Michaelmas daisy stems and use them for these dwarf scarlet runners. Also for peas that do not grow more than four feet high. Michaelmas daisy stems are so amazingly tough that not only do they last perfectly all through the season but even then are in good condition and if not wanted for starting bonfires, I pile them round three sides of the beehives the following winter to help keep the bees warm.

If globe artichokes were not listed as vegetables, we should regard them as magnificent border plants. Put a row at the back of a flower border and you will not regret it for they increase like weeds. They need a few leafless branches thrown over them in winter, but that is all the attention they will be likely to require.

Curly kale with its masses of lovely curled and crimped leaves is most decorative all through winter, and in early spring, when all green stuff is desperately expensive, it obligingly produces delicious young shoots all up the stem.

Sow the seed in March and plant out in positively any soil in early August. It is usually possible to find bare spots in a flower border and the plants will be inconspicuous in early autumn, but in late autumn and winter when everything else has died down they will be a mass of vigorous green foliage.

The kales are not only among the hardiest vegetables but they do well in the poorest soils. This accounts for their other popular name—"borecole"—which means peasants' vegetable.

As for the variegated kale, they are indeed lovely. Many people have always planted these for their exquisite magenta, pink, cream, purple and green curly foliage, and I have more than once seen people at the Royal Horticultural Society's shows wearing what looked at a little distance like some exotic flower, but what turned out, when seen more closely, to be a tuft of variegated kale.

The poorer the soil, the colder and bleaker the district, the more beautiful the colouring of these kales.

If you want them to be extra fine, break off the tops in the autumn. Without the little protection afforded by these, the colouring is even better. But you will not get such good result on rich soils. (Continued on page 71)

By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

A kitchen garden where fruit, flowers and vegetables grow in harmony

Greer Garson. Titian hair. Pale skin. Grey-green eyes

Irene Dunne. Brownette. Chestnut hair. Blue-grey eyes

RED GROUP. Titian, copper, red fox.
Eyes usually green, tawny, light blue or grey.

COLOURS TO WEAR: *Peacock, cinnamon, jade, brown, duck-egg blue, ivory for the dark eyed. All yellows, all pastels.*

BACKGROUND COLOURS: *Pastel yellows and pinks. Baby blue, pale greens, except the sour tones.*

BROWN GROUP. Chestnut, nigger, tobacco.

COLOURS TO WEAR: *Amber, lacquer red, clear yellow and white for pale skins. Scarlet, soft green.*

BACKGROUND COLOURS: *All golds, pinky beige, ivory with red, tender greens.*

GREY GROUP. White, iron grey and silver.

COLOURS TO WEAR: *Violet, dim blues, greys. Black for white and silver hair, copper for iron grey.*

BACKGROUND COLOURS: *Light blue, pale cyclamens, antique green, soft yellows.*

WHAT COLOUR

Colours are like people. Some are stimulating, good mixers, others are hard to handle. But, also like people, colours need understanding.

The psychological influence of colour is so great that it is hard to think why we do not understand it better.

There are some authorities who go so far as to say that certain colours have a healing quality. Doctors have experimented with colour as a stimulus to health and found it effective, and ever since men read the stars they have allotted to each individual a lucky colour.

There may be no such thing as a lucky colour, but there is for certainty a colour or a combination of colours which produces to each individual a stimulating effect upon the eye and upon the senses.

Have you studied your personal reactions to colour? Have you even decided to what colour or group of colours you belong? People do have a hue of their own.

Can't you recognise a blue person when you see one? Rather cool, capable, perhaps a little metallic, crisp.

There are the red ones, responsive, intuitive, often too intense. Frequently psychic.

Green people are between the two. They are a little irresponsible, charming, often tender, but lacking the emphatic qualities of the blues and the reds.

The purples are sullen, eccentric, sometimes flamboyant; the pinks are kittenish, cloying, the jades are feline, amusing, the browns sincere, understanding, wistful.

The stimulus that is given to your personality by the use of your individual colour is far more than imaginary. It is almost tangible. Magic apart, the mere fact that blue improves your colouring, heightens your looks, is excuse enough for making that colour your constant companion. It gives you confidence and that is more than half the secret of charm.

But, you say to yourself, I'm not a colourful person, I can't see red or blue or green in myself at all, I'm a drab.

That's nonsense. If you are not a person of emphatic tones you are just the one who most needs the influence of colour.

What colour do you respond to? You must have a favourite. The eye has three sets of nerves responding respectively to red, green and blue or violet light. These are the basic colours. All others are combinations of them.

To each individual these colours produce a physiological effect upon the eye with, at the same time, a psychological effect upon the senses. Thus your liking or otherwise for a particular colour is an individual thing. It is intimately linked with the sensitive nervous organism of your system.

If you have any doubt as to what your own colour is, try some experiments. Don't waste time with the conventional notion that blondes should wear blue and brunettes should wear red. It is not always so. There is a certain type of gleaming blonde who looks ethereal, radiant in red with yellow undertones, and some raven beauties are ravishing in the pastel blues that are so often thought to be the prerogative of the fair haired.

The tones of the skin are even more important than the colour of the eyes in estimating your own colour. Try on a few of the colours that please you to look at then take note of the effect they have upon your skin. Look at yourself in strong daylight. If your skin appears to glow and to soften its texture against the colour you are wearing, it is good for you. If it appears to turn your complexion pallid or sallow, even if it merely makes you seem pale, shun it.

DARK GROUP. Off-black, raven, dark seal.

COLOURS TO WEAR: *Cherry and all subtle reds, oyster and ivory. Emerald and peacock. Vivid pinks.*

BACKGROUND COLOURS: *Gold and yellow, rose, pastel blues for clear skins.*

FAIR GROUP. Ash, amber, corn.
Includes blue, grey and tawny eyes.

COLOURS TO WEAR: *Black and white. Red for warm skins. Blues, pastels, all greens.*

BACKGROUND COLOURS: *Boudoir blues, apricot and antique pinks; green, all pastels. Ivory with vivid contrasts.*

NEUTRAL GROUP.
Mouse, pepper-and-salt, dust.

COLOURS TO WEAR: *Astringent green, rich warm pinks and reds.*

BACKGROUND COLOURS: *Soft yellows, amber, warm peach and young green.*

Claudette Colbert. A perfect example of raven colouring

Carole Lombard. Pale gold. Blue eyes. Light Skin

As for the eyes, watch them closely. The colours that suit you best always darken the tones of the eyes. If your eyes seem lighter when you are holding a particular colour against your face it is not for you.

Having decided which is your own colour—and you will soon know because of the happy feeling it gives you and the commentary it excites—use it consistently. Don't be afraid of monotony because a colour that increases your charm and heightens your vitality can never be that.

Besides, you can ring the changes. Learn about combinations. Find out which are the complementary colours of the basic colour you favour. It is not at all difficult.

For instance, orange is the complementary of blue because blue plays no part in the mixture which gives orange. Violet is complementary to yellow, and green is complementary to red because the latter is no part of the blend which yields red.

Don't forget that there are only three basic colours. All the rest are obtained by combining these three in the proper proportions.

So much for straightforward colours. But then there are, of course, tints and shades. Can you tell the difference between these? Colours that are mixed with white become tints. Thus red combined with white becomes pink, which is a tint.

Colours mixed with other colours become hues, say red and blue giving purple. Colours or tints combined with black produce shades. Thus olive green or navy blue.

These are technical points, but they matter. Whether you are planning a colour background for yourself in the home or a new outfit, you need this simple knowledge.

Don't be shy of colours. Don't be afraid to wear a bright hue because you think it makes you conspicuous. People will look at you in admiration if it is the right colour. But do remember that the quality of colour varies beyond expression. For instance, emerald green can be a lovely and thrilling colour, kind to the skin and eyes and soothing to the spirit. It can also be shrill and common. So can electric blue and fuchsia.

The secret lies in the quality of the colouring. That is why cheap materials are risky. Cheap dyes cannot produce the subtleties of tone which are essential to good taste when brilliant hues are to be worn.

So if you find that scarlet lifts your spirits and improves your looks let it be a melting red. Combine it with blue-green, and wait for the chorus of praise.

Experiment if you are a wearer of jade, blend it with ruby, violet and their tints. Try prune with pastel blue, brown with pinky-beige, dregs of wine with icing pink.

If you are not inspired by contrasts use the varying tints and shades of your favourite colour. Put two or three greens or blues together. You will find shading is most effective.

Sort yourself into one of the colour groups set out at the top of this page. Don't be discouraged if you are not either a definite blonde, brunette or redhead. The greater number of people fall into the in-between class, but in spite of it all they still have a sympathetic colour, one that is capable of uplifting qualities. Find yours and use it to make yourself a more vital and charming personality.

Use a complementary of it at home as a background, a setting and stimulus to the eye. ***K. L.***

ARE YOU?

FIVE O'CLOCK is NEWS Again

The revival of tea-time as an important social function is one of the more pleasant consequences of the war.

Hospitality seems always to have been at its best at tea-time. Perhaps the hour or the informality of the setting or merely the English adoration of tea does it.

Tea-time is a tradition and it dies hard. Every Victorian and Edwardian novel will supply a picture of it. Firelight on silver, toasted muffins, hand crochet d'oylies, the curate handing round cakes. It is a scene that endears itself to foreigners everywhere, even though they make fun of it sometimes. Tea is a ceremony that only the English can handle and even they scarcely know why.

The French have copied it. Tea-time in France is now quite an established thing, yet not the same. Neither the beverage nor the setting ring true.

And what a blank there is in afternoon entertaining where tea is omitted. American hospitality —famous as it is—falls to pieces between lunch and dinner, anyway, for the English visitor.

I remember the feeling—one could almost call it suspense—on the hot New York afternoons when the clock crept round to three-thirty, four o'clock, five and nothing but the inevitable iced drinks appeared to oil the wheels of conversation.

Yes, thank heaven, we are back to the cult of tea and very few women will be sorry because there is no doubt that tea-time is the woman's hour. Men have written about white hands among the tea-cups ever since there was tea to write about.

But tea-time has been threatened, very much so in the past few years. Cocktails had forced their insidious way into the tea hour to such an extent that it had become a terribly casual affair. "Just a cup of tea" in fact.

So we have the war to thank for the fact that tea parties are really back again.

This, partly because after-dark parties are so much less popular than they were. The blackout, economy measures and official duties have all contributed to this end.

Short leave for both men and women in the Services has become another source of tea-time entertaining. A six-hour pass may not allow much time for meeting friends for lunch or dinner, but people can drop in for tea at almost any hour of the afternoon and hospitality is satisfied.

Another thing: It is so easy now to stage a really good tea party. One may lack the more lavish appointments for a dinner party, but the little vanities of the tea table are neither costly nor difficult to find.

There was a time when only real lace and the Georgian silver tea service would have satisfied the exacting taste, but that is so no more. The most charmingly delicate linen and lace, china to delight the fancy of the most fastidious and decorative novelties of real genius are in all the shops ready to give a delightful setting to the most simple tea party.

There is definitely a feeling just now for china of the flowery, more classical design. The phase of the geometrical tea-cup has passed and in its place there are lovely reproductions of the great makers: Spode, Crown Derby and others, all authentic in design and quite inexpensive.

You can match china and linen or contrast them as you prefer. You can have brilliantly colourful china against gaily embroidered cloths or, if you favour more delicate effects, you can use pure white, elegantly fashioned china, against lace. Both ways are effective and within moderate means.

Novelties for the table come thick and fast. We have pictured one or two of them, but there are many more. Preserve jars, revolving cake trays, sandwich dishes, keep-hot tea-pots and trays of every known and unknown variety are available to make the tea-table interesting and appetising to behold.

Wooden appointments are very popular, preserve jars and cake stands particularly. They have the appearance of quality and some advantages over silver and other metals since, obviously, they require no polishing.

So much for appointments. Now what can you serve at tea-time for a change?

Just at this time of the year there are even more things than in the warmer weather when hot and savoury morsels are out of place.

One idea for winter which we can borrow from the non-tea-drinking Americans is cinnamon toast, delicious on a cold afternoon.

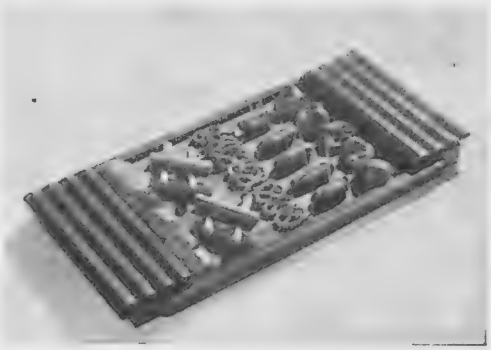
Make squares of hot buttered toast and sprinkle them with a mixture of ground cinnamon and castor sugar. If it interests you, the cinnamon is an excellent anti-infective as well as a tasty addition to toast.

Hot scones (home made for preference), sweet and savoury sandwiches, celery and hot biscuits, toasted marshmallows followed by sugary cakes are all delicious to think of and not too difficult to prepare.

Then, of course, there are biscuits. No country can produce so well these crisp appetising trifles that we take so much for granted here. And how little trouble they are. Open a tin of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits and tea-time is a feast immediately. There are dozens of varieties. Sweet, savoury, rich and plain. Something, in fact, for every taste.

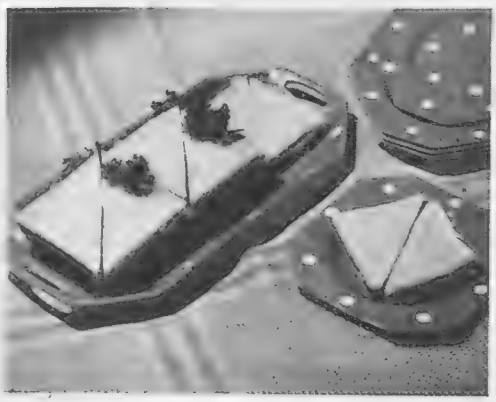
In these times of butter rationing, nobody with sense will overlook dripping as an appetiser at tea-time. On squares of toast with a thin spread of meat extract, you can hardly better it. Sandwiches of well-strained beef dripping mixed with finely shredded celery is something else to remember.

Cake-making—if you take a pride in baking your own—may present a few problems as rationing becomes more severe, but the substitution of one of the branded vegetable fats for butter will in no wise affect the quality of your cakes. On the contrary. Many women have, in fact, been using these fats (continued on page 85)



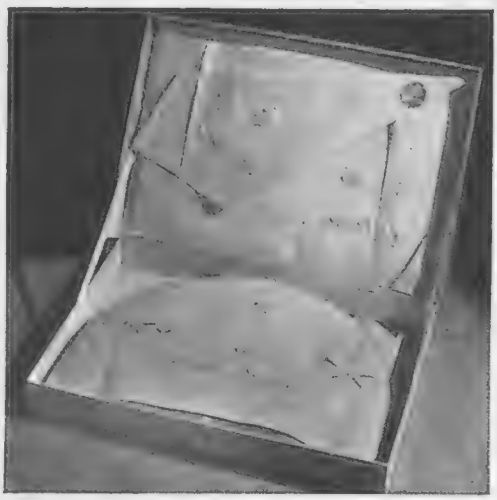
Guests take their pick from cakes and savouries on this wooden tray. The ends uncover to cigarettes. Price 27s. 6d. *Rivoli*

Heat-proof coloured metal stand for tea-pot and hot water. Price 7s. 6d. The silver-plated tea-set is £5 10s. 0d. *Rivoli*



Pottery sandwich set. For tea or supper, with white spots on a coloured back-ground. Dish and six plates, 6s. 6d. *Rivoli*

The Shelley Maytime tea-set. Colours are pink and pale lime against white. Set of twenty-one pieces, price 39s. 6d.



Trolly set in yellow Irish linen, hand embroidered. Two cloths and a matching tea-cosy. Price 10s. 11d. Postage extra

Wrought-iron trolly with glass shelves. As grand as you can find for service and beauty. Price £9 9s. 0d. *Rivoli*

SWEATER This couldn't be neater to look at or simpler to knit. The plain rib design breaks into moss stitch for the yoke.

PULLOVER No man, in or out of uniform, can have too many hand-knit pullovers

HAT AND MITTS The snood is crochet, the padded rolls which make the hat plain knitting. So are the two-colour mitts.

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; sts.=stitches; dec.=decrease or decreasing; inc.=increase or increasing; patt.=pattern tog.=together; tr.=treble ch.=chain; beg.=beginning sl.=slip; ins.=inches rep.=repeat.

REQUIRED

7 oz. of 4-ply Templeton's Super Scotch Fingering wool. 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 12 "Stratnoid" knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

From shoulder to lower edge, 22½ ins. Across back underarms, 19 ins.

TENSION: 11 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts. Rib 2¾ ins k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 8 needles and work in the following patt.:

1st row: * K. 3, p. 3; rep. from * to end.
2nd row: As 1st row.
3rd row: K.
4th row: P.
5th row: * P. 3, k. 3; rep. from * to end.
6th row: As 5th row.
7th row: K.
8th row: P.

These 8 rows form patt. Work until 14 ins from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows.

Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row, until 72 sts. remain. Work 7 ins. on these 72 sts.

SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDER

Work 18 sts. Cast off 36 sts. Work 18 sts. Work on each set of 18 sts. Casting off 6 sts. every armhole end row 3 times.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts. Work as for back, as far as armhole shaping. Then cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 6 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 72 sts. Divide sts. for neck.

Work on the first 36 sts. for 7 ins., dec. 1 st. every 3rd row at the neck edge, until 18 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

As back. Return to the last 36 sts. and work to correspond.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles cast on 140 sts. Rib 8 rows k. 1, p. 1. Knitting 2 sts. tog. each end of every row. Cast off.

ARMHOLE EDGINGS (2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 156 sts. Rib 8 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew on edging.

REQUIRED

6 oz. of 3-ply Templeton's Super Scotch Fingering wool. 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. Width underarms, 16 ins. Length of sleeve from shoulder, 10½ ins

TENSION : 7 sts. to 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 9 needles cast on 120 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. *Knitting into the backs of all k. sts.* Work until 5 ins from the cast-on edge, dec. 1 st. each end of every 6th row. Work 1 in. without shaping. Then continue until 13 ins. from cast-on edge, nc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row. Until 120 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Work 3½ ins. on the remaining 96 sts., dec. 1 st. each end and in the centre of *last row only* (93 sts.).

Continue in moss st. (sl. 1, * p. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to end) for 1½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 41 sts. Cast off 11 sts. Work 41 sts. Work on each set of 41 sts. for 2 ins., knitting 2 sts. tog. every row at the neck until 25 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 5 sts. every armhole end row 5 times.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 90 sts. Rib as for the lower part of jumper for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and work until 5½ ins. from cast-on edge. Then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles cast on 140 sts. Rib as for the lower part of jumper for 1¼ ins. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew in the sleeves, pleating fullness at the shoulders. Sew up seams. Sew on the neck ribbing.

REQUIRED

3 oz. of 4-ply Templeton's Super Scotch Fingering dark wool.

3 oz. of 4-ply Templeton's Super Scotch Fingering light wool.

1 pair of No. 11 needles 1 medium crochet hook. ¼ yd. of silk or fine woollen material. Round elastic.

TENSION : 8 sts. to 1 in.

MITS

Back of hand. ** With No. 11 needles and light wool cast on 40 sts Work in plain knitting dec. 1 st. each end of every 10th row, until 30 sts. remain.

Next row: * K. 4 sts., k. 2 sts. tog.; rep. from * to end (25 sts.). ** Continue in plain knitting for 6¾ ins.

SHAPE TOP

* K. 2, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to last st., k. 1. K. 5 rows.

7th row: * K. 1, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to last st., k. 1. K. one more row. Cast off. Work another back the same.

FRONT OF HAND

Work as for the back from ** to **. Change to dark wool and continue as for back of hand.

THUMBS

With No. 11 needles and light wool, cast on 2 sts. Work in plain knitting, inc. 1 st. each end of 2nd and every 3rd row following until 18 sts. Work 2½ ins. without shaping.

SHAPE TOP

K. 2 tog., k. to end.

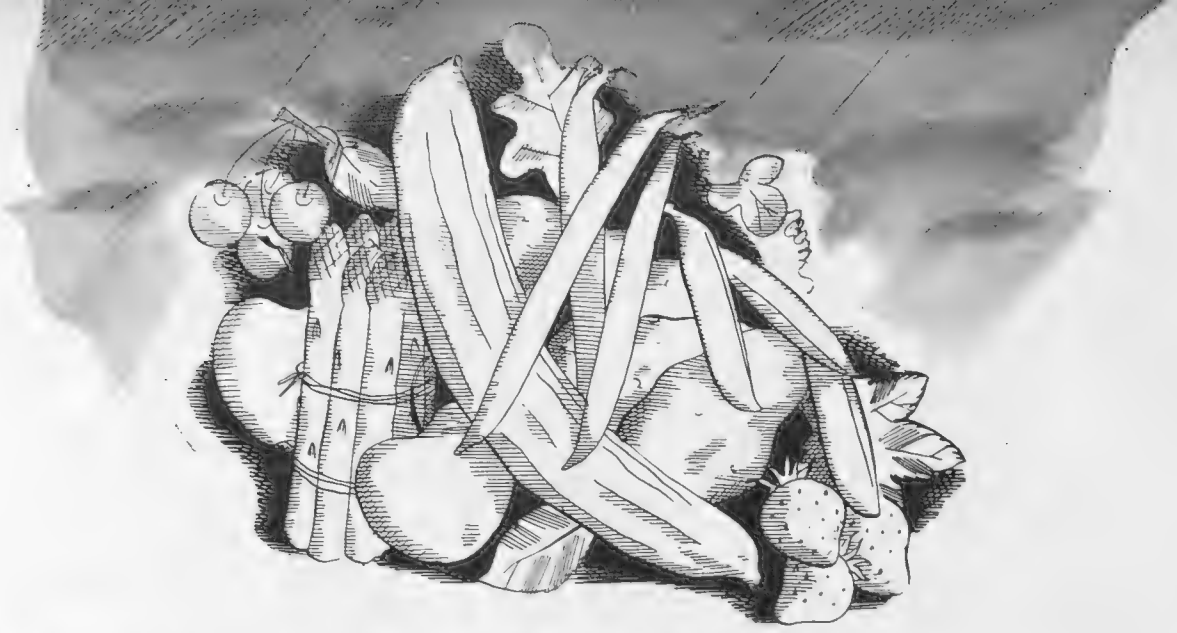
2nd row: K.

3rd row: K. 2 tog. to end.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew seams of thumbs. Join backs of hands with dark wool and one row of double crochet, inserting thumbs just above the wrists. (continued on page 92)



Summer In February . . .

At Any Rate On Your Table

By this time you are getting a bit tired of the winter vegetables. After all, they have been with you for months, and it becomes increasingly difficult to think up fresh ways of serving them. The same goes for fruit.

Why not switch over to summer garden produce two or three days a week?

You can do it easily with Smedley's frozen fruits and vegetables now swiftly frozen in their blocks of ice. Fresh as the day they came warm from the summer plot or orchard, you can get your strawberries, loganberries, cherries: your peas, broad beans, asparagus.

Their prices are pre-war. And without being a hoarder—for they were safely popped into ice long before rationing was thought of—you can add considerably to your sugar allowance if you go in for the frozen fruits. They were well sugared in the process, and when you drain off their juice you have a useful, ready-sweetened ingredient for cooking. Add them, for instance, to stewed apples and pears—and so save your sugar ration.

By Harriet Muir

Fruits and vegetables are frozen raw, so that you treat them, after you have allowed their icy jacket to melt away in the normal heat of your kitchen (a matter of 3 to 6 hours), just as if they had come straight from your garden.

Vegetables, such as peas, need a little less cooking time than they do in summer. Don't ask me why; it just happens that way.

Strawberries are particularly delectable if you catch them just before they have completely thawed. Remember how divine those ice-cooled strawberries tasted at tennis parties last June! You can recapture just that flavour in February. . . .

Newest addition to the things you can buy this way is cucumber. You can get new potatoes, too. And (in a cellophane envelope) mint.

Don't be put off by the fact that peas and beans are 9d. a packet of approximately 6 oz. Remember that it takes about 3½ lb. of peas in their pods to make a pound of shelled peas.

Everything except the strawberries can, if you like, be kept in a cool place or in the ordinary refrigerator overnight. Don't try to keep them longer than that. American refrigerators possess an enlarged freezing compartment for frozen foods; we haven't got these yet.

Now for a few recipes. To start off with, let's cut a dash with a genuine American recipe for:

Strawberry Shortcake

The kind called "old fashioned" is undoubtedly the nicest. This is a rich biscuit dough, made into two thin, round layers, one of which is spread with butter (margarine to us) before the other is put over it for baking, to allow the cake to separate easily into two.

You need a No. 2 size (16 oz.) carton of strawberries, ¾ lb. flour, 5 teaspoonfuls baking power, 1 teaspoonful salt, 4 tablespoonfuls sugar, ¼ lb. margarine, about ¾ pint milk, cream. Extra butter or margarine for spreading.

Keep a few berries for garnishing; crush the rest. Mix flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in the margarine with two knives. Add enough milk to make a soft dough.

Divide dough in half and roll each the same shape and size. Put one layer on a greased pan, spread with softened margarine and add the other layer. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven. (Regulo Mark 7.)

Split the rounds. Cover one with crushed fruit, put the other round on top and cover with remaining fruit. Decorate with the whole berries. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Petits Pois Bruges

Here's a way of making frozen peas go further. Put ½ lb. sliced carrots in a pan. Pour in boiling water—just enough to cover—1 tablespoon sugar, 2 oz. margarine and a little salt. Cook until the liquid has been reduced by about half.

Frozen peas can be had in three grades—small, standard and "mixed, as from the pod." Have ready, defrosted, a No. 2 size packet of the small ones—*Petits Pois*. Add them to the carrots, and cook until liquid has almost evaporated. Add an ounce of margarine before serving.

The smaller carton of peas—6 oz.—will serve three or four people by itself; the larger one (No. 2) is 12 oz. So you can adjust the recipe if you want a smaller quantity.

French Beans and Tomato Salad

Salads are a bit of a problem at this time of year. This one makes a welcome break.

Defrost a No. 2 carton of small-size french beans. Break into inch lengths, and cook in boiling salted water. Drain and cool. Slice ½ lb. tomatoes, mix with the beans in the salad (Continued on page 85)

Fish Scallops

½ lb. cooked white fish.
Half teaspoonful chopped parsley.
½ gill white sauce.
Breadcrumbs.

Sprinkle buttered scallop shells with breadcrumbs. Mix flaked fish with white sauce and parsley. Season. Sprinkle mixture in shells with breadcrumbs and brown.

Chicken à la Marengo

One chicken jointed in eight pieces.
One small onion.
Two shallots.
Three tomatoes.
¼ lb. chopped ham.
1 pint thick brown gravy.
Butter, lemon, fried bread, salad oil.

Fry chicken in salad oil until golden brown. Keep warm on plate. Fry onion, shallots, ham; replace chicken, add gravy and sliced tomatoes. Season well. Bring to the boil and simmer for one and a half hours. Pile joints on dish, strain gravy over chicken. Decorate with cut lemon and triangles of fried bread.

Celery Espagnole

Trim and wash the celery. Cut heads into two or three portions. Arrange in a well-buttered sauté dish. Season and moisten with stock. Cut two or three slices of streaky bacon into strips. Fry and lay on top of the celery. Cover the dish and cook in a hot oven for thirty minutes. (Regulo Mark 6.)

Drain the vegetable when cooked. Reduce the liquor, add a little Worcester sauce. Thicken and strain the sauce over the celery before serving.

Pineapple Meringue

One small tin of pineapple slices.
One egg.
2 oz. castor sugar.
Apricot jam, 1 oz. chopped walnuts, glacé cherries.

Put pairs of pineapple slices (Continued on page 92)

Dinner for Four

MENU

FISH SCALLOPS. Fresh Haddock served in scallop shells

CHICKEN À LA MARENGO. Jointed chicken cooked in thick brown gravy, decorated with toasted bread

JACKET POTATOES

CELERY ESPAGNOLE

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE. Sliced pine stuffed with apricot jam and walnuts covered with meringue, decorated with cherries and angelica

PRAWN SAVOURIES. Round croûtes of toast with slice of tomato, then prawn—stuffed olives optional. Decorated with cress

Medaillons D'Anchois

Cold potatoes.
Three tomatoes.
Small tin or jar anchovies.
1 oz. butter.

Cut potatoes into rounds, place on these tomato slices and on these the anchovy fillets. Pipe small star of butter into centre of fillet. Decorate with parsley.

Asparagus Soup

One tin of asparagus.
1 oz. butter.
1 oz. flour.
One dessertspoonful grated onion.
¾ pint milk.
¾ pint white stock.
One teaspoonful chopped parsley.

Put aside the tips of asparagus and strain the rest through a sieve. Melt butter, add the flour, mix well and stir in stock, sieved asparagus and onion. Bring to the boil while stirring. Add milk and asparagus tips. Boil for three minutes. Add parsley and serve.

Baked Veal Fillet

2 lb. veal cutlet (one or two thick slices).
Two onions.
1 lb. tomatoes.
1 oz. butter.
1 oz. flour.
½ pint stock.
Seasoning and lemon.

Season flour and dip the meat in it. Place butter in baking tin and fry meat brown outside as quickly as possible. Put meat aside. Fry chopped onion, replace the meat on onion and halves of tomatoes round the meat. Bake in moderate oven for thirty to forty minutes. (Regulo Mark 5.) Lift meat and add remaining flour to (Continued on page 92)

MENU

HORS D'OEUVRES. Anchovy fillet on slice of cold potato and tomato. Decorated butter and parsley

ASPARAGUS SOUP. Decorated chopped parsley and asparagus tips

BAKED VEAL FILLET. Baked veal with tomatoes. Decorated lemon butterflies

POTATO SURPRISE

FRIED PARSNIPS

PEACH GATEAU. Sponge fingers tied with ribbon round sponge cake. Filled with chopped peaches and cream

STUFFED CELERY. Celery filled with cream cheese and chopped walnuts

Dinner for Six

People Taken In

A nation of shopkeepers? We're a nation of lodging-house-keepers now. Every one's doing it. The Englishman's home may still be his castle, but he has let down the drawbridge for the duration. Wives with husbands in the Services have relatives to live with them. Londoners squat on friends in the country, or share country houses with other migrants. Country dwellers fill their houses with friends to be out of the running for official billeting. Parents live with their married children to pool resources, others because they have let their own houses furnished. People who have never in their lives, dear heavens no, dreamt of taking paying guests find themselves landlady-ing to social workers, schoolmasters, doctors.

Frank discussion between hostess and P.G. is a sound idea. Have it every Friday morning at ten o'clock, because grievances magnify as the day gets tired. With the dew still on the grass, it is easy to decide such problems as :

Are soapflakes and shoe cream included, or should a P.G. have her own?
May a P.G. hang her stockings on the nursery line?
Does one really need the gas fire on when getting up, or doesn't it just tend to make one late for breakfast?
May a hostess disapprove of people coming down to breakfast in dressing-gowns?
If a P.G. goes away for a few days, shouldn't she pay less that week?
Can a P.G. invite unlimited friends to meals?

The main financial points will have been decided at the start, before the P.G. was installed. But others arise if care is not exercised. Borrowing gets untidy. A stamp, a shilling for the fish that's waiting at the door, a small piece of silver for the church collection, the flag day, shopping commissions . . . little drops of water, little grains of sand. Enter them up. There should be a slate or pad in the hall with two columns; one for P.G. borrowings, one for hostess borrowings, the balance to be settled at the time the main P.G. payment is made, and not allowed to hang over into the next week.

The telephone must have its own money box. Enquiry should be made of the operator at the end of any trunk call how much it cost. It is not sufficiently accurate to say : "I had an extra three pips, so that'll be two bob." For generally, the last bright : "Well, there's the pip pip. Cheerio ! Don't forget to give my love to Doris !" is another bob's worth.

If the hostess feels a telephone money-box is too like a boarding house, she can compromise with a discreet little notebook in a plain cover, *with pencil*, attached to the telephone. But there is nothing like a big rattly box when the telephone bill comes in.

The hostess may feel it is a mistake for the P.G. to dip into her die-stamped store of notepaper. The P.G. may be a person who would rather go to the gas oven than write the address at the top of a blank sheet. That being the case, she should purchase a complete box of stamped paper, and a box of envelopes, from her hostess.

But the most difficult problem of all is the notorious problem of *lebensraum*. How to keep off each other's toes, and have room to swing one's own cat?

Some people *loom* so in a house. And others are like mice, you can hear them scuttering even when you cannot see them. And others are like cats, always getting trodden on round dark corners. And others are like dogs, always in the most comfortable chair. This applies to both categories, P.G. and hostess.

The P.G. can do much to help if she keeps to her own room while the wheels of the house are working at their busiest; and if she continues not to be always durofixed in the drawing-room when friends come in for an intimate gossip or, for that matter, a cocktail. The hostess can help by re-arranging the P.G. bedrooms so that they have the air, if not the actual furnishings, of sitting-rooms. Both P.G. and hostess can help by a mutual endeavour to understand each other's problems.

The ranks of the P.G's. have not as yet been organised. There is no buff form to fill in. It might make the wheels run more smoothly if there were : Schedule A for the P.G., Schedule B for the hostess.

Schedule A

Name of guest.....
Do you suffer from:
(a) splitting headaches,
(b) nerves,
(c) indigestion,
(d) attacks of giddiness.
Are you prepared to help in the house? YES/NO.
If yes, at what?
(a) .....
(b) .....
(c) .....
What is your predominant food fad? .....
Must you have a bath every day? YES/NO.
If yes, are you prepared to have it out of family rush hours, and lukewarm?
What kind of talker are you?
(a) small,
(b) interesting,
(c) witty,
(d) interminable.
Have you any spare petrol coupons?

Schedule B

Name of hostess.....
How do you require payment?
Weekly cash,
Monthly cheque,
In advance. YES/NO. (Cross out those not applicable.)
Which news bulletins do you wish to have on?

7 a.m.	6 p.m.
8 a.m.	9 p.m.
1 p.m.	midnight
4 p.m.	

State any "extras" in block letters:
Do you expect your guest to
(a) make her own bed,
(b) help clear away,
(c) help wash up (if so, how often?),
(d) take the dog/or the children and/or the husband for walks.
Is there tea and/or coffee for breakfast? .....

NOW—A MEDICAL VIEWPOINT ON BEAUTY CULTURE

BEAUTY CULTURE GROWS UP. Intelligent young women are beginning to realize that a mere surface make-up is just a makeshift. There's no place in a busy wartime world for loveliness that only lasts for half an hour. The new beauty creed says that you must get your *skin* into good condition—that you must not clog it up but clear it up, even under your make-up—and that it is easy to do this if you use, both day *and* night, a properly constituted medical beauty preparation.

* * *

IF YOU ASKED YOUR DOCTOR what is the substance he most often puts into prescriptions for the treatment of delicate skins, for the care of minor skin blemishes—he would say 'Calamine' every time. Calamine is constantly used by skin specialists. They find its soothing, gentle action invaluable. They recommend it for babies. They would tell you that if you searched the laboratories of the world you would find nothing safer or more beneficial as a beauty aid for your own skin.

BEAUTY CALAMINE IS 'LACTO-CALAMINE'. Lacto-Calamine contains calamine in its purest form, and is prepared by a unique colloidal process in which the particles reach a state of *ultra*microscopic fineness. *Few beauty preparations attain such exquisite fineness as Crookes' Lacto-Calamine.* It is then scientifically combined with nourishing, emollient milk of almonds, and finally with soothing witch hazel. In its final form, Lacto-Calamine is delicately soft and creamy, and in a skilfully blending skin tone. *Lacto-Calamine also contains Vitamin A — now definitely known to assist in clearing up a common complexion worry—'pimples under the skin'.*

* * *

DON'T SHAKE THE BOTTLE!

Below is a cheap 'powder lotion'—half sediment, half clear solution. When you shake the bottle the mixing is uneven and you get a smeared uneven application on the skin.

Here is Lacto-Calamine, after standing still *for 9 days*. It stays in 'perfect suspension', always mixed in its correct, milky consistency. That is why it goes on to your skin with silky evenness.

THE 'CALAMINE BLOOM'. Be among the first to know the cool loveliness of Lacto-Calamine on your face. Some women do not even think it necessary to powder on top of the delicate bloom which it gives to your skin. But it *is* an exquisite powder base, clinging and absolutely non-greasy.

* * *

FOR NIGHT BEAUTY, TOO. Smooth in the gentle milkiness of Lacto-Calamine last thing at night. No more unflattering stickiness — your skin completely absorbs Lacto-Calamine.

SHORT BEAUTY TALK

by a Doctor

'Most women have recently been undergoing an unusual amount of nervous strain. This almost always results, at the time, in unconscious tightening of the facial muscles, so that the skin becomes 'fatigued'. Minor skin blemishes are very apt to occur in this condition. The therapeutic action of Lacto-Calamine would be beneficial to every woman's complexion just now.'

CROOKES'

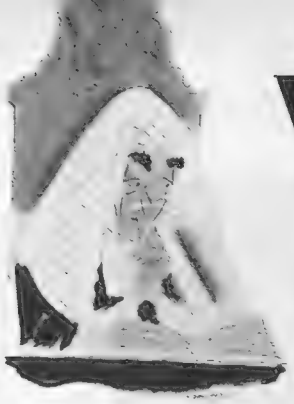
Lacto-Calamine

A Medical Beauty Culture

POWDER BASE • SKIN FOOD

PREPARED BY CROOKES, MAKERS OF FAMOUS VITAMIN PRODUCTS

You can get Lacto-Calamine at all good chemists.



WAR LAW AT HOME

The much abused D.O.R.A. of the last war was gradually evolved by practical experience; to-day an emergency code has sprung suddenly to life.

How does this sheaf of statutes and regulations affect the women of wartime England in their everyday lives? Here are some of the questions which are asked to-day, and the legal answers.

Mrs. Green's husband used to earn £10 a week but is now serving in the army as a private. She finds it impossible to pay the full rent of their house. What should she do?

Serving soldiers are not, as such, relieved from their liabilities in respect of rent, insurance premiums and so forth, although such protection was originally given to militiamen under the Military Training Act—now largely superseded by the National Service (Armed Forces) Act. Soldiers are thus at present in the same position as civilians.

Mrs. Green need not, however, be unduly worried, for the landlord cannot eject her or levy distress without first obtaining the leave of the Court.

Mrs. Green should have no difficulty in convincing the Court that it is entirely due to the war that the full rent cannot be paid. She will then be protected by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act. If the judge is satisfied that the inability to pay the rent is due to circumstances "directly or indirectly attributable to the war," he has the power to refuse the landlord leave to re-enter on the property or to levy distress.

Alternatively, he may give leave subject to certain conditions. Mrs. Green should bear in mind that the debt is not extinguished, and although she may be allowed to remain in her house for the time being she should at once take steps to find a flat at a rent within her present means.

Mr. White entered into a hire-purchase agreement with X and Co. for his furniture. He has now lost his job owing to the war and is in arrears with the monthly instalments. Can X and Co. take possession of the furniture?

This case is covered by the same Act. X and Co. must obtain the permission of the Court before they retake the property.

If the sum owing is not more than £100 they must apply to the County Court, otherwise to the High Court. Mr. White will no doubt be able to convince the judge that it is because of the war, that he cannot pay the full instalments now, and he may be allowed to keep the furniture on certain conditions.

Shortly after war broke out, Miss Brown, who is buying a vacuum cleaner by instalments, was visited by an agent of the company who suggested that she might like to spread the sum owing over a longer period. She found the proposal inviting, but fortunately was wise enough to ask advice before signing the new agreement.

"Do not sign it," was the advice given to her. "If you do you will lose all the protection which Parliament has given you under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act. If an agreement is signed after September 2, 1939, the company need not obtain the permission of the Court under that Act before retaking the cleaner. It is therefore much wiser to retain the original contract, although it is more onerous, and to keep up the payments to the best of your ability."

Mrs. Black lives in a flat. She is anxious to know whether the landlord can be made to provide an air raid shelter.

Under the Civil Defence Act the owner of a privately owned block of residential flats or maisonettes is bound to provide an air raid shelter if required to do so by more than one half of the occupiers. This does not apply when the majority of the occupiers are provided free of charge by the Government with material for a shelter. If he provides a shelter the landlord is allowed, in certain circumstances, to raise the rent.

These everyday examples show just a few of the ways in which Parliament has spoken in order to protect the individual and to solve the problems caused by the war.

Miss Gray owes arrears of Income Tax for the years 1937 and 1938. She does not dispute that the money is due, and judgment has been signed against her. Owing to the war she now finds it doubly difficult to find the money: can the Crown force her to pay without first obtaining the permission of the Court?

Yes. This point has recently been decided by a judge of the High Court. The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, which gives protection to the debtor in other cases, does not bind the Crown. The Act contains no reference, either express or implied, to the Crown, and judgment can therefore be enforced without the permission of any Court.

Mrs. Jones is about to erect an air raid shelter in her garden. Her lease comes to an end in nine months' time, and she wants to know whether she will be able to take the shelter with her when she moves to a new house. Will the shelter, like a greenhouse, conservatory or veranda, become a "landlord's fixture"?

This question has not yet been definitely decided, and Mrs. Jones will be wise if she first writes to her landlord mentioning her intention to erect a shelter and asking him to agree that, when the lease comes to an end, she may take the shelter with her. In the absence of such an agreement the question will be debatable. If the shelter can easily be removed it will probably be considered to be a tenant's fixture. If, on the other hand, it is embedded in earth and concrete, it is likely to be held to be a landlord's fixture, and Mrs. Jones will not be allowed to remove it.

Mrs. Smith has left her London house and is living in the country with her children. What should she do in order to avoid payment of rates on her evacuated house?

If the house remains furnished, rates must be paid, even though nobody lives there. Some local authorities, facing a serious decrease in revenue, may take the view that rates must be paid, even on an empty house, if the owner intends eventually to return to it; it seems, however, to be doubtful whether this contention will be legally upheld.

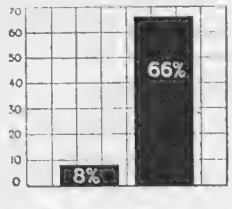
Once, health was a gift of a life uncomplicated by nervous storms and crises. To-day, when our nerves are subject to daily attack, we must turn to Science for aid. Read how an eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food restores Nature's balance and renews worn nerves.

How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

The modern doctor makes no mystery of medical science. Proud as he is of its achievements he freely admits its limitations. If this 'war of nerves' had him beaten, he would say so. But experience and experiment have convinced him that almost any form of nerve ravage can be repaired by adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. That is why he unhesitatingly recommends 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food which he knows to contain these two precious elements in their most easily assimilable forms. 25,000 *doctors have praised 'Sanatogen' in writing* because it works naturally and scientifically in renewing worn nerves and building resistance to ordinary ailments and infection. Just as they recognise 'Genasprin' as the most efficacious of all brands of pain relievers, so do they acknowledge 'Sanatogen' as the finest Nerve-Tonic Food.

During the last war, a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' "*is a national necessity for preserving good nerves*". It is even more of a necessity to-day. You and your family should start an eight weeks' course *now*. It will build up your resistance against winter ills and infection—give you brimming confidence and new vitality. Buy a family jar from any chemist.

PROOF that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy. A group of eminent doctors applied the famous Scheiner Test to a number of indoor workers. They found that six hours' continuous work left them with only 8% of their normal energy. After a *fortnight's* course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, the workers were again tested under precisely similar conditions. In this case 66% of their energy remained. *This proves conclusively that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy.*



'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium-Glycerophospha-

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The words 'SANATOGEN' and 'GENASPRIN' are the Registered Trade Marks of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

H.M.S. EXCELLENT
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES MEDIUM
SOUND SECURITY
More important than ever to-day is the significance of the name 'Player' to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.
MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
10 for 7d
20 for 1/1½
Player's Please
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
NCC317C

Confidently Recommended

Just to walk into a shop and buy a perfect skirt that will make all your old jumpers and blouses look like something Schiaparelli created is the kind of dream many women are having nowadays.

I said a dream, but you can do this in reality now that Gor-ray skirts have come to settle the clothes question.

Gor-ray skirts fit as though the best tailor in the world has made them for you personally. You can have a hip-slimming swing skirt in an authentic wool tartan for 23s. 6d. or one of the grandest permanently pleated kind for 16s. 11d. Above is a picture of them.

Good complexions are made, not born, and if you still think you know somebody with a peach bloom skin who came by it without working for it, it doesn't prove a thing because it isn't elaborate and costly treatments that have the best effect.

The first essential for complexion loveliness is perfect skin cleanliness. But what *is* skin cleanliness? This:

There are two million pores in the face alone, each one of which is a source of infection which leads to blemishes. These must be kept free from dirt and impurities and there are not many ways of doing it effectively.

One infallible way is with Cuticura soap, which contains super-creamy emollient properties in combination with pure cleansing ingredients. Cuticura soap will not only maintain the health of your skin, but it will promote it. Regular use of it will remove the cause of skin blemishes and maintain the skin purity which is skin beauty.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

How do your cocktails rate? Do you dash a little of this and a little of that into a shaker, ice it and hope for the best, or is the quality of your cocktails a matter of pride and interest. It should be.

Can you mix a "Side Car," a "White Lady," a "Silent Third" with the subtle distinction that makes your hospitality memorable?

This is a tip if you suspect yourself of failing as a drink mixer. Never omit the Cointreau. It gives to many cocktails the perfect binding.

Apart from cocktails it has a very vital function at the table. A teaspoonful of Cointreau on fresh fruit salad is something to turn a commonplace dish into nectar. Try it on grapefruit or fresh raspberries. Or, of course, drink it as a liqueur.

Up at all hours, out in all weathers, coming home with the dawn, war workers are getting used to it, but not so hardened that a new kind of comfort will not be highly acceptable.

Hot drinks are especially comforting on the job and on coming in at night. That is why Nescafé, the new easy-to-make coffee, is proving so popular. It is a delicious beverage made from real coffee beans and ground to fine golden powder so that it dissolves instantly, leaving no grounds and making a soothing fragrant hot drink.

Simply put a teaspoonful of Nescafé into a cup of hot milk or hot milk and water, stir it and savour its delicious fragrance.

Nescafé is not just an emergency drink, but a drink for all coffee lovers. Good grocers have it.

If you are interested in possessing pale hands for somebody to love, you must do something about cutting February out of the calendar, because all hands—even nice ones—it seems, are tinted a pale purple in this most trying of months.

Or would it be truer to say that all hands not properly protected from the ravages of February are apt to look and feel like that. Perhaps it would, because actually, there is no more simple matter than keeping smooth, well nourished and beautiful hands at all times of the year and in all conditions.

Every night at bedtime massage a little Crème Shalimar into the hands in just the same way as if you were lathering with soap and water. When the skin has absorbed the cream, dust over the hands a little Dubarry Talcum. The repeated massage will improve the shape and circulation and the cream itself will act like magic upon the texture and the colour of the skin.

Crème Shalimar costs sixpence a tube and one and threepence a jar. The Talcum powder is two shillings.

If you haven't at some time ruined the top of your dressing-table, deluged the contents of your suitcase with perfume or just merely wasted the best part of a bottle you had given you, you have certainly escaped one of the most irritating things in life.

But it *will* happen to you. It must unless you switch over to Lentheric "Tweed" perfume, which, apart from being one of the best perfumes any perfumer has thought of, is now packed in a gorgeous bottle with a patent pull-off cap which *won't leak*.

If you know about leaking scent bottles you will know how important this improvement is. If you don't, please take my word for it. It's some thing.—LL.

THE HAUNTING FEAR OF LADDERS...

WHY BE AFRAID TO WEAR FINE SILK STOCKINGS?

They can now be mended so quickly, perfectly and really cheaply by the new

ELECTRO-PNEUMATIC *process.*

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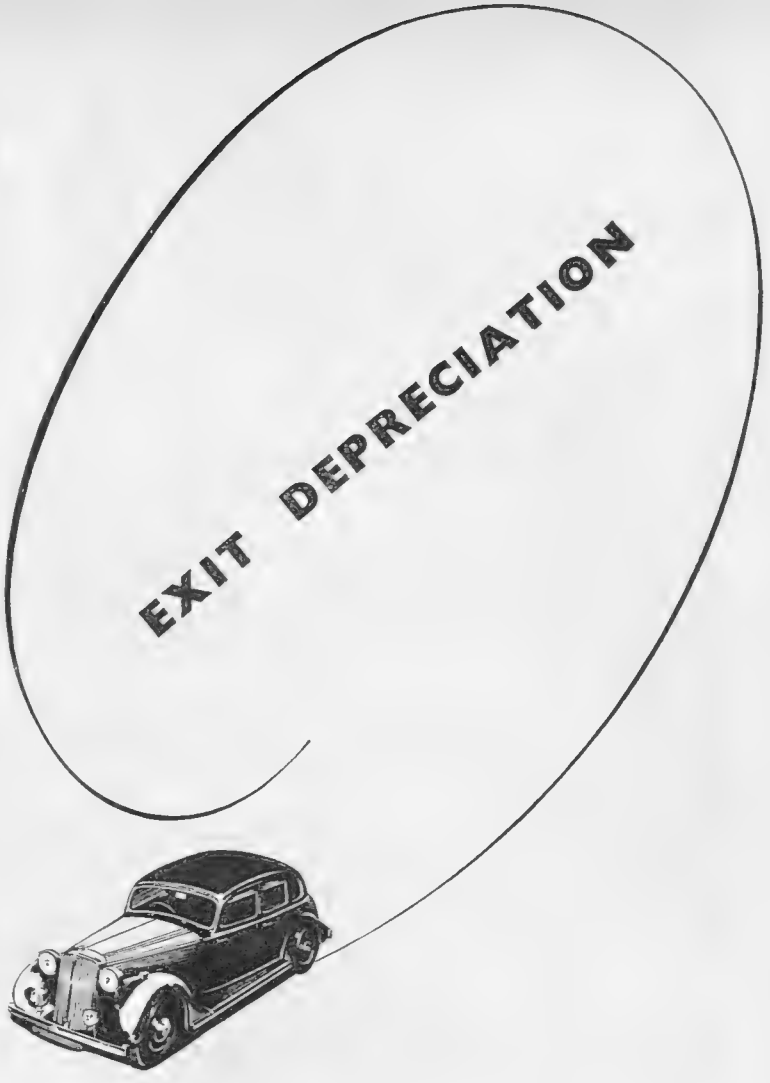

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Winter Motoring in Wartime

By A. Percy Bradley

WAR effects some astounding changes, not only for those who put on uniforms and become engaged in active service but also for those who retain their civilian dress and endeavour to carry on much as they did in peace time. Amongst the latter, motorists find themselves confronted with quite a new outlook on motoring. Before the declaration of war, when two or three car owners gathered together, fantastic stories as to how they completed journeys from one destination to another at average speeds of 50 m.p.h. or more were related. To-day, however, all that is changed and the deeds which are now considered worthy of mention would have been laughed at some months ago. A driver will now boast that his car does 55 or 60 m.p.g., and will not worry to any great extent as to the speed with which his journey has been completed. Fortunately for the British motorist the manufacturers, about eighteen months ago, took a lively interest in this question of petrol consumption, with the result that when war broke out there were on the market a large number of different cars which would travel astounding distances on one gallon of petrol. Naturally, with petrol being sold at greatly increased price and only a small ration being doled out, the average motorist is filled with an inclination to tune his engine, and particularly the carburettor, in such a way that the precious gallon will take him a greater distance than ever it did before.

Carburettors which possess adjustments that can be readily got at are a terrible temptation to the enthusiastic driver, but I would like to warn this individual that enthusiasm, praiseworthy as it may be, will not produce the desired results unless a certain amount of skill is displayed. I know from personal experience that the insertion of a smaller jet can produce surprising results, but frequently not in the direction desired, and once the maker's adjustment has been altered it is exceedingly difficult to put things back as they were, when the tinkering has proved disastrous. Provided a driver is satisfied not to exceed, say, 40 m.p.h. a carburettor can be tuned by an expert so as to give a better mileage per gallon to a car. All the well-known carburettor manufacturers will give advice as to how their products can be adjusted to produce the desired results, and so, if the car owner will write to the appropriate maker, time will not be wasted. Better still, take the car to the carburettor maker's service depot or to some motor agent who is accustomed to deal with that particular carburettor.

OTHER parts of the car can receive attention in such a way as to improve consumption. For instance, tyre pressures should never be allowed to drop below those recommended, lubricants in the gear box and back axle should be as thin as is consistent with good oiling properties, and brakes should be so adjusted that they do not rub. Then again, if the car is allowed to coast down gradients and up to traffic lights which demand a stop quite a few additional miles can be covered to the gallon.

Motorists in these wartime conditions are now taking a keen interest in the moon, whereas in the piping times of peace only those of an amorous disposition worried very much about its rising and setting. I find myself fixing up dinner appointments which necessitate a journey of any length during the blackout hours only on those nights when there is a full moon. No doubt as time goes on all drivers will see more readily in the dark by reason of the accumulated experience of driving during the hours of darkness. Even now I think motorists are not nearly so worried as they were a month or two ago, though night driving has been made less onerous by the introduction of the new official headlamp shield. Provided that a driver is content to travel along at a speed not exceeding 30 m.p.h., the official shield on an average headlamp provides a reasonable driving light.

These shields must, of course, be fitted properly, otherwise the effect not only on the driver himself but on those who approach him in the opposite direction will be quite unpleasant. Considering that one can buy these shields so cheaply and in such a convenient form, there is no excuse for any motorist not having one fitted to his car in a proper manner. The well-known firm of Lucas supply a shield and lamp front rim all in one for lamps of their own manufacture. Fitting one of these is just child's play, for all that has to be done is to remove the front of the lamp with its glass and substitute the combined rim and shield.

MANY motorists are apt to forget that with these shields and the other lighting restrictions that prevent their side lamps giving any useful illumination, their battery is being called upon to perform extra work, particularly during the winter months. Driving in towns and cities in the old days only meant lighting up the side lamps, but to-day, once it gets dark, the one shielded headlamp has also to be switched on. The unfortunate battery has thus a fairly thin time, but the drain on it is nothing compared with that due to the prolonged efforts of the self-starter to induce the engine to start firing in the morning on pool petrol. Batteries are usually tucked away under the back seat, under the floor boards or covered over under the bonnet, and just because they usually do their job without a murmur they remain unseen and forgotten. Under present conditions such forgetfulness on the part of the owner will cause a lot of trouble. They must be inspected and the level of the acid in each cell checked over, and brought up if necessary by the addition of pure distilled water until the top of the plates is just covered. Motorists may think batteries are tough, and so they are up to a certain point, but if they do not receive attention they will sooner or later show that they need it. Even if the car is stored away for the winter, or a longer period, the battery must not be overlooked. It should be handed over to some trustworthy local garage for attention whilst the car is laid up.

Under present conditions a driver should always keep his eye on the dashboard instrument which indicates whether the dynamo is charging or not. If the needle does not swing in the right direction a stop should be made at the first garage, or better still, at one of the many Lucas service depots so that an expert can ascertain the cause of the trouble and apply the necessary remedy. Should the battery prove to have run itself down to any extent, a service battery can usually be taken on board at these depots, whilst the owner's own is being recharged. I cannot plead too strongly on behalf of the car battery. It is a willing servant, gives efficient service and will not usually let down its owner, provided it is given a little attention now and again.

The cottage where Flora Macdonald was born in the Isle of Skye in 1722. The car is a Daimler "Ritz" saloon fitted with independent front wheel suspension

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page* 31)

use of the remarkable qualities which his captive possessed. He allotted to him the post which Eastern sultans give to trusted eunuchs. Fra Jeronimo was made steward of the household and guardian of his numerous wives.

The appointment seems to have been unique. No one in all Mexico had ever held it before. The discretion and wisdom of the Spanish monk had made him a great man among the Indians. His past troubles were amply compensated for by years of peace and tranquillity. It must be admitted that he had resigned himself to a somewhat peculiar destiny for a monk—living a life of closest contact with the fair sex.

The notoriety that he gained thereby was the direct means by which news of his whereabouts reached the Spanish colonies after a lapse of eight years, during which great events had taken place. Fra Jeronimo had heard only the faintest rumours of them. He knew that a landing had been attempted on the north-east coast of Yucatan, and the invaders had been cut to pieces by the natives. This was the expedition of the unfortunate and heroic Cordova, who returned to Hispaniola after having lost half his men—only to die of wounds himself on the same day.

One day some natives arrived from the coast with a message from someone they described as a big European chief who had come with a great fleet to the nearby island of Cozumel. This man and his followers were strange people dressed in hard white metal fashioned like the shell of a lobster. They seemed friendly, and had sent presents to the cacique with the suggestion that these might be exchanged for the person of Fra Jeronimo. The gifts comprised a lavish collection of glass beads, hawk bells, and other similar adornments. Now, any novelty or trinket, however valueless, which was made of material non-existent in Mexico immediately dazzled the Indians, who used gold much as we use tin. Only such treasures as these would have induced the cacique to part with Fra Jeronimo. The deal was arranged, and the monk was free to begin his journey to the coast.

His eight years of life among the Aztecs would have passed quite pleasantly, but for the frequent nauseating spectacles of human sacrifice, the temples filled with human skulls, gruesome mementoes of savage practices. The victims were chosen from among the finest-looking specimens; they were given one riotous and joyful year of life before their immolation on the altar of jasper. The whole idea was shameful and revolting to Fra Jeronimo.

At last he was re-entering his own world. Again he would hear the sweet Castilian language and resume the vestments appropriate to his calling. . . . However, yet one more disappointment awaited him. The Europeans left the island of Cozumel before he arrived. They had not waited for him. . . . He fell on his knees and remained there for some time praying that a miracle would happen. And it did! Several sails appeared on the horizon, all heading for the little island. Fra Jeronimo, his eyes strained on them, watched the boats growing bigger and bigger. To his joy, they came to anchor. They were the ships of the great Hernando Cortez.

It seemed that one of them had sprung a leak, and the fleet had, therefore, been forced to return to the island for repairs.

Fra Jeronimo hastened to greet the first group of men as they landed. They were all dressed in armour and in the uniforms so familiar to him. Involuntarily he saluted in the Mexican fashion, but inquired in Castilian if he were among Christians. The affirmative answer was also given in Castilian. That was enough. . . . Fra Jeronimo fell again on his knees, laughed and cried simultaneously and thanked God for his miraculous delivery.

It had been Hernando Cortez himself who spoke. When this man realised that Fra Jeronimo knew the language of the Aztecs so well, he was quick to see the value of his presence among the expedition, and appointed him to the post of interpreter.

Thus, if this episode marks the end of the first volume of Aguilar's adventures, it is also the beginning of the second. For Fra Jeronimo, as interpreter to his deliverers, played a part in all the stirring history of the conquest of Mexico. There is a strange coincidence that might be related in conclusion, an amusing detail of Aguilar's strange destiny:

Hernando Cortez fell madly in love with a beautiful slave girl. (The well-known romance of Cortez and Marina I have narrated on a previous occasion.) It was by the express wish of Cortez that Fra Jeronimo became Marina's tutor, her guardian and protector. And so, once again, we find him entrusted with the care of that which he had striven so hard to avoid. It seemed that he was predestined to the company of beautiful women—and what could he do but acquiesce?

END

Alremo's (*Continued from page* 25)

The general opinion was that tricks were poor; Hitler was getting staler than giant marrows; and that particular world, which in reality matters not one bit, but which to the columnist is all important, was stagnant. So the younger of them pronounced pontifically: "The social pool is stagnant."

"I'll stir it up for you," Prescott promised. "The Wanda reappears in public to-night."

Four heads were jerked up simultaneously.

"Wanda Neelson?"

"Not for a month yet, surely?"

"She can't be."

"She is," Prescott reaffirmed, "at my place. Alremo's. You may have heard of it possibly; though, damn you for a pack of Fleet Street hounds, if you've ever written a line about it in your lives. Nine o'clock to-night. The best dinner and floor show in town, and Wanda Neelson there. Is it beyond your combined intelligences to get a paragraph or two out of that? Well, boys, what are you having, I feel like standing a drink or two at the moment."

PRESCOTT hurried back to Alremo's and started to set the complex life of the place into operation with a fresh heart. The problems which had seemed overwhelming earlier on had dwindled now. It might seem strange to an outsider but Prescott knew, and Fred and Mack and all the staff knew, that their very livelihoods might easily depend on the whim of one woman as to where she took dinner that night.

There was now no question of sparing expense in the flowers or in any other preparations. The dance music had to be overhauled so as to include all the tunes which Wanda had made famous; and the floor show, which had hitherto included a somewhat unkind skit on the celebrated star had to be drastically rearranged. By getting in touch with somebody he knew on the staff of the cosmopolitan hotel where the Wanda had frequently stayed Prescott was even able to find out what her favourite dishes were and the chef's schedule for the evening was revised accordingly.

All these matters simply swallowed up time, and three o'clock was round before Prescott even thought of lunch. Then he decided that it was too late and that he would carry on without any. Luckily the fates seemed to be relenting wondrously, for Tony Dresser had been kept continuously busy on the booking telephone and it looked as though there would be a full house.

Then at half-past three the blow fell.

Tony Dresser, who had announced salvation now announced disaster. She appeared white faced and glum round the doorway of the office.

"*She isn't coming.*"

Prescott stared at her, and Tony confirmed the disastrous tidings.

"She has changed her mind. Her secretary rang up to say so."

Prescott Wilson began to laugh quietly at that. In his time he had suffered a good deal from the vagaries of women but this looked like being the most crushing of all cruel last straws.

Tony eyed him speculatively for a moment, scared. She wasn't by any means sure that his quiet mirthless laughter wouldn't prove the prelude to hysterics.

She liked Prescott Wilson, and at that moment she conceived an intense hatred of Wanda Neelson and of her pleasant-voiced secretary.

"Do you mind if I slip out for half an hour, Mr. Wilson?" she asked suddenly.

"My dear Tony, I don't give a damn where you go. I don't give a damn where anybody goes. I don't give a damn whether we open to-night or not."

"Shan't be long," she promised and ran out to get her hat.

WHAT had happened to cause the blow had been simple; so simple that it surprised even Chester Vale who was used to the eccentricities of those who love to think themselves great.

"I don't think I'll go to that Alremo place," Wanda said blandly, and quite out of the blue, "it isn't fashionable enough."

"But I thought that was exactly why you wanted to go there."

"You would think anything, Chester dear, wouldn't you, so long as it is idiotic enough?"

"But, damn it, Wanda——"

"Don't bother to swear, Chester. Just ring up somewhere else, the Ritz say, and order a table."

"But is it quite fair to Alremo's?"

The storm broke. Chester Vale was used to such exhibitions of temper and tantrums blowing up out of an apparently serene sky. He was used to them; but they were beginning to bore him a little. He waited patiently until it had all subsided, until all the implications and accusations that could be thought of had been hurled against him; then he shrugged his shoulders and went off quietly to the telephone. He found the voice that answered him from Alremo's rather pleasant, and he didn't like what he was doing one bit.

At four o'clock he liked it still less, for Tony Dresser confronted him in the drawing-room. The Wanda had retired to rest and Chester was left to face the music alone.

Loyalty to Alremo's, which had sent Tony hot-speed on her errand, began to fail her a little when she found herself actually in the drawing-room. She had not expected to be confronted with such a pleasant looking young man. And his very first words were disconcerting.

"You spoke to me on the telephone, didn't you? I recognise your charming voice."

"That's all right," Tony admitted, "but what about Miss Neelson, why isn't she coming?"

"Geniuses have a habit of changing their minds, you know."

"I don't know anything about geniuses, but I do know that people ought to stick to what they say."

Privately, Chester Vale thought so, too; privately, he also thought how well it suited some people to be angry; but this looked suspiciously like being bullied on his home ground, and he was inclined to resent it a little.

"Naturally Miss Neelson doesn't want to inconvenience anybody, but——"

"Why do it then? If she wanted to come to Alremo's at eleven o'clock this morning, she ought to want to still." (*Continued on page* 68)

G.E.C.

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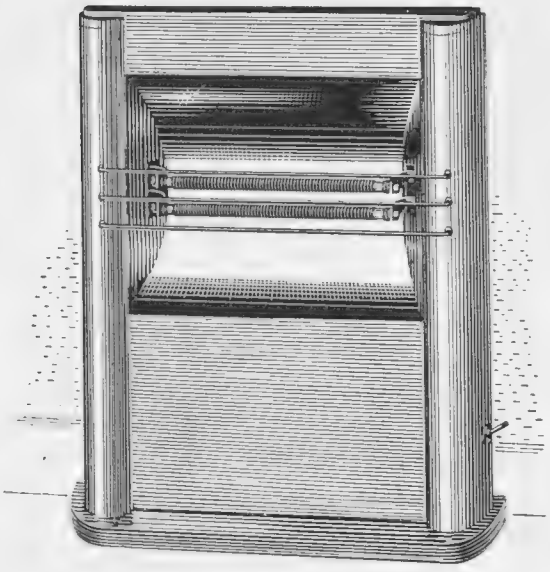

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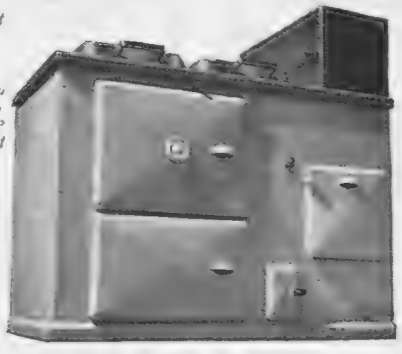

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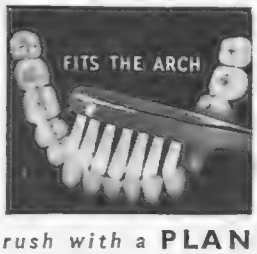

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"But, my dear young lady——"

"I'm not your dear young lady——"

"But I thought your voice was charming on the telephone."

"If it comes to that I thought yours was, too—"

Chester bowed.

"—but that doesn't get us anywhere much, does it? And anyway, I thought I might just let you know that your Miss Neelson is making a big mistake."

"Not *my* Miss Neelson," Chester corrected softly, "and what is the nature of the mistake exactly?"

"Only that the Duke and Duchess of —— (Tony mentioned august names) are coming to Alremo's to-night, and we had arranged for Miss Neelson to have the table next to them; that's all. Does that make any difference?"

"I see." Such news did, and Chester knew it, make an enormous difference. It was not in human nature that it should not make a difference; having agreed to create gods mankind would be foolish not to worship them. Chester knew all this; but he rubbed his chin reflectively, studying the vivacious little face, the provocatively tip-tilted nose, the bluest of blue eyes. He had his suspicions.

"I see," he repeated slowly. "But—er—is this true?"

Tony had not expected this frontal attack; and anyway she was not a good liar. The tip of the upturned nose quivered deliciously, the blue eyes filled with angry tears.

"No, of course it isn't true," she cried furiously. "If only your precious Wanda Neelson would keep her word we might get people like that at Alremo's, and then everybody would be able to keep their jobs instead of being thrown out of work. Not that you care much about that, I'm sure," and she flounced out of the room and banged the door; and because being in a temper usually makes a woman extravagant she took a taxi all the way back to the restaurant.

She was sick with the sense of failure, for now unquestionably she had made things worse than ever. She had the wit to pay off the taxi half a street away so that Mack would not observe the phenomenon; then she crept in and made herself scarce, hoping that Prescott Wilson would not send for her.

He was not likely to. He was too busy on the telephone trying to trace the newspaper columnists. But at that hour of the day they proved an elusive breed, and the fourteenth call was as fruitless as all the preceding ones. One thing would be fatal, and Prescott knew it: to get the Fleet Street contingent there all keyed up for the great event and then to fail to produce that event. Nasty things as well as nice can be said in social gossip paragraphs.

Towards six o'clock a breathless Mack, now resplendent in uniform, ran Tony Dresser to earth.

"Miss Tony, wherever 'ave you been? Miss Neelson's secretary on the telephone, won't speak to anybody but the young lady as did the booking before. I've been five minutes looking for you."

". . . ah, that's better," the instrument said. "I was waiting to hear your voice. Do you recognise mine?"

"Yes—I—I do."

"Good. Well—it's all right. Miss Neelson will be coming to Alremo's after all. As arranged at nine o'clock. Is that O.K.?"

"O.K.?" Tony breathed. "I should just say it is O.K. It's a sort of a miracle."

"As a matter of fact," Chester's agreeable voice assured her, "that's just about what it is. Till nine, then. Good-bye."

Tony repeated the phrase when she all but jumped into the office.

"A sort of a miracle has happened, Mr. Wilson, Wanda Neelson's coming after all."

A man can be hit on the head too often in the course of a day. Prescott Wilson barely registered surprise. All he said was: "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely positively certain. Her secretary, an awfully nice person, just rang up to say so."

The telephone shrilled. It was the most sought after of all columnists.

"Heard you had been ringing me," he said, "nothing fishy about to-night, is there? The Wanda is going to turn up all right, I suppose."

Prescott grinned hugely. No deliverance more sweet than that on the very post. "Of course she is. I was just wanting to confirm it, that was all, and to warn you to be here in good time, half London's coming."

"A MIRACLE" seemed to Chester Vale to be a very good description of what had happened. He had been treated to half an hour's tantrums of the most electric sort; and because he was getting thoroughly tired of tantrums and near-hysterics he had stuck more and more obstinately to his point and the temperature of the discussion had steadily mounted.

Then, as suddenly as scissors snip thread, the tempestuous ravings ceased and Wanda gave in.

"All right, then," she said. "To Alremo's. Why not? If you want to trap me into going to unfashionable places, which of course must hurt my reputation, I agree. It isn't worth arguing about. I agree," she smiled at Chester with sweet resignation. As he went off to the telephone the thought did cross his mind that perhaps the smile was a shade too sweet, the air of resignation suspiciously complete. He knew his Wanda; but, as events were to prove, he did not know her quite well enough.

Prescott Wilson understood his job and Alremo's had never looked smarter or more gay. The blue lights were blazing and Fred and Mack stood like giants in their gold and scarlet uniforms. Indeed, their uniforms were the first things Wanda noticed when Chester assisted her from her car. She stood there on the step smiling sweetly whilst the army of Press photographers worked their will; she waited until there was comparative silence and then she said loudly and distinctly: "My god, what hideous colours."

Both Fred and Mack blushed, and so did Chester Vale. He knew now that his suspicions were going to be justified to the hilt.

Prescott was waiting in the circular foyer; and Tony was there *ex officio*, with her up-tilted nose glued to the window of the cash desk. A considerable number of pounds and no end of trouble had been spent in making the foyer lovely with a bank of magnificent arum lilies.

Wanda all but shrieked when she saw them; and averting her head she hurried to the ladies' cloakroom crying: "Horrible horrible. I hate them. Lilies mean death. Horrible."

It was a bad beginning, and Tony's heart sank in premonition. She supposed that the tall man with the light brown hair was her telephonic *confidant* and she thought that he looked as nice as his voice had sounded.

But poor Chester had no time to observe anybody. He knew he was in for trouble. If Wanda Neelson had some unconquerable aversion to arum lilies it had seized on her very lately, for he was perfectly well aware that they were one of her favourite flowers.

When she came out of the ladies' cloakroom the storm was gathering. She was frowning and poor Mrs. May was left in tears.

Wanda and her party were escorted to the table of honour with due ceremonial and amidst the glances and whispers which are a tribute to such an occasion. Two tables away the columnists, already well supplied with champagne, sat like a group of vultures round this prize news item.

Fernando in person handed the menu to Wanda. She frowned at it, turned it over as though expecting to read better news on the other side and then:

"Is this all there is to eat?" she demanded loudly.

And when the wine waiter had done his best and the most expensive champagne in Alremo's cellars was poured out for her she tasted it and made the single (but ultra loud) comment: "Lousy."

The wine waiter retired looking very red. He had a wife and family to support and

was not anxious to lose his job; not till he got behind the serving screen did he give vent to his opinions which, when they did come, were pointed and picturesque.

Chester Vale had gone just a shade white over his temples. "I suppose you intend to find fault with everything?" he asked.

"Absolutely everything."

"Just to show how superior you are?"

"Just to show you that it doesn't pay to try to make me do what I don't want to do."

"I see. And do you think it is fair to these people?"

"Which people?" Wanda asked genuinely surprised.

"The management here and the staff; that wine waiter, for instance."

"I shall leave a very large tip at the end, or rather you will; and that will be all right."

"Some day," Chester said, "you are going to get a most almighty lesson in being human."

"Don't try to give it me, my friend," Wanda answered quickly, and her cruel little eyes smouldered with childish bad temper.

A place like Alremo's has an internal communication system of its own and reports of these inauspicious happenings duly reached Tony in the glass-walled prison of her cash desk. After an hour Prescott himself came out and walked up and down in the comparative fresh air of the foyer.

"I wish to heaven that woman had never come here," he burst out. "She's in the devil's own temper and she's taking it out on us. She's making the place look ridiculous. Three dishes have been sent back to the kitchen as uneatable. The chef's in tears and the waiters are dam' nearly on strike. What a lovely story for the Fleet Street boys in the corner!"

"I'd like to scratch her eyes out," Tony said loyally; and poor Prescott smiled ruefully at her and said: "I wish you would."

The first floor show at Alremo's comes on at eleven, and if Tony Dresser wanted to see it she was able to by sneaking up the service stairs to the gallery and looking on from behind a pillar.

At five to eleven she was in the artistes' dressing-room, a tiny cupboard-like affair on the way to the kitchen. A slender, fairy-like, little creature stood in the fierce concentration of light before the mirror adjusting the silver sequins of her dress.

"Cheer up," Tony said sympathetically.

"I'm as nervous as the devil. Feel my hand. I simply can't *help* shaking like this before I go on. Especially to-night. If only Wanda Neelson would give me a big hand—suppose she noticed me, Tony, called me up and said something. I mean, wouldn't it be too marvellous? I told Jim I'd make good and oh, oh, oh, if only I could."

"You will," Tony said, "don't worry."

A knock came at the door and a summoning voice cried: "Lights down." It was the signal for the floor show to begin.

"Good luck, Jenny," Tony said and ran out to the service staircase.

It is the nightmare of every producer and artiste that on the big occasion something will go wrong. The lights will fail, or the music be lost, or some similar hideous calamity occur. But at Alremo's on this particular evening everything went right, and little Jenny danced as she had never danced before, in the softly thrown pool of ever changing colours.

Her beautiful body was the delicate quintessence of grace, as though a piece of Dresden china had come to life and was charming you by its movement. There was eternal youth in it and that haunting wistfulness for unattainable things which tugs at times at the poet in all men's hearts. The smoky atmosphere, the grossness of the food and drink were forgotten for the moment in contemplating the beauty created by those disciplined and lovely limbs.

There was a second's silence when she had finished. The lights blazed up and there was a thunder of applause; and when it had died away a clear, bright voice said: "That's the rottenest floor show I have ever seen. Let's get out of here."

Tony Dresser was at the top of the service staircase when she (*Continued on page 70*)

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Benjamin Franklin

An all occasion perfume for Daytime Daintiness and informal evening wear. The quiet, wistful beauty of English Lavender brings to your Toilette an appealing note of refinement and charm, delightful to the man on leave who loves to entertain you.

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heard those cruel words, intending to slip down quickly to her post again. They brought something which had been simmering inside her for an hour or so to the boil. She went down the stairs like the wind and into the restaurant at such a pace that an outgoing waiter laden high with plates went down before her like a ninepin. The crash acted as a sort of warning gong and people's eyes were jerked up to see a small determined figure, white with rage, hurrying towards the floor side tables.

Chester Vale saw her coming and hardly had time to think how pretty she was before the storm broke.

"You think it's the rottenest floor show you have ever seen, do you? Well, let me tell you that you are the rottenest customer we have ever had in this place by a long way. Just because you happen to be in a bad temper everything is wrong, is it? Who the devil cares what you think, anyway! If you are in a temper keep out of here till you are fit to come in. Yes, you. Your last film was a flop, anyhow. And I don't wonder now I've seen how you behave. You don't think anything of getting people into trouble, or throwing people out of work, as long as you are allowed to do exactly what you like. If you want to go, go; and good riddance. That's what everybody here will think."

It was so precisely what everybody there did think that there was almost a suppressed cheer. Chester Vale leant back in his chair and the soul of him rejoiced exceedingly. Never, never, never had he dared to hope that what the Wanda had been asking for so loudly and for so long would be given to her in public and before his very eyes.

Wanda had risen in her seat now, white and blazing with fury. She had come from the gutter originally, and under the stress of primal emotions she was rapidly going back to her origins.

"You little cat," she spluttered and she tried to strike at Tony. It was a tactical error, to put it mildly. Tony had the advantage of standing up and all her boats had been burnt long ago. She let the Wanda have a flat-hander across the side of the face which echoed all round the restaurant and which delighted the hearts of three long-suffering waiters.

The fat then was quite definitely in the fire. Wanda reverted not only to the gutter but to the tree-tops. She gibbered with incoherent temper. She seized Tony's hair

Alremo's

("lovely hair" Chester had time to reflect) with both hands and tugged and screamed. And Tony retaliated in kind and with interest.

The whole restaurant stood up and crowded round in delighted amazement; and the Fleet Street contingent could scarcely contain themselves. Here was the most writeable, readable, front page story in the world handed to them on a silver platter.

They knew, every man Jack of them, that there and then Alremo's was made. It would be headline news for months, almost years, to come. It would become historic, and their pens would make it so: "The place where Wanda Neelson had an all-in wrestling bout." They fought like demons to get into the front row to feast their columnist eyes on exactly what was happening.

And Prescott Wilson, not realising that his fortune was made, stood on the outskirts of the melée and thought, alternately: "My god, that's torn it!" and "Good for you, Tony!"

"GOOD for you, Tony" were the very words used the next day by Chester Vale, only that he added quickly and a little diffidently, "that is, if I may call you 'Tony'!"

"I'll manage to stand it," Tony said, "but, gosh, I thought it would put the lid on everything and here we are booked up absolutely full by midday."

"Naturally. Look at the papers. Alremo's ought to double your salary."

Tony grinned. "I'll be quite content if I can stay on."

"Are you quite sure that you want to do just that—stay on at Alremo's for the rest of your life—Tony?"

A tone of voice can be more illuminating even than the surprising words it utters. Tony didn't look up for a moment and then she asked quietly: "I wonder just what that means?"

"It means," Chester Vale explained promptly, "that I think courage is the one thing that matters in the world; and that when I see spirit allied to such a stupidly, divinely, turned-up little nose as yours, why then I know when I am beaten. Will you have lunch with me, Tony, and where shall we go, and do you think Alremo's will mind if you are very, very late?"

END

Let "Ranee" Read your Character from your Handwriting—*See page 84*

Night Out in Town

(*Continued from page 42*)

where you can have tea and dance from 4.30 to 6.30 for 2s. 6d., or 4s. at week-ends. The Café de Paris have week-end tea-dances which start at four o'clock and go on until 6.15 for 4s. 6d. At the Berkeley, from 5.30 till 7, you can drink cocktails and dance to your heart's content. You pay for what you drink, and that is all, so it is a pleasant place in which to spend an hour even if you do not want to dance.

The Mayfair is a cheerful place later in the evening. You can dance to Ambrose and his Orchestra and listen to lovely Evelyn Dall, and you need spend only 8s. 6d. on either dinner or supper. Dress as you please, and watch youth having its fling.

IF YOU LIKE GOOD COMPANY, good food, wine and beer, you will find them all at the Café Royal. This is one of the few places where you can watch everybody while you have only a drink.

If you are a sherry fan, go to the Spanish Restaurant or La Majorca. If Hungarian wines and gypsy music appeal to you, try the Hungaria Restaurant. And if Italian cooking is your delight, eat at Quo Vadis or any of the other excellent Soho restaurants.

IF YOU ARE A HOSTESS make your plans and see that everything runs smoothly. Have a word with the *maître d'hôtel* before the evening of the party and arrange with him what wines are to be served. Arrange too, to sign your bill instead of paying it, because this will effectively silence the embarrassed protests of your male companions.

O. R.

Decorative Vegetable Gardens

(*Continued from page 49*)

These kales do not cook well, but the leaves are tender enough to eat raw and they make the most decorative surround for a salad. Cold sliced Jerusalem artichokes masked with mayonnaise sauce and with a surround of these leaves not merely looks, but is, a dish fit for a king.

Instead of the conventional edging plants, why not make one of chives? These are the most delicately flavoured of the onion tribe and make a mass of grass (an excellent addition, finely snipped up, to soups and salads) and in summer they bear pink flower heads very like thrift.

They increase like wildfire and even one clump soon makes enough to provide a long row.

I once took the trouble to divide up a very large neglected clump, measuring about fifteen inches across. It consisted of no less than 780 bulbs, each of which were planted separately. This was in May and by autumn each bulb had increased at least sixfold.

All the herbs, such as pot marjoram, garden thyme, golden thyme, lemon thyme, balm, winter savory are charming edging plants and invaluable in the kitchen.

Herbs may not be food in the popular sense of the word, but there is nothing to equal a tiny bunch of them for making even the cheapest dishes delicious.

Don't forget to plant corn salad in August and all through winter you will have abundant salading, with no trouble at all. Plant it as an edging.

And sow endive (which requires no blanching) if you want a very superior salading during November and December when the best saladings are so expensive. With its golden centre and rich green foliage this endive is a picture in the winter garden.

END

The Super Sub-Hunters

(*Continued from page 11*)

"Full speed ahead both. Starboard, wheel. 'Midships. Meet her. Steady. Two eighty-one degrees."

The commander moved to a navy phone, connecting the bridge to the mast-head look-out. "Keep your eyes open aloft. You should sight an enemy submarine dead ahead in sixty minutes." He turned to the officer of the watch. "Mr. Bowyer, pipe the hands to dinner. Action-stations at twelve-o-one-five."

He returned to the chart room. The navigator was there, making diagrams on a sheet of squared paper. I made myself small in a corner, because I had a feeling that passengers in there just then might be unpopular. But I need not have bothered.

"Got her taped?" asked the commander.

"Yes, sir," answered the navigator. "If she doesn't alter her course or speed she'll be in sight from the masthead at twelve-o-one-seven, two degrees on the starboard bow. She's crossing our course, sir, slightly."

"Can do!" said the commander. "Come on, passenger! We've only got threequarters of an hour for lunch. That's one of the horrors of war; it plays Old Harry with one's meal hours.

I ate no lunch. With the ship rushing into action I was far too excited to eat. But I wish to put it on record that I watched our commander lunch that day on one pink gin, one bottle of beer, a plate of pea soup, two helpings of mutton curry, four sardines on toast and an orange. At 12.12 he was beginning on another orange, and I said, "Excuse me, sir," and went on deck, because I could not stand the sight of that man's imperturbability any longer. On deck I saw that his ship, like him, was preparing herself for business. The hands were at their stations and our forward guns were reared on end and moving tentatively (*Continued on page 72*)

In luxurious Fashion Salons, where Society's critical eyes study every detail of the mannequin's figure, frock and face, correct lipstick shading is all-important if the ensemble is not to be marred.

LOVELY JOAN PENDOCK has only three or four minutes to change. Yet she emerges from the dressing-room—lovely, unhurried, exquisitely gowned. In the flurry of 'behind the scenes' frock changing, there's no time to alter make-up to blend with each gown. So Joan does what most sophisticated London and New York mannequins do — she uses TANGEE!

HERE'S WHY!

Orange in the stick, TANGEE deepens on a woman's lips to the **exact** colour they ought to be, according to her type. Blush rose, coral, carmine, scarlet — TANGEE can give them all! Nature selects the shade. There's no risk of error. By enhancing Nature's own effects, instead of hiding them, TANGEE ensures **natural** loveliness. As most women choose their colour schemes to blend with their **natural** colouring, TANGEE ***cannot*** clash with their clothes, whatever they're wearing.

Tangee special cream base prevents chapped lips.
Try TANGEE Theatrical for evening occasions when a brighter colour is required.

Tangee Lipstick *for YOUR individual colour*, 1/9 *and* 4/6.
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Tangee Face Powder, *six shades* - - - 2/6 *and* 4/6.
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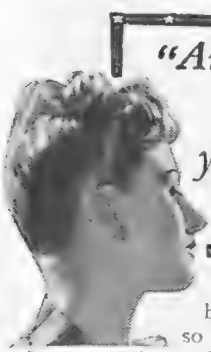

"Are open pores spoiling your beauty?" ASKS ANNE FRENCH

WOULDN'T you be indignant if anyone so much as hinted your face wasn't clean. *Of course* you wash your face — but alas washing is only a half-measure. You see ordinary soap and water can't penetrate right into the pores where tiny particles of deep-embedded dirt lodge. It's those won't-shift specks of dirt that cause enlarged pores, blackheads and unsightly skin blemishes. But my *new* Cleansing Milk is so finely emulsified that it searches out from every tiny pore all the dirt and acid accumulations that cause complexion troubles. You just try it and see. Your skin looks and feels *really* clean. Instead of pores being enlarged, they become smooth and fine, blackheads disappear and blemishes are things of the past.

Write to Anne French with your beauty query at the address below enclosing **6d.** *in stamps for a trial bottle of her Cleansing Milk.*

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from side to side, for all the world as if sniffing for something.

I remember a corporal of marines observing: "If I was you, sir, I wouldn't stand *just* there, because, d'you see, when we shoot off our little bundook, she'll blow your head off, like."

I looked behind me into the gaping mouth of one of our midship mortars, and I moved away from there.

I remember the resonant hail from the man at the foremast head. "Submarine, hull down, sir. Fine on the starboard bow."

"Ay! Ay!" That was the commander.

Our forward guns fired, all at once. They startled me out of my wits. They shook me to my marrow. They shattered my ear drums. So I thought. It was not as bad as that, though, for I remember counting four salvos and clenching my teeth in expectation of the fifth—which did not come.

I saw the gunnery lieutenant lean out from his control station above the bridge, to remark in a conversational tone, "Submerged, sir. Dead ahead. Range 16,000. Looked like a crash dive. I don't *think* we got her."

Then Number One's voice, enormously magnified by the bridge loudspeaker, took up the tale.

"She's switched over from Diesels to batteries, sir, and submerged."

The commander spoke into the telephone. "Ay! Ay!" he said, again. "Carry on, Number One, and con me over her."

"Very good, sir," answered the loudspeaker, and the politeness of its tone under the circumstances, made me want to giggle. "Range eight miles," it continued. It was silent for a minute. Its silence was maddening. Then it went on, "She's opening her bearing to starboard. . . . She's altered her course to the nor-rard. . . . Steer two degrees starboard. Steady! We're on. . . . Steady as she goes. . . . She's fine on our port bow. Just right, sir. We ought to meet on converging courses." (Another maddening pause.) "Range six. . . . She's reduced speed, sir. . . . Going dead slow, now, by the sound of her. . . . Steer to port, one—steady. Steady as she goes. . . . We'll meet on present courses. . . . Her bearing's steady. . . . Range five. . . . Range four. . . . Range three." (Oh, those maddening pauses!) "Range two and a half. We ought to cross her course about two hundred yards ahead of her, sir, at this rate. . . . Range two. Same bearing. . . . She sounds deep. . . . She is deep, sir. . . . Range one and a half. . . . Range one mile. . . . Range three-quarters. She's stopped! I can't hear her, sir. She's stopped her engines. She's heard us."

The Super Sub-Hunters

From that time onward, it was the commander's fight. The submarine had taken refuge in her last resource; she had submerged and hidden herself in *silence*. She, therefore, left our commander, in effect, stone deaf and stone blind. Thus it became a matter of sound judgment and quick intuition to find her. The commander took hold.

He took no chances. When the ship had covered a scant half mile, he pressed a buzzer—and "No. 33" began to rain depth charges. She dropped them from her stern chutes. She fired them, broadcast, from her amidship mortars. The charges sank, like stones, to their allotted depth, and there exploded.

The concussion of a depth charge exploding under water is terrific. Mad giants, it seemed, slogged furiously with immense sledge hammers at the deck beneath my feet. My skull seemed to crack under the impact of those awful vibrations.

We blasted a zig-zag lane of destruction along the U-boat's underwater course. We were turning to repeat the process when I saw the submarine break surface in the middle of our volcanic and tortured wake. She emerged, stern first, suddenly and abruptly—a thing flung up, spewed out by the angry sea. She hung there, on end; her pointed after-part poised in the air, like a steeple.

I have a memory of our navigator busily taking snapshots. To play with a camera, under those circumstances, seemed to me an occupation insanely flippant.

Then our guns began to fire. That close target was unmissable. I saw it riddled and torn. I saw daylight through jagged holes. Then, very suddenly, the thing sank, as if plucked down by a mighty hand hidden beneath the sea.

Our ship lay stopped and silent. Her commander stood on his bridge, looking at the dirty patch of oil-smeared water that marked his enemies' grave. For a while he, too, was silent. Presently he addressed, to the dead, an oration.

"Poor beggars!" he said. "They hadn't an earthly!"

END

Silver Wedding

(*Continued from page* 34)

insisted on red roses in memory of that other day; he had wanted Lois to wear a similar chiffon frock to satisfy a curious sentiment of his. Eight of the ten bridesmaids would be coming. "It would be nice if we could have them dressed just as they were so long ago," he said to Lois.

She thought of Betty who had put on weight, Edna who had had five children, and Molly who was just a shrivelled old maid. "Yes, wouldn't it?" she said, but no more.

"The old man has ideas," said Richie.

But he never had had. Twenty-five years wasted; twenty-five years when she had chafed, longing desperately to escape from a man who didn't understand her, such a good husband, so kind, but no more. Twenty-five years when she had longed for a hero, a Romeo, a passionate attachment to break the monotony.

There had been Laurie of course. She met Laurie at a picnic four years after her wedding. He was her age, with the torch of youth in his hands, to light his path brightly into the future. He was tall, and dark, and *svelte*, nothing sombre about him, but she knew that he had a soul.

"He'll never make money," said Herbert cuttingly, that night when Laurie dined with them for the first time.

Always the price ticket.

There had been that one evening two months later, just before he went away to take up that post abroad, when she had gone with Laurie out into the fields. The harvest was cut, and the vetches straggled through the russet hedgerows. The stars were coming out one by one, so many wise golden eyes peeping through the darkness. The winter was near. You would not have thought so then, with the mature loveliness of the ripe year on either side, but she knew it. Mist in a tulle wreath over the tree tops. The first golden curls in the elms. A glow on the hawthorns.

She lay in Laurie's arms, and he kissed her. She did not stop him. She would have this memory if she had nothing else from life. "I love you so much, we have got to break away from all this," he said.

"I love you, too."

"You don't have to tell me. I know how unhappy you are with Herbert; he has never understood you. You don't have to tell me that either."

She had never told him.

That one hour had been her whole life; the feel of Laurie's arms about her body was something which she would never forget; the touch of his lips warm against her cold ones. In a haze. It was like a church service seen through a mist of incense. Sacrament, precious and rare, something which when it was over left you still wondering. She loved Laurie as she had always known she would love somebody one day. She was his.

She came home to ask Herbert to set her free, but it was too late. There had been a

car accident. Herbert was lying in a darkened room not knowing whether his sight would be spared or not. He needed her so dreadfully with his poor bandaged eyes, and his groping helpless hand in hers. She sat beside him. I cannot tell him now, she told herself, not until we know that he will see again. They will take off the bandages in ten days' time, we shan't know before that.

The ten days were like years. All the time Laurie was pressing impatiently for his answer, because he had to sail. The appointment would not wait, and he wanted to know where he was before he started.

The specialist removed Herbert's bandages and he told her that the treatment was a failure. The patient would be blind. That was terrible. Lois knew that she could not tell him about her love for Laurie then, she could not destroy his whole world, just when he had lost his sight. She wrote a note to Laurie, unable to bring herself to see him.

A year later, soon after Richie was born, she and Herbert heard of the great specialist in Vienna and went there. The cure was a matter of six weeks in an austere foreign hospital, but by the end of that time she knew that Herbert would see. The trial was over, but it was too late, for she had lost touch with Laurie.

I am going to see this thing through, she told herself, and she tried to thrust regrets from her, and to give herself up to being Herbert's wife and Richie's mother. She adored the boy. She got used to Herbert. He was always so very kind, so generous in worldly emotions. Sometimes, of course, the regrets insisted on making themselves felt. She hated early autumn with the mist round the tree tops. The scent of a field from which the corn has been harvested. Sometimes she had a desperate longing to weep for the love she had lost, the emotion which has no price ticket, and to chafe against the love that she had chosen, which was humdrum.

"Herbert has funny ways," she told Richie as they went round the marquee together, "but he means well. I'm sure he would do anything for us, either of us."

"I know he would; yet he can't see under surfaces."

"We have to accept him as he is."

"Yes, and he is jolly good to us."

She dressed for the party. The whole world quoted them as the ideal couple, they looked upon her as being the devoted wife, it was all part of the farce. The afternoon rose with intense heat, and she knew that the marquee would be insufferable with the strong scent of red roses. She had an antipathy to their essence, for she always associated it with her wedding day, twenty-five years ago. She had never fallen in love with Herbert as she had once thought she might; she never would now.

She took her place beside him in the marquee, he was very pleased with himself, so pleased that it was almost pathetic. Everything was going satisfactorily, he told himself, the party had cost a packet and looked like it. No stinting. He said the right thing to arriving guests, and Richie, on the other side, said the right thing, too.

"Twenty-five years of blissful happiness," was the toast.

Lois wanted to scream.

Twenty-five years of chafing against it all, of hunger for romance, with the memory of that other man and that one precious evening when the stars pricked out of the darkness. Her mind was back there now, back in a cut corn field, with the feel of Laurie's lips hot against her own.

"I love you so much, we have got to break away from all this. . . ."

If there had never been the accident and the blindness, this party could not have been. She dare not think of the life which might have come to her.

More people crowded into the marquee, the congratulations and protestations were sickeningly repetitive. She would collapse in a moment, but she mustn't collapse, whatever happened she must go on. Then she saw the little collection of guests from the Hall.

"We brought a friend who is staying with us, he comes from (*Continued on page 74*)

THAT FIRST BLEMISH ON BABY'S DELICATE SKIN

THINK WELL BEFORE YOU TREAT IT!

A pimple may be just a trifling thing, or, on the other hand, it may be the start of a disfiguring eruption. To be on the safe side apply a touch or two of Cuticura Ointment and the blemish will soon heal and disappear. The same with "nappy" soreness, when the skin is chafed and inflamed, smarting and itching.

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India," they were saying, and she was looking into the yellow-gold eyes of the man before her. Like topaz. It was Laurie.

Perhaps she had always known this would happen. It could not have ended there, for ever.

"The world is very small, isn't it?" she said. Trite. Commonplace. All she could think of in the emergency, and the diamond clasp which had cost five hundred showed how hard her heart was racing. Laurie looked much older than he was. The twenty-two years' absence had painted him with the heroic brush of romance. Imagination had lent him glamour, something which he ought not to have had. For a moment she stared, then she rebelled, he ought not to have come here.

He was looking at Richie, much his own height, much his figure. "The world has done well for you, Lois," he said, "the years have been kind."

For nights of her life she had prayed that this hour would be, but not like this. Not at her silver wedding. Not with Laurie looking as he did now, bloated, with bags under his eyes, and veins on his florid cheeks.

"Time marches on," she said. Trite again. Ordinary. All she could think of in the emergency. Laurie jerked his head in the direction of Herbert.

"Does he know about us?" he asked.

"No, I never told him."

"That's one blessing; after all, everybody is entitled to some wild oats. Herbert could never see an inch further than his nose, poor old chap!"

Her mind kept spinning in circles, the same circles. She had longed for this moment all these years, and now knew that she was ashamed of that disloyalty. "You should not have come here," she said quietly, but with dignity in her tone.

"Damn it, my dear, they never told me it was you. I was as appalled as you were."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm married, you know. You ought to meet the memsahib, she's a pet."

"I'm sure she is," and she turned.

It was the finish to all that. It was a curtain dropped on an episode, only an episode, nothing more. She smelt the fresh fragrance of the red roses beside her; they smelt differently.

She stood beside Herbert, glancing only once at Laurie with those yellow-golden eyes like topaz, but dimmed. She looked at Richie with the same yellow-golden eyes, but clear, as Laurie's had been long ago, so very long ago in the cornfield. Surely somebody would notice that resemblance? Nobody did. The party went on. They made speeches, they drank healths. She did not see Laurie any more, and strangely she did not want to.

Last thing of all Herbert came to her room and stood there in the twilight as though there were something that he wanted to say. "I'm glad we have had to-day, it is something to remember, even though it did cost a mint."

"Yes."

"I'm glad old Laurie turned up, too. Nice fellow, but drinking too much, I'm afraid. They do in India."

"Yes, it rather looks like it."

Herbert turned to her and his voice was quite tender.

"Dearest old girl, have the twenty-five years been hard? I have tried to be good to you. You see, I have always remembered that you were never in love with me really."

"I've been terribly fond of you, Herbert. Affection is even more tenacious than being in love."

Yet she was thinking of the cut cornfield, grown chilly with the rising moon, of the autumn when the sap falls in contrast to the warmth and scent of the red roses of summer, which seems enduring.

"Dear little girl, I'm glad you think that."

It was pleasant to be called a "dear little girl" even though her wedding day was twenty-five years ago. It was almost better than being somebody's love.

Herbert spoke quickly. "I was rather

rightened when Laurie walked in, afraid that he might complicate things. You used to think a lot of him years ago."

"You knew?" she asked, and wheeled round to him.

His voice was very quiet. "Oh yes, I knew," he said, and then in a hushed way, "I knew everything."

There was silence, and she did not know how to break it but stood there, with a flood of words strangled in her throat, then she knew that Herbert had slipped his hand into her arm, almost apologetically.

"I didn't mean you to know."

She was thinking of this morning in the garden, when she had been walking with Richie. Richie who had been Laurie's son. She was remembering her words about Herbert. "I often wonder whether, if he had paid in emotions, something which he really felt, he would have talked about it the same way. Probably not."

He had known all along.

He had been generous enough to forgive, a much bigger man than she had ever supposed. She felt ashamed.

The silver wedding was over, the twenty-five years were slipping into space, and curiously enough, they were only beginning to live their real life together, to understand one another after all.

"Herbert," she said weakly, "I'm afraid I have not been . . ." She began to cry.

END

On Duty and Off

On Duty

(*Continued from page* 35)

will fit snugly over your papers, no matter how few or how many you are carrying.

One of our hospital sisters who is on active service abroad was home the other day on leave, and after she had told me that they had been working in tin huts and under canvas all winter, I began to make a serious study of "fleabags." At Fortnum & Mason I priced every type of sleeping bag, starting with the three-ply camel fleece at 3, 5, 7 and 9 guineas. These are very nice and they pack as flat as a rug. There is a waterproof sleeping bag lined with sheep's wool for 8 guineas and a kapok filled and quilted bag with pillow for as little as 2 guineas. At Marshall & Snelgrove they show a quilted bag which is waterproof on the outside for about 3 guineas. These, of course, are all man-sized, but what is good enough for men will be good enough for me in France.

The most luxurious hand treatment designed especially to counteract the effects of every kind of national service work has been introduced by Cyclax. It costs 12s. 6d., which is expensive, but well worth the money. The massage lasts an hour and includes electrical treatment for the cuticles, hot oil finger caps for cuticles and nails, hot cotton-wool pads for the hands, twenty minutes' massage with hot oil, followed by a gentle scouring to remove all grime. Hands which are unaccustomed to rough work suffer acutely —especially during the winter months. The best way to protect them is to take a teaspoonful of olive oil and rub this thoroughly into your hands for two or three minutes before you start work. Wipe off excess oil with cleaning tissues and you will find that the oil protects the skin and the cuticles to a certain extent until you have finished your work. Afterwards, repeat the oiling and this time wash off excess oil with lukewarm water and a light lather of soap. If the work has been particularly dirty the oil helps the soap and water to remove the grime and keeps your skin and cuticles in good condition. Cracked fingers can be quite painful and very tiresome because everything seems to catch in the cracks. In order to avoid this trouble, keep the hands well greased with lanoline before and after work and sleep in mittens. If you have no objection to the smell of eucalyptus, get your chemist to make you up some zinc and eucalyptus ointment or substitute "Vaseline" for the zinc and rub this into the cracks at night. Those preparations made for burns which include cod liver oil are also good for dealing with cracked fingers, as the vitamin content is supposed to have a wonderfully healing effect on the skin. The smell of the fish oil is, however, strong and rather unpleasant. Useful preparations for rough work include Rozalex, which you can get in a sixpenny tube. This can be rubbed on the hands and protects them while you are doing any dry work. It cannot, however, be used for wet work, such as nursing when the hands have got to be scrubbed up. Rozalex ointment, which is the same price, is good for night massage and also to rub in after work and before you wash your hands.

END

Off Duty

ration problems remind me of contract bridge. The coupons are like the playing cards, and if you are going to make the most of them you will need to know certain conventions. The most important convention to remember when ordering food is that there are six constituents necessary to make up the everyday diet. These are proteins, fats, carbohydrates, mineral salts, vitamins and water. The service provided by these different foods is of the utmost importance to us, especially during the stress and strain of present-day conditions. Proteins do the job of repairing the wear and tear on body tissues, so you can see how necessary it is to get enough of this type of food. The cheapest fuel foods are the carbohydrates. The fuel value of fats is extremely high and provides twice as many calories as the carbohydrates. Fats are particularly important, as they are used in the construction of nervous tissue. The meat coupons come under the protein heading.

Bacon can be listed as one of the fats, and so can the fat of ham, whereas the lean portion can be counted in with the proteins.

Butter, margarine and cooking fats all come under the heading of fat. There are a good many foods which can be starred in the various categories.

Each of these foods has a very special value and it is a lucky thing for us that only a few of them have been rationed.

Starred proteins include all fish, fish roe, liver, kidney, rabbit, sweetbread, chicken, and cheese. Liver is a particularly valuable food.

It is starred under all the following headings: protein, phosphorus, iron, Vitamin A, Vitamin B complex and Vitamin D. Fish and fish roe can be starred for protein, phosphorus, Vitamin A and Vitamin D.

Kidney is a starred protein and Vitamin B, so if you are clever you will take the trouble to search out new and tempting ways of serving liver and kidney. You will make a speciality of fish dishes and learn to make the most of fish roe. Let me suggest, as a change from chicken *à la* King, rabbit *à la* Queen.

The American habit of serving cheese with salad is a good one to copy.

END

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One difference between good and indifferent cooking is simply that good cooks *taste* while they cook and poor cooks don't.

Sweets can generally be satisfactorily produced from well-compounded recipes, giving definite quantities of this and that ingredient.

The savour of savoury dishes, on the other hand, depends on just a touch of seasoning—"to taste." This "touch" cannot be estimated in a recipe. It must be decided by the palate of the cook.

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Economical dishes, which are the "order of the day," are thoroughly enjoyed when seasoned properly.

Here, for example, is a "timely" dish: Lentil Cakes. Make them my way, and your family will ask for more.

Soak a breakfastcupful of lentils overnight. Simmer them until soft (about 1½ hours). Drain, rub through a sieve, then add two or three mashed potatoes and a boiled carrot (mashed). Meanwhile, simmer a chopped onion, until cooked, in a little fat and a teaspoonful of Lea & Perrins.

Add the other vegetables and a little salt and mix well. Cool. Take tablespoonfuls, form into cakes, roll in flour and fry on both sides in a little fat.

Use Lea & Perrins in all savoury dishes—soups, sauces, gravies, stews, etc. It will enhance your reputation as a *tasteful* cook, at almost negligible expense. There are bottles in three sizes, but, as only a few drops are needed to improve a dish, each bottle will last for a long time.

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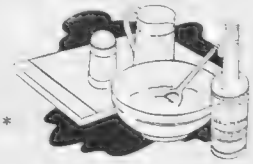

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Behind God's Back

(*Continued from page 19*)

forgotten were there. So now, with this war on, when I look back upon Africa—there is a new vision.

Perhaps a new vision for many other people.

Take a concrete example. In Capetown I had an hour and a half talk with Dr. Malan, the Nationalist leader. He wants a republic for South Africa. He declared: "It will come within our time!"

Consulting my notes, I see that I asked him: "But could it *exist*? Could a small republic, holding such a strategic position, with such wealth as your gold mines, be *safe* in a world like ours? There are so many wolves about."

"You mean Germany?"

"Of course."

"Well," smiled Dr. Malan triumphantly, "look at Holland! Look at Belgium! Look at Norway, Sweden—Denmark!"

(Yes, by all means, do take a look; and, while you are about it, you might look at Finland.)

THE South Africans have demonstrated that they have a great deal to contribute to the general pool of post-war international relations. General Smuts is probably the greatest internationalist of our time. His own personality is so brilliant that it overshadows, perhaps, that authentic South Africanism, of which he is such a shining example.

To show what I mean by this South Africanism, take the mandate of South-West Africa. What I call South Africanism was exhibited there by General Botha, when the German forces surrendered to his forces in 1915. He at once told all the legitimate German farmers that they could return to their lands. *This while the war was still on.* Only the armed forces and certain "troublesome" characters were put into concentration camps.

Then, when the World War was over, the Germans' lands in South West Africa were not confiscated, as they were in Tanganyika, Togoland and the Cameroons. On the contrary, out of the 12,000 Germans there when the war began, just one half elected to remain. And when, in London in 1923, General Smuts agreed with the German delegates to offer all Germans who wanted it automatic citizenship as South African subjects—the South Africans also agreed to continue to pay a certain amount of the old German official pensions!

Since then the South Africans have made no attempt to change any of the German names in the streets; the German war memorial still stands, a sailor with fixed bayonet, outside the administrator's house in Swakopmund; all the big newspapers in the Mandate are German—and, at one time, the German faction even had a majority of one in the legislative assembly which governs South-West Africa under the mandate.

Few things could be fairer than that. I wrote when I was in the Mandate that the outstanding characteristic of South-West Africa was the *tolerance* of the South Africans, both past and present, towards its German inhabitants.

BUT I spent some weeks surveying another situation which was even more interesting. North of South-West Africa proper, what is called its "police zone," where the European population lives, is a wild tract of country called Ovamboland. It is a native paradise. Here, in a territory of 17,000 square miles, where only eight white officials are allowed to live, there are some 117,000 natives continuing an untrammelled tribal existence that was the freest thing I saw in all Africa.

To make that statement more impressive, give it the full weight it deserves, I will say that beginning in South-West Africa I then went to the Cape, Natal; drove along most of the backbone of Tanganyika, up through Kenya, across Uganda; deep into the Belgian mandate of Ruanda-Urundi; then I drove through the Belgian Congo, and from its heart took the new road up to Bongassau in French Equatorial Africa—from there I went westwards through the Moyen Congo, and the French Cameroons to the Gulf of Guinea. I finished with several weeks on the Gold Coast.

So I saw a certain amount of African life. And when I say that the natives of Ovamboland seemed to be enjoying the greatest freedom I found in Africa, I do not put Uganda first, because in that extremely well-run protectorate it seemed to me that many of the natives had retained, together with their national independence, the hereditary and arbitrary rule of their own chiefs.

South-West Africa's Ovamboland is under a native commissioner, who is one of the most intelligent men (certainly as far as natives are concerned) that I talked with in all Africa. Part of the happy life which the 117,000 natives under him are enjoying to-day may, it is true, be attributed to his own personal character. He does not push; he leads. He came into Ovamboland with the South African forces, as a scout, in 1915. Some years later he was made full native commissioner. Since then, I think, his control may best be described as—"the whisper behind the chair."

In some of the tribes there this "whisper" comes from behind the "chair" of one of the few chiefs who are left. In other tribes,

Part of a herd of 47 adult and seven baby giraffes the author and his wife came upon while eating lunch with an English planter only a few miles from Arusha in Tanganyika.

it is to one of the headmen of the tribal council.

I think one of the most stimulating sights I have ever witnessed was watching this man discussing the opening of a formerly uninhabited territory with some headmen. He wanted them to open that out so that they would have more land to graze their cattle. But he did not *push* them out—force them to build roads.

No, what he did was to "sell" the project to one of the most intelligent headmen. When he had got him sufficiently enthused, he suggested that the headman take a number of his best men, and their wives, and build a new kraal—eighty miles to the east. Smack in the middle of a virgin territory.

I went out to that kraal. It was invigorating—chiefly because of one lovable trait. The natives felt lonely, so, without asking any pay for it, they were building, with all their might and skill, a road back between them and their old kraal. They wanted company.

But the wisdom of his idea—which made the natives laugh themselves, when he told me about it before them—was that if he had told them to build a road *out* to that spot in the bush—it would never have been done! There would have been too many objections, chiefly psychological.

Now the sole tax which these Ovambo natives pay is five shillings a year—all of which goes into their tribal fund—and is all spent back on them. And they may pay it in grain.

There can be no talk of obliterating or exploiting the natives, or their rights, in "closed" Ovamboland. And while it is all too sadly true that present-day Ovamboland may be only a temporary paradise—they have no money economy at the moment because their cattle have lung disease, and they cannot export anything—it is nevertheless true that ever since South Africa received the mandate in 1920, this freedom of the Ovambo natives has been religiously preserved.

And for that, above the native commissioner in Ovamboland, above his own personality, the Ovambos must thank the Permanent Secretary for South-West Africa, at Windhoek, and, finally, the South African Parliament at Capetown.

As it happens, the Native Commissioner for Ovamboland is a South African, once a "Springbok" rugger international; and the Secretary for South-West was an Englishman (thirty-six years in the South African service), an Oxford man.

THERE were other lessons to be learned from a wandering pilgrimage, such as mine, up and down, and then completely across Africa.

Chief among them was how little, how amazingly *absent*, was the animosity between English, German, French, or any other foreign settler, when they are left alone—freed from the hatreds that have been built up, fostered, flamed by centuries of European history. There was international discord in the European chancelleries during the partition of Africa; and the September crisis of 1938 occurred just on the eve of my leaving for Africa. There was, particularly in South-West Africa, a flaming Nazi organisation going on, which did not include only the younger German settlers.

Yet how many times have I had a German say privately to me: "*Ach, mein Gott!* if they would only shut up and leave us in peace!"

And it was General Boyd Moss himself, the leader of the Tanganyika League in Tanganyika—the man who said at Bulawayo that they should "fight to the last cartridge" before allowing any one (even the British) to surrender Tanganyika—who said to me: "I have many friends among these Germans. A lot of them were officers. Fine chaps. They know how I stand—they must, if they read the newspapers. And I make no pretences with them: we will fight. But I see no reason why, if this war *does* come, that we do not allow the decent farmers to remain on their lands." (*Continued on page 78*)

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A Congo village. They all look alike. Notice the boys swimming out to a passing ship.

That's the way these Germans and English (I must say, most of the friendly expressions I heard like that came from the English) talked about each other—*then*.

I emphasise this time gap, a space of about eight months, because since I sat that day with the general on the veranda of his beautiful farm near Arusha, Europe, very likely, has been giving some salutory lessons to Africa. Namely, the melancholic truth that the Allies aren't fighting Hitlerism so much as they are *Germanism*.

Although I believe the background of African life, its vastness and peace, would absorb even that eventually—*if* only Europe could be pacified. Europe is the savage continent.

There aren't many Germans in the Belgian Congo for the simple reason that there are hardly any *small* white settlers there at all. The entire Congo is run, and run remarkably well for native welfare, by four huge business concerns, all of whom are controlled by one chief finance company, in which the Belgian Government is about a half share-owner.

The white men you see in the Congo are either government officials, or almost invariably employees of these companies.

But in the French Cameroons the largest plantation, far and away the largest, is a German tobacco enterprise. It is (or was) staffed entirely by Germans, run, even to their dismay, by Hamburg and Berlin.

And the German *fuehrer* for the Cameroons —the one German I did not like in Africa— is treated by the Frenchmen in Duala as the town pet. When he has had a few over the edge, and begins to pound the table, threatening to sing "Deutschland über Alles," the French planters sitting on stools by the bar wave to him and say: "Come on, *mon vieux*—have one with us!"

They are quite cynical about him.

THE lessons that the mandates of Africa teach you are, so far as their example to Europe might be considered, the value of some power that is about the specific governing power itself. To be more exact, the League of Nations.

That battered (and so often justly abused) body at Geneva really did function so far as supervising the African mandates was concerned. Germans in Tanganyika could appeal to it, Germans in South-West Africa could appeal. But the facts are that usually they did not have to appeal. The mere fact that that body was *there* was a corrective influence on all the mandates' administrations.

This is a remarkably interesting truth. And the reason why the League worked in Africa, and failed in Europe, was that in Africa, it had the *force* to enforce its decisions. True, the force would probably have been illusory, if ever tested. But it wasn't.

Yet perhaps the greatest lesson that Africa teaches is that the majority of the League Mandates Commission were just, unchallenged, and kept the peace in Africa.

Is it a dream to vision one day such a body, the power above all the other immediate governing powers, which can keep the peace in Europe?

END

Dar-es-Salaam, "The Haven of Peace" (as the Arabs called it), Tanganyika.

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Books :

(*Continued from page 22*)

she began to wish that she had not done so.

"When we took the bed apart it disintegrated into predigested termite food, the cupboards had no backs when moved from the wall, the tables that had crossed their legs at ease in corners toppled over. The whole was a sad exposure of clay feet. Only the Martin Johnson's refrigerator, standing cold and efficient, a monument to man's conquest over decay, was all it had seemed to be. I was proud indeed to walk up the road behind it while ten Chinese *kuli* women trundled it up the hill."

Said a Government House nanny, newly out from England : "The whole of Borneo is nothing but an anthill!" We can well believe it, for they ate across one nice Shanghai mat from corner to corner. It is also evidently a somewhat damp spot in which envelopes automatically seal themselves and you sit over braziers in the one habitable inner room in the rainy season.

The household *amahs*, like sweet Ah King, are of the kind that have a large ironing board and small stretcher bed in the room, and doubtless sleep on the ironing board and iron on the bed. As for Ay Yin, when she wanted to say to the bridal pair : "A happy wedding to you," she said it with a pair of silk bloomers for the bride and got a Chinese letter writer to do the writing.

A cook had to be sacked, as cooks often do in the Empire's Great Open Spaces. It was a pleasant, quiet departure, Mrs. Keith records; and the egg-beater, carving knife and best enamel pots departed with him. But the life has compensations : "Nobody gets run down by motor cars, or trampled to death in crowds, or beaten up by a policeman, or falls out of skyscrapers, so perhaps it evens up in the end."

Apart from *amahs*, houseboy, small-boy and gardener, she had to cope at times with three to a dozen semi-Siamese cats, a dog, two gibbon apes and an orang-utan. Then there was hubby, the golf club, the paupers' home and Government House receptions. Who could be dull?

Mrs. Keith isn't dull for any whole page; cheerfulness keeps breaking infectiously through, and even puts amusing wiggly lines into her pen drawings. Her book was awarded the 5,000 dollars' prize of the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company for the "most interesting and distinctive work of non-fiction submitted in 1939." It deserves it.

For here is the domestic side of Empire, intimately portrayed : the patient wit of woman soundly supplementing the enterprise of *pukka sahib* in a back o' beyond comradeship both practical and idyllic. And this, too, is part of our heritage now so grievously challenged.

THAT heritage in the beauty of England's green and pleasant land—and distinctively of her stately corner of Kent—is Miss V. Sackville-West's concern in a quarto pleasant to handle, "Country Notes" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Much of it is sensitive Nature reverie and observation in this key :

"There is still a film of ice over shady stretches of water, so thin by midday the breasts of the ducks cut with a brittle tinkling sound through it like miniature ice-breakers in formation. By the evening it has closed up again, and now reflects the large lemon-coloured moon in a trance of breathless stillness. Mist rises from the valley, a cold white mist, cutting off everything but the tops of trees. A solitary swan sails in plumed ghostliness, round and round in the only patch of water left open to him. All else is quiet, shrouded for the long hours of the night which are to follow."

Lovely place names are to her what vintage wines are to a connoisseur's palate. She lingers over Sutton Valence, Appledore, Stone-cum-Ebony, Capel-le-Ferne, Damien-in-the-Blean, and the three Boughtons : Aluph, Malherbe, Monchelsea. She takes pride in the historic (*Continued on page 80*)

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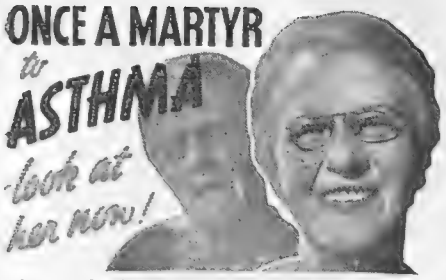

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associations of the Cinque Ports, the Pilgrims' Way, majestic Canterbury. There is no affectation in a country love which is deep and instinctive:

"For my own part I find a singular solace in the renewal and reality of even the most monotonous of natural processes; I welcome the youth of the new season, whether it comes with the first lambs to be born in a snowstorm or with the new buds of the hornbeam pushing the old brown leaves off the hedges. If you have a taste for such things, no amount of repetition can stale them; they stand for permanence in a changing world."

Was there ever such need as to-day for the solace of permanence amid harsh upheavals? The discriminating author of "The Edwardians" and "Pepita" touches on bungaloid intrusions, blood sports, vivisection, and cruelty to animals; but rather than argue these matters in a book whose pervading mood is so devout, one prefers to linger over the exquisite Nature photographs by Bryan and Norman Westwood. Their beauty of bough and blossom and bird transcends all temporal question of right or wrong; it belongs to the eternal felicity which mocks and outlasts dictators. Miss Sackville-West is significant because she helps us to know more clearly what we mean when we talk of "this England."

Diary notes of another kind comprise "Four Years: A Journal" by Brian Bulman (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). They cover the Dolomites, Austrian Tyrol, the Lago di Garda, Venice, Vienna, Paris, London. This young author of the novel "The House of Quiet People" was spurred to travel not only by wanderlust but tragically by T.B. which compelled him to seek altitudes and in the end took him from us. I am not too sure about this kind jotting, of which there is much:

"*November 28.* Frau Huisman's birthday. Dressed for dinner. Found my black socks gone. Threw away old holey pair given me in mistake at Steinach. The violinist's, I think. Wore red socks. Nobody noticed."

His external impressions are flashingly of the moment: a Picasso newsreel travelogue all in bits, if one can imagine such a thing. But he reveals vividly, poignantly, the mind behind the malady, bravely at grips with doom. He can present a friend as Picasso presented a portrait:

"Vague, sweet character. Loves 'sweet and low' music, romantic poems (love poems of John Donne), clothes, face massages, cigarettes, dancing, coiling on settee before the fire, buying things for other people, shoes (has nine pairs with her), slimming. She mis-says words: 'Oh, you are irreverent,' when she meant irrelevant . . ."

Miss Naomi Jacob, his cousin, with whom he stayed in Italy, introduces him and tells of a delightful friendship which made this kind of talk possible towards the end:

"Do you think I am going to die, Mick?" he asked her in a matter-of-fact voice.

"I don't honestly see why you should, Brian," she replied.

He asked for one or two prayers, took her rosary, looked at the crucifix, and said: "I suppose He is really holding out His arms."

She answered: "I don't think there is much doubt about that."

He lifted the crucifix, kissed it with a queer intensity.

"I suppose you could get a priest to come and see me?"

Then the earlier sceptic grinned and added: "And so you have your own way after all, young Mick."

Nothing sentimental or hysterical; but when he died Alberto the chauffeur cried, and at the funeral stood gravely giving the Fascist salute with tears streaming down his face.

There is in this diary the sensibility of Katharine Mansfield, who similarly suffered; and like all who must die young because the gods love them, Brian clutched avidly at the bounteous joy of life and dashed it triumphantly on to paper. He, too, stands for something in the present ordeal: victory over suffering.

Books:

In fiction this month there are agreeable echoes of the tradition we safeguard with arms and income tax. Miss Marjorie Bowen is again the loyal custodian of our romanticised history in "The Circle in the Water" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), third of a trilogy with "God and the Wedding Dress" and "Mr. Tyler's Saints." With Quaker William Penn and John Graham, Viscount Dundee, for chief characters, she gives a colourful reconstruction of the drama culminating in James the Second's flight, Dundee's death, and the death of Penn's vision of a new world.

She gives the story immediacy by relating it through one Thomas Maitland, tutor to the heir of Sir Donald Garrie of Castle Drum, Galloway, "many weary miles from the banks of the Solway." The castle has antique turrets and half-dismantled battlements; the serving men "rusty hair and beards and bare arms and short daggers stuck in the leather belt"; there are a fierce, barbaric young mistress, two romantic stepdaughters, and witches and warlocks for sinister backgrounds.

Thus, the story starts with all the Bowen blandishments and remains to the end one such as only she can tell so convincingly that the reader lives in the period and is no mere distant spectator. I would call this the best kind of escape novel from present discontents.

English circus glamour is the aura around Mrs. Ruth Manning-Sanders's "Luke's Circus" (Collins, 8s. 6d.). Like Lady Eleanor Smith, she writes from thrilled experience, having travelled for months with one and earned her keep by distributing handbills, selling programmes, riding an elephant round the town in the parade.

Luke was a poor suburban boy, but he could say proudly: "My grandad, Lucio Castelli, owned the biggest circus in the world. My gramma, Erzebet Castelli, used to be shot out of a golden cannon into the circus ring. My dad, Ambrus Castelli, was the Morning Star in circus when he was two years old. *And my real name is not Luke Castle at all,* but Lucio Castelli like my grandad. How's that, how's that you cheeky chorus girl what put out your tongue at me?"

The story shows him thrusting into the circus life which is his by right of ancestry, fighting difficulties and dangers, taking frustrations on the chin, finally emerging triumphant as another Lucio Castelli and finding his creation solid and good.

"Flatties?" says circus Marta to young Luke. "Why every one knows what flatties is—folk with a narrer look in their eyeballs, and narrer thoughts in their nuts; folk who dursen't live to-day for fear of what's coming to-morrer; folk what worrit theirselves sick over the things their neighbours may say of 'em; folk what would sooner have their bodies clean than use 'em . . . folk what has to be amused by circus workers such as us, because they're too darn silly to amuse theirselves . . ."

As an ingrown flattie I recommend this bountiful story about the generous great-hearted Big Toppers who are different.

Mr. C. S. Forester is a master of the "Off the decks there, blast you!" swaggering kind of sea story. "Captain Hornblower, R.N." (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is an 864-page three-decker about life in the navy when the Corsican tyrant was doing his pre-Nazi stuff and the sailors' snares were not magnetic mines but magnetic eyes, a pair in every port—for wasn't Hornblower "a man whom women loved easily" and didn't the beauteous Maria with her manifold charms blow the man down?

On page nine we learn all about the ringbolts in the deck of the *Lydia* for the attachment of the carronade train tackles. On page twenty the sea is "like some heraldic blazon of argent and azure." On page eleven the lemon juice has been served out, and there will be scurvy to reckon with within a month and no surgeon on board; twelve, Harrison the boatswain indulges his weakness for using his cane on well-rounded sterns and shouts "Belay!" to the watch:

"Any man who filled his trousers out tight was likely to get a welt across the seat of them solely for that reason, especially if he was unluckily engaged, as Harrison came by, in some occupation which necessitated bending forward."

So we are now well under way with sealed orders, and the voyage, depend upon it, will be exciting with much fighting and gunpowder and clashing of cutlasses and many goodly tots of grog. And at the end, after Maria has borne him a child, the captain will be Sir Horatio and the broad star on its ribbon will thump his chest as he bows. *En passant*, some very unpleasant things will have happened to Boney and his fell schemes, and men will say, as they say now, "Thank God we've got a navy."

I said it was by Forester. The rest is up to you, and you will need no prompting if you were brought up in the Masterman Ready tradition.

Mrs. Honoré Morrow, an American writer living in Devonshire, knew exactly what she was about when she tackled a real-life story about her daughter Felicia, "Demon Daughter" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.). "It's a record," she says, "of the struggle of a mother and daughter to work out a comfortable relationship with impossible demands on both sides; the mother insisting on moulding her child to her maternal ideals of what a satisfactory offspring should be; the daughter fighting to be entirely independent of maternal guidance or coercion; each demanding love and dutifulness from the other; neither for years able to see the other's actual self save across a seemingly impassable abyss of utterly differing characteristics. And it attempts to tell too how, eventually, Felicia and I did cross the abyss: no, more than that (to pursue the awkward metaphor), how we utterly eliminated it."

Here, then, is the whole gamut of the complicated modern mother-daughter relationship: schooldays, friendships, love affairs, frocks, chores, parties, marriage. It is patiently, honestly done, and I can't imagine any mother or daughter who will not be happier and more understanding for reading it.

My remaining three come via America; and since every blow we strike now for freedom indirectly serves Oshkosh as well as Stratford-on-Avon, they are welcome. Miss Elizabeth Page's "The Tree of Liberty" (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is in the "North-west Passage," "Gone with the Wind" class: a big-canvas story of southern families, the Howards and Peytons, in the frontiersman days when American democracy was being founded.

Mrs. Naomi Lane Babson has turned a personal China interlude to account in "All the To-morrows" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) a story of Chinese family life in upheaval through a son who adopts Western ideas, becomes a force in modern finance, and has daughters who hover uncertainly between the old world and the new. Mrs. Babson saw battles, student riots, Canton bombings; she loved the cherry-blossom China; from the transition grew her theme, which links the idyllic with the grim, the good earth with the bomber sky.

Mr. Cortland Fitzsimmons, like the girl in the song, fell for the leader of the band in planning his thriller "Sudden Silence" (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). Hal Harrison, fan-pursued leader and crooner, is warned not to take his Harmony Men to 'Frisco if he values his life.

He does so. A rival once in his band is on the platform, and in the midst of a "blues," gets a knife presumably meant for Hal. It wasn't thrown or held by any hand. How come, then? And why should a bandstand that slides, another black eye supplementing an old one, a waiter with too much dough help a woman pest of Hal's who turns detective to trail things to a sensational climax? Don't ask me; my lips are sealed. Read the story for its slick situations and quickfire dialogue, and admit—whether you guessed or not—that the chase, to loud music, was well worth while.

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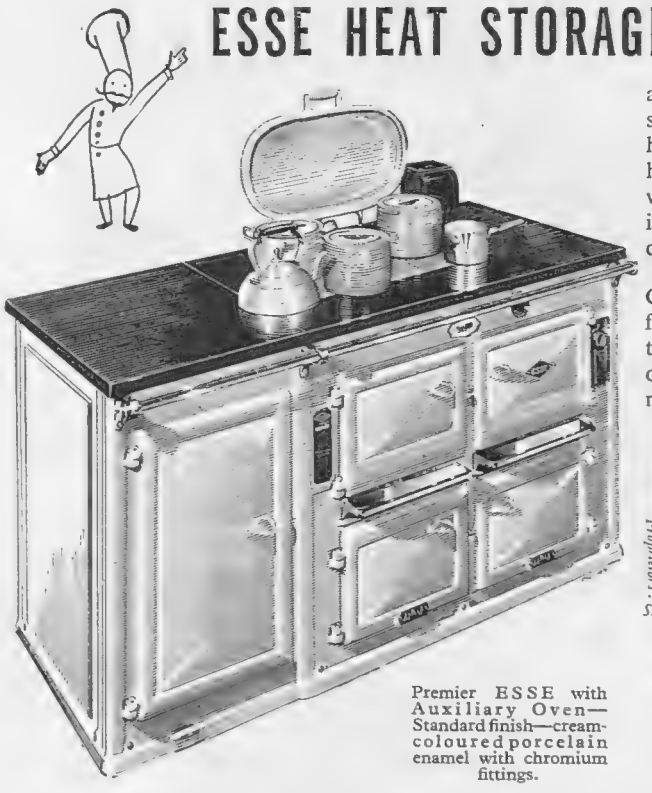

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Hearts in Concert

(*Continued from page* 37)

as long as you want me, Helen," he told her. "You know that, my dear. I don't want to quarrel. I just happen to be fond of you, and when I see you being exploited by the Grove Mortons of this world, I can't help lodging a protest. You see, I've seen so many nice girls milling their youth and talent and beauty into money. A few stand the strain and stay on top; but think of the unknown majority who burn out like brief stars and are never heard of again!"

"That's who I am thinking about," Helen returned. "If I'm to be one of them, at least I can feather my nest while I am on top. Besides, it isn't only that, Chick. All this talk about war that one hears is getting me down. England won't be an easy place to get out of if things do break. We may be trapped here for the duration; and Grove Morton says that there won't be a theatre open in London when they start enforcing blackout regulations. And that will black us out, too, Chick, and our careers!"

"There won't be a war, Helen. We mean business this time. Hitler won't be so crazy."

"God knows, I hope you're right. But I'm going to take this chance of getting to Hollywood, just the same, Chick," she said stubbornly. She paused and her voice softened: "Are you really going to desert me, Chick? I know that I've no right to ask you to come, but—well, you always have seen me through my big moments, and this—this will be the biggest of them all!"

She laid a hand gently on his arm, and the thrill of her touch burnt through Chick's veins like fire. He needed all his self-control to keep his voice steady, his head clear.

"Let's take that fence when we come to it," he said smilingly. "Ring me in the morning if anything breaks. And—good luck, Helen!"

And he turned and left her while there was still strength in him.

Chick did not go straight home as he had, at first, intended. He wandered down Piccadilly, and finally drifted into his club in search of a drink and congenial companionship.

His talk with Helen had left him in a state of spiritual gloom, for she had made it clear to him that so long as she remained preoccupied with her career, she was incapable of loving any one.

In spite of his fine words, Chick was still in love with her, and had been ever since he had discovered her in that cheap little summer concert party over two years ago. For her sake he had abandoned his own prospects, sparing nothing that might advance her professional interests.

Things had worked out splendidly until Helen had met Grove Morton. Since then Chick had been pushed aside by the swift march of Helen's fame. Not that he begrudged her that success until he began to see the effect that it was having on her. He blamed Grove Morton for that. Blamed the hard, unscrupulous nature that prompted the agent to take advantage of a girl intoxicated by her meteoric rise to the heights, damming the sweet flow of her nature, and crusting her gentle heart with a hard crust of ambition.

Nevertheless, though he still loved her, Chick had meant it when he had said that he no longer wanted to marry her. Experience had shown him only too often that a wife with a career offers, at most, a lean substitute for the abundant happiness that marriage can give. Pride over the question of money, a lack of home life and the leisure to enjoy it, and the problem of children, had wrecked many a fair start on that most difficult of human adventures. And, since Chick was a secret idealist, he preferred to wait until Helen had recovered from the growing pains of success—even at the risk of losing her altogether, than to snatch at happiness against the odds.

In the club bar-room he found a group of acquaintances arguing excitedly. "War—Poland—Hitler—Aggression—" snapped in the tobacco-blue air like little charges of electricity.

"What do you think, Chick?" they demanded, as the barman filled a tankard of beer for him.

Chick shook his head.

"Don't ask me, chaps. The whole idea of war is unthinkable. I remember the last one, and that's enough to convince me that any man who starts another is madder than a beast. Besides, with every one willing to negotiate reasonably, there's no excuse for it."

In such a gathering there is always someone who has a friend who has a friend who knows some impeccable authority at the War Office. Chick listened to these youngsters predicting, arguing and laying down the law until sheer revulsion drove him from their company into the dining-room for a quiet bite of supper.

There was only one other occupant in the room, grey-headed Major Farrier, whom Chick had known for many years. The major beckoned him over, and it was typical of him that he never once mentioned the international situation throughout the meal. Instead, he talked of Helen, whom he knew well through Chick, of their professional plans, with a sly question as to when he must start saving up for a wedding present.

Rather uncomfortably, Chick explained how matters stood, and finally, when the major rose to go, he patted Chick's shoulder and said:

"She's a good gel, Chick. She'll grow out of that nonsense. A woman who *is* a woman always settles down in the end. But if anything should occur to make your America trip impossible, look me up." And he gave Chick his card. "I shouldn't be surprised if I wasn't asked to recruit an anti-aircraft battery, if the necessity arises, and I shall be needing sound fellows like you."

And, with a cheerful good night, he took his leave.

The following morning, when Chick was reading with shocked interest of the German invasion of Poland, the bedside telephone rang shrilly.

"Is that you, Chick?" Helen's voice was bubbling with excitement. "Chick, I've landed it! Grove Morton fixed it all last night. We're to meet Paluski at Grove's office at noon to-day to sign the contract. Isn't it marvellous!"

"Marvellous," Chick agreed without enthusiasm. "Have you seen this morning's news?"

"News? . . . What news?"

Gently, Chick explained. Germany had invaded Poland, and Great Britain had sent an ultimatum to the German Chancellor.

There was a pause, then Helen said irritably: "All very dramatic, Chick, but I can't see what it's got to do with our going to America!"

"Can't you? Well, you may later, Helen. Unless I'm mistaken, we'll be at war before you can buy a passage to Southend."

He heard her catch her breath.

"But that's impossible, Chick! They can't stop us going! It's the biggest thing that's ever happened to me!"

"Bigger than war, Helen?"

"Oh, don't be *stupid*, Chick!" she cried exasperatedly. "I don't know what you've got to be so calm about, anyway! Don't you see that you'll be dragged into it?"

"It's more than probable," Chick admitted.

"Oh, Chick, listen! This is no time for heroics. We've got to get out from under. Are you dressed? Well, get dressed, and come round to the flat at once. While you're on your way, I'll get in touch with Grove Morton. We'll rush the contract through as quickly as possible. He'll get passports for us, and buy our passages——"

"I'm sorry, Helen, but you'll have to count me out," Chick said quietly. "I'm not being heroic. Far from it. But one

can't just make a bolt for it when things are so critical. If you were a man, you'd see how impossible it is."

There was another pause, longer this time; then Helen said: "Chick—will you come with me if I marry you on the boat?"

For an instant the blood thundered in Chick's ears. The temptation was stupendous. Then his jaw set.

"That's very sweet of you, Helen. But I still can't come!"

She lost her temper, then. She called him a stubborn fool. Who did he think he was, that England could not fight a war without him. Besides, there might not be a war. There was still a chance that Hitler might climb down.

"I hope you're right," Chick said. "If so, I shall be only too glad to come with you, my dear. But I must wait until we know for certain one way or the other."

"And what if I won't wait?" she challenged dangerously.

Chick heaved a deep sigh.

"Then, of course, you'll go without me," he said; and heard, with a feeling of inward sickness, the angry snap of the receiver as she hung up, for there was a finality about it that echoed desolately to the depths of his being.

Through that long, anxious Saturday, Chick hung restlessly about near his radio, waiting for news, hoping that Helen would telephone, if only to tell him of her plans. But he heard nothing, until, after a sleepless night, at eleven o'clock on the Sunday morning, Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, in a voice of tragic sadness, informed the nation that Great Britain was at war with Hitlerism.

It did not occur to Chick to dash out into the streets, to Buckingham Palace, or Downing Street, where Londoners throng in times of national emergency. He had been through all that before in August, 1914, as a child clinging to his father's hand. He lunched quietly in his rooms, and tried again and again to contact Helen on the telephone, without success.

There was still hope in his heart that now that the die was cast she might have changed her mind. And even if she had not, he hated the thought of parting without wishing her goodbye and god-speed.

Finally, he gave it up, and went along to his club in the hope of hearing news of her.

The club was empty. Even the hall porter was missing.

"Army Reserve, sir," the girl in the office told him. "The telegram came at lunch-time!"

"Has Major Farrier been in?"

"No, sir."

Then Chick remembered the major's card, and put a call through to his private address.

A woman's voice answered him. The major was not at home. As far as she knew, he could be found at the Rackham Street Territorial Drill Hall.

Chick thanked her, and went to Rackham Street by bus. He found himself facing a tall, brick building, bedecked with peace time military posters advising young men to join the Modern Army. On one leaf of the folding doors was a small sign saying:

"HEADQUARTERS Nth. LIGHT A.A. BATTERY."

A group of lads in civilian clothes were hanging about outside, and Chick approached and spoke to the nearest.

"You don't happen to know if there's a Major Farrier inside?" he asked.

"Farrier? I don't know, chum! There's a fellow inside signing up recruits. He may know."

Thanking him, Chick entered the hall hesitantly. At the far end a scatter of men of all ages lounged about chattering, bending over a radio, playing a desultory game of darts. At a table on a raised stage several important looking people with white brassards on their arms were dealing with a file of would-be gunners.

Uncertain what to do, for he had by no means decided to enlist then and there, Chick hung about until he was able to get in a word to one of those busy officials.

"We're expecting (*Continued on page* 84)

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the major back at any time," he was told.

"If you'd care to wait . . . ?"

Chick found a chair, lit a cigarette, and sat down to wait. A fine looking lot of lads these volunteers: straight-limbed, clear-eyed youngsters, signing away the comfort of their private lives, their personal ambitions, the company of their wives, children and sweethearts, cheerfully to defend that great tradition of liberty and justice for which their country stood.

A strange, but magnificent race, Chick thought, with a sudden warm feeling of pride and oneness. Peace loving, kindly, humourous, the staunchest of comrades, yet so terrible in war when their righteous passions were aroused, so determined in the pursuit of victory, that only a madman would have dared to take up arms against them.

"It would teach Helen something if she could be here with me now," he thought wistfully. "She wouldn't want to run away to America. These men are England. And behind them stand a thousand generations of crusaders' wives with hearts finely wrought out of love, sacrifice and courage. The unconquerable mates of unconquerable men, proud to give their all in defence of right and truth, their homes and their country"

And Helen was made of that same splendid stuff—he knew it! She wouldn't go now. He knew that she wouldn't go.

"*Oh, Helen, don't go!*" he prayed.

He found himself muttering into a sudden silence, and came out of his thoughts to find the men about him stiffened to some semblance of attention. There was a sharp click of heels on the echoing floor, and through them came an officer in the King's uniform, and as Chick rose, he saw the keen face and grey-flecked temples of Major Farrier.

He took a step forward, and seeing him, the major came towards him with a smile of welcome.

"Good old Chick!" he exclaimed. "I knew you'd be along to help me. That is why you're here, isn't it?"

A voice that he did not recognise, said: "Yes, sir, if you need me."

"Need you? I need half a dozen like you. We've been signing on recruits since noon—the finest bunch of lads it's been my luck to see. It's going to be a crack battery, Chick. You'll be proud all your life of having joined it!"

Chick grinned.

"I believe I shall, sir," he said.

IN the days that followed, Chick scarcely found time to eat or sleep. As Major Farrier's orderly, he chased hither and thither in pursuit of stores and equipment for the rapidly growing body of men. Within a week the battery was at wartime strength, and they were turning disappointed men away, while the recruits marched to their drill in a nearby park with a swing that already had a true military precision.

Yet, never had Chick welcomed a full day so gladly. He felt that he could stand anything save the company of his own thoughts. Ever since he had seen, tucked away in a corner of a lean newspaper, the news that Helen Dewer, the well-known concert and radio star had signed a prolific contract with a leading American movie corporation, his heart had plumbed the depths of despond.

In spite of their quarrel, in spite of her apparent determination to ignore the war and continue her career, Chick had never truly believed that Helen would go away. And now, he knew that she *was* going, and his bitter disappointment in her shook him to the soul. It wasn't because he had lost her that he suffered: a gunner earning two shillings a day was in no position to marry any one; but it was the thought that, after all, she was just a poor, shallow creature, that seemed so tragic, for it made the last two years a mockery of wasted sacrifice, wasted love.

In due course the battery was embodied, and its organisation fully developed. To his surprise, Chick found himself recommended for a commission. "It requires more than raw courage and obvious leadership to run an army," the major explained. "Tact, sympathy, understanding, and the gift of good fellowship are pearls without price, Chick, when it comes to handling men."

Chick did not quite grasp his meaning, but modestly promised to do his best. He had always found it easy to rub along in a world of men. Within a month he knew the name and some of the history of every gunner in the battery, and every day it seemed that the unit developed personality and charm.

War, he began to realise, bound men in a bond of common service, levelling class, putting the highest premium on good humour, mental alertness, and a fine spirit of co-operation. And he began to see why such men had always been unconquerable, for neither fear nor force directed their consciences. The subtle arguments of statesmen did not complicate their simple faith. The issue was plain: their King and Country needed them, and for the sake and in the name of sacred Liberty they cheerfully shouldered the burdens of the whole world.

One evening as they crawled home through the blackout Major Farrier said: "Chick, the sergeant-major has suggested an informal battery concert—a kind of get-together affair to pull the shy ones out of their shell. He tells me that there is quite a lot of talent in the battery, and if we can rake in a few good outside artistes, and provide unlimited beer, we ought to have a big success."

"I think it's a grand idea, sir," Chick concurred heartily.

"That's good, because I'm depending on you to do your stuff at the piano, and to use your influence with your theatrical pals. If you could get hold of Helen Dewer. . . ."

In the darkness, Chick flushed darkly.

"You—you'll have to count her out, sir," he said. "As far as I know she sailed for America at the outbreak of the war."

"America?" exclaimed Major Farrier—and almost ran down a special constable. "But I thought—" Then he broke off with a soft oath, and apologised.

"It's all right, sir," said Chick lightly. "I thought so, too, at one time, but we were both wrong. I suppose you can't blame a girl for wanting to get out from under in times like these."

"Rubbish!" the major snapped hotly. "This isn't just a soldier's war—it's everybody's war! Every man and woman in the country will be needed. Helen was an entertainer; and when you get to know more about the men, you'll realise the tremendous importance of keeping up their spirits, and protecting them from the boredom of routine jobs and duties. In the last war your profession gave good service, and will again."

Of course, Chick agreed. The major's words merely bore out his own secret convictions; and although his own desire to have Helen near was far less patriotic, he was not blind to that angle on Helen's behaviour.

A few days later his commission was officially gazetted, and orders came through that he and another officer in the battery should leave on a special course of intensive training at once. In consequence, he had no time to run around engaging friends for the concert. He scribbled a few notes, rushed about buying his uniform and equipment, and departed.

He did not return until the day of the concert in the drill hall. Weary from much disjointed travelling, and the mental strain of cramming weeks of lectures and demonstrations into a few days, he reported to Major Farrier by phone as soon as he had fed and bathed.

"Glad to have you back, Chick. Those friends of yours have been heroes. The show starts at seven-thirty, and they tell me it's going to be tremendous!"

When Chick arrived he found the hall crowded with chattering, stamping men, eager for the fun and beer in store. The sergeants set the ball rolling with a rollicking soldier's song; there was a violinist of considerable talent who held them spell-bound with some light, classical pieces; a fair tenor; and then a pair of the cleverest comedians in London who, with the aid of a scratch bunch of ex-dance band musicians culled from the battery, had the hall rocking with popular choruses, old and new.

There was no doubt of the show's success. After the refreshments the men really let themselves go. Finally, the major mounted the stage 'mid a roar of applause that revealed his personal popularity with heart-warming thoroughness.

"Boys," he said, grinning down at them like a benevolent uncle, "it's been a fine show. And now, as a special treat, I've got a grand surprise for you. None other than the famous Miss Helen Dewer, accompanied by her favourite pianist, Lieutenant Penworth!"

And while the cheers echoed like thunder about him, Chick came unsteadily to his feet, as Helen came from the wings, smiling into his eyes as she had never smiled before.

"Will you play for me, Chick?" she whispered.

He sat down without a word, and found an opening chord more by luck than selection. Like a man in a dream he did his part; and not until he heard the pure beauty of her voice pouring across the floats, erected so proudly by the battery electrician, could he really believe that it was Helen in the flesh.

Five songs she sang—sang as she had never sung—and the boys would not let her go. She bound them in chains with each song. Never, even upon a luxurious West End stage, before people who had paid heavily to hear her, had she had such a magnificent success. She rose above the appalling acoustics of that echoing, smoke-filled hall, the crude stage and brick background, like the great artiste she was, and her voice was the spirit of song itself.

Then, finally, when still they begged for just one more, she turned to Chick, and he saw that her smile was wet with tears.

"Just one more, Chick," she whispered. "I'd like to sing an old one if you know it."

"Which one?"

Her hand rested on his khaki shoulder for a moment of meaning pressure.

"It's called *Keep The Home Fires Burning*, Chick," she said huskily.

Their eyes met, and Chick nodded understandingly. Then he faced the piano, and crashed triumphantly into the old familiar tune.

"*There's a silver lining . . .*
Through the dark cloud shining . . ."

In his seat in the front row, the major sniffed and blew his nose. A silver lining . . . and Chick and Helen had found it. Grand boy—grand girl!

END

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Summer in February

(*Continued from page* 56)

bowl, sprinkle with chopped parsley or chervil, and dress with oil and vinegar—three parts oil to only one part vinegar for this salad.

And here's an idea for spinning out the fresh French beans—mix them with an equal quantity of white haricot beans. Cook them separately, drain and mix in a saucepan. Add a generous piece of margarine and toss the beans in it until it is well melted. Add chopped parsley before serving.

FRENCH PEAS

For this recipe, choose any grade of peas you like. If you use the small-sized carton, take a lettuce cut in quarters, four or five button onions, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper, and half a pint of water. Add a bunch of herbs if you like.

Put all in a saucepan and boil very slowly, with the lid on, for about three-quarter hour, adding more water if necessary. Remove the bouquet and any excess liquid before dishing up. Add a few dabs of margarine, and serve.

ASPARAGUS

You might make an omelette with a few cooked asparagus tops—you can buy it frozen in three varieties: green, white and tips—which you fry in margarine before adding the eggs

But there is no better way of serving it than plain boiled, with a melted butter sauce. Margarine will provide a worthy stand-in if you prefer not to stake your butter ration on it.

SNAPSHOT SUGGESTIONS

Put cooked French beans in a baking dish, pour over a savoury custard, and bake. A good lunch dish, easy to digest and of high food value. (Regulo Mark 1.)

Or sauté the cooked French beans with margarine. Cook lightly at this stage; don't fry. Add pepper, salt and chopped parsley before serving.

Apples with frozen black currants make a pleasant purée. Add a little sherry and lemon juice, and serve with sponge fingers.

Red currants and raspberries go well together in a flan. And so much the better if you can add some vanilla-flavoured whipped cream.

Strawberries, thinly-sliced apple and a little grapefruit juice makes a delicious fruit salad.

No cooking is suggested for the fruit in any of these recipes. You'll want to enjoy their fresh-picked flavour.

END

Five o'clock is News Again

(*Continued from page* 53)

with conspicuous success before rationing came into operation.

The plainest madeira or sponge cake can be given a glamorous appearance and a more interesting flavour by the addition of a simple icing. Here is one that will make the plainest cake seem exciting.

Boil 12 oz. of castor sugar with 5 tablespoons of water until a temperature of 238 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. Beat 2 egg whites stiffly, then pour on the hot syrup. Beat until the mixture is clear, add flavouring and cover the cake.

At a party for a number of people, separate pots of tea for lovers of a strong brew and of the other kind is the only possible way. You cannot possibly produce both weak and strong tea from the same pot, and nothing is more nauseating than a mid-way brew.

Remember some like Indian, some prefer China. Have both milk and lemon on your tray.

Since tea parties have come back again as a popular form of entertaining, let us do them well. We have the appointments, we have the setting and we have a tradition to help us.

Let us get something out of this war if it's only a nice cup of tea.

END

Light up—and Smile!

"Patriotic men and women," said Mr. Churchill in a famous broadcast, *"must not only rise above fear, they must also rise above inconvenience and boredom."*

Not always easy—but here is one effective aid. Light up your home. Ease your eyes and your temper by making your rooms the cheerful places that they used to be. You've no need to cut down on electricity; see your black-out is complete and—Light up and smile! Pearl Osram Lamps, 40 and 60 watt, 1/7; 100 watt, 2/-.

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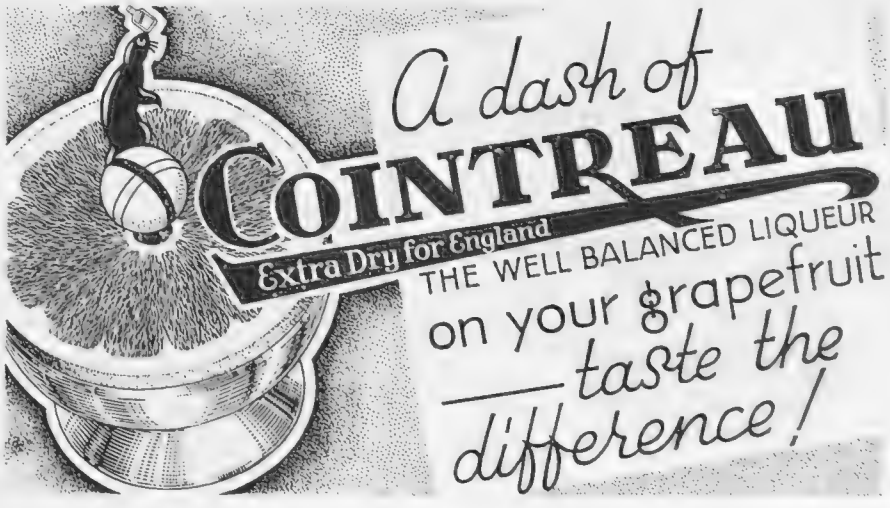

Sweepers of the Deep (*Continued from page 7*)

abreast. More rarely, a vessel does its sweeping alone by means of the "Orepesa" apparatus which is based on the usual trawling principle. The sweep wire is kept in place by kites so that it doesn't foul the side of the ship. As she moves forward the sweep works up and down the minefield ready to get its teeth into the mine cable.

More often, two vessels haul a sweep between them, linked by a wire. "Otter" boards are used to maintain the wire at the required depth. Meanwhile the navigator has to be careful to keep in position. If one boat moves too far forward she may be signing her partner's death warrant. A mine picked up by the one in front has been known to slide off and blow up the vessel behind.

The most effective method is to sweep six abreast. Together these "Hoovers" can clean up nearly 1,200 yards at a time, but it is a job demanding clever seamanship and the patience of Job. To turn with safety they must move with the precision and smoothness of soldiers on the parade ground. The vessel on the inside edge must practically "stand at ease" while the others turn slowly, each varying her speed according to her position.

In cold print minesweeping appears to be a simple matter of cutting a cable and exploding the mine, but in practice it is a job that demands deadly accuracy and great technical skill. Watch the quiet efficiency of the crews as their craft put out to sea. As soon as they are clear of the mainland the signal—three black balls—goes up on the yard-arm. They warn other vessels that minesweepers are in action. The twenty men on board don their life-jackets and get busy. Steel ropes run smoothly into the grey water. Yard after yard is run off from an enormous drum on deck. The vessel next astern creeps stealthily alongside and picks it up. Meanwhile, the "kite" keeps the wire running at a wide angle. Over the side goes the porpoise-like paravane that will see that the wire is kept properly afloat. At last the vessels are in position and ready to patrol their "beat."

While the wire party is busy others on board are also on the alert. "Sparks"—always snub-nosed and cheeky!—is at the radio, ready to receive warnings or distress signals. Another man is watching a dial that will tell him if there is some strain on the wire. If the needle moves, something has been caught in the jagged teeth attached to the sweep wire.

Instantly there is a thrill of excitement. It may only be a bit of wreckage that has been netted, but more often that tell-tale tug means that the wire has run into a mine cable. In a few seconds the sharp teeth have severed one of Hitler's murder mines from its underwater lair. The sweep drags it along for a while and then releases it. Slowly it bobs to the surface, its ugly snouts poking in every direction like a gangster at bay.

The danger is not yet past. While it remains unexploded the mine holds a cargo of death. Men—crack shots all—stand with rifles poised. Under their steel helmets their eyes watch the sinister target. They take aim, careful not to sight one of the horns. To hit one might be dangerous if the mine is pretty close.

"Steady . . . Fire!" shouts the officer.

Crack! . . . crack! A tremendous explosion followed by a great spurt of water as another Nazi mine goes to the bottom.

The work goes on. The ocean is wide and minelayers may be busy elsewhere. To-morrow this same area may have to be swept again. That very night a submarine may be dealing out death once more.

Nor is this merely a business of keeping the seas clear. Our gallant trawlers may find themselves menaced by foes even more deadly than mines. At any moment an enemy plane may drone overhead. The gong will sound the call to action. Quickly a searchlight will poke into the dark skies. Zigzagging for safety the boats dodge the bombs, any one of which can blow them to bits. But they are not powerless. Expert gun crews sight their powerful Lewis guns ready to give a good account of themselves.

The minesweepers nose through the dark seas. Below some of the men are relaxing after a long spell of duty. One man is washing his feet. Another is snoozing in his hammock. A couple of tough fishermen are playing shove ha'penny with grim determination. Over in the corner someone is absorbed in his football pool coupon. A red-faced trawlerman from the Humber is reading an Edgar Wallace. He throws it down in disgust as the bell rings.

Up on deck they are watching all the time. Nobody says much. At this time of the year the job is no picnic. The wind roars in their ears and lashes their cheeks with relentless ferocity. With eyes smarting painfully and fingers numbed they carry on, hour after hour. Arctic waves sweep over the decks as the tiny craft grapple with mountainous seas.

But all these brave men are comforted by the knowledge that we still rule the waves although Hitler may waive the rules! Throughout their grim patrol they are aware of Britain's might on the high seas. Our minelayers creep by, fully loaded. In the distance one can make out the majestic line of a British convoy. Every detail of speed, tonnage and equipment has been worked out before the ships move sedately into the war zone. From the bridge, through our binoculars, we can discern the graceful outline of the warship escorts. Little tugs fuss around them, carrying last minute instructions.

As it gets darker the lights on the minesweeper are shaded and a tense eerie feeling steals over the craft. The lookout hears an engine popping not far away. It is one of our 50 m.p.h. miniature "warships"—a motor boat patrol carrying depth charges, torpedoes and light guns. Streaking across the water she is watching for the glint of a periscope, ready to warn the neighbouring convoy.

The watch is never relaxed for an instant. At any moment the delicate hydrometer may reveal the sinister throbbing of a U-boat. These tough fishermen will fight to the last shot, but there is little chance unless one of our bombers happens to be near. Overwhelmed, the trawler makes a last desperate stand. Her bullets plop like popcorn in the dark sea. With a crash that can be heard for miles the torpedo finds its mark and the trawler splits like an apple. Bodies hurtle into the sea. Men still on deck, knowing the ordeal that lies ahead, grab desperately for warm clothes. Soon they are bobbing about in the angry sea waiting to be picked up. There is no hysteria, no frenzied praying. Comrades bump against each other in the dark and huddle together for warmth.

"'Ope that rescue boat will be along," says one man between chattering teeth. "Me feet are getting wet!"

"Bill, you all right?" shouts someone.

Bill seems to be all right because he starts singing "Roll out the barrel," and the others soon join in. Most of them are half dead, exhausted and frozen, when they are at last picked up, but in a day or two they are out again hunting for mines.

In the last war they swept up over 43,000 mines and lost 214 boats in doing so. Mr. Churchill, while paying tribute to the spirit of these sturdy seamen, has reminded us that some of his most cherished plans had to be abandoned "because the sweepers were inadequate both in numbers and efficiency." The Admiralty will not be held up again for the same reason. Our minesweeping fleet is fast and carries useful gun armament. Specially equipped motor vessels are now in commission and will soon be able to replace the heaviest casualties.

In modern warfare—whether on land, at sea or in the air—trained men are even more important than weapons. Whatever lies in store for us in the coming months we can rely upon our fishermen. They are men of strong nerves, ready to face a risky but essential job at a moment's notice.

When I look back upon some of the trawlermen I have met since the war started, two snapshots pass constantly before my mind's eye. The first features a battered old seadog who was listening to a radio account of Hitler's magnetic mine. His comment was brief but characteristic.

"That's goin' to make things hard for old Goering wearin' all those medals!" he laughed.

Then there was the sailor who had been picked up after his boat had been hit by one of these murder mines. Clad only in a football jersey, which he had just managed to pick up as he jumped into the sea, he must have been half frozen. But nothing could defeat his native cheerfulness.

"Hullo, lads," he greeted the rescue party, pointing to his striped shirt. "I'm playin' for Newcastle this season!"

That spirit is typical of Britain's trawlermen. Day after day they continue to fish for mines with the same phlegmatic air they adopt towards plaice or herrings.

END

The Tyrant of Pistoja (*Continued from page 17*)

Julian is dressing now, twisting the roses in his hair—until to-night."

He kissed her face, her throat, her hands, he went from her unsteadily, dazzled and elate. Outside he met Farinata: "Have you seen the duke?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Still unsuspecting?"

"Yes—laughing—leaning on the arm of the Florentine."

"He will wear no mail to-night."

"So Braccio says, and if he doth?"

"If he doth?"

"Hush, there is always the throat."

"And he is very young, Farinata."

"Yes, I have no fear."

They went into the garden and walked up and down, exchanging few words; they watched the palace windows lit. Silvestro looked at the lamp burning in Giovanna's window and the faint radiance it cast upon the night. Below lay Pistoja, the city lights gleaming among the houses. The purple night blazed golden with stars and a nightingale broke into singing faintly, the only sound save the rustle of the wind in the thick folds of the banner of the della Bella as it fluttered over the palace.

Now and then a bat flew past, trembling in the stillness.

In silence the two paced up and down the marble flags.

Presently voices rose, amid the first jangle of lutes being tuned and made ready, and bright garments flashed in the open windows.

Farinata paused.

"Not so long now! Not so long!"

"No, the guests arrive."

They went slowly back and re-entered the palace.

Under the bronze and jewelled lamp in the great hall stood a lady in violet, with fluttering wings affixed to her shoulders; she talked to a masked cavalier.

An imp in black and gold ran across the polished floor, leading a girl wreathed with red roses.

"Where is Giovanna?" whispered Silvestro.

"Hush!" said Farinata. "The duke!"

At the far door stood Julian della Bella. Over his striped orange mantle he wore a

leopard skin, round his hair a close wreath of laurel. He suddenly looked across at Farinata and smiled. Silvestro's fingers fondled his dagger under cover of his cloak, the two swung off through the gathering crowd.

Low murmuring laughter rose and the words of a song :

"*Love from Heaven wandered far,*
With weary feet, with weary feet,
Until he came to Pistoja,
And found it sweet, and found it sweet."

The conspirators made their way through the masquers, they saw Giovanna standing before an open window, robed in a gown of a wonderful blue interchanged with silver; from the purple riband round her brow rose two peacock feathers.

"*Beauty forsook her silver car*
To roam the earth, to roam the earth,
Until she came to Pistoja,
And found its worth, and found its worth."

Giovanna glanced towards Silvestro as he passed, while the lutes began, her hand beating time to their music, and the message of her eyes was love and daring.

"*Joy flew from a golden star*
To settle here, to settle here,
Within the courts of Pistoja
In the spring o' the year, in the spring o' the year."

The words grew faint in the distance. The two men had encountered the western gallery, a lonely place, sequestered and but little used.

"We are too soon," said Farinata, "Braccio will not have taken the message yet."

One lamp burned under the picture of St. Catherine. Silvestro set the window open. Below it in the courtyard directly beneath was the weed-grown ash heap.

"He will fall soft," said Silvestro, and set the window wider.

Farinata trimmed the lamp.

"Why does not Giovanna come?"

"She cannot get away, it is still early."

The sound of dancing feet came to them.

"*Until he came to Pistoja,*
And found it sweet, and found it sweet."

"Perhaps he will suspect the lure," whispered Silvestro.

"I have no fear," said Farinata.

The night air blowing through the open window made the lamp wick flicker in the socket and cast great waving shadows down the corridor. They passed to and fro beneath the picture of the saint.

"She comes," said Silvestro, pausing at a footfall.

"It is the dwarf."

Slowly in his lurching, uneven gait, Braccio entered the circle of the light.

"You come from Giovanna?" asked Silvestro.

The dwarf looked up, he had the yellow ribbon round his neck, and as he spoke fingered the ends.

"I told the duke what you bade me," he said, "I told him a lady waited here. I let him think it was Constanza del Admari, who has spurned him so long, Madonna Giovanna heard me."

"Well?" said Farinata.

"He said, lord, he could not come; that he would be missed and followed; then she, Madonna Giovanna, bade her brother change mantles with her, so that the crowd should still see the orange and the leopard skin and think the duke still among them, my lord."

"So he comes—in her guise?"

"Yes, lord, in the blue mantle with the peacock's feathers on his brow."

"Ah," cried Farinata, "And she?"

"She cannot leave the crowd, she keeps in play in her brother's mantle. Lord, but he comes quickly."

"And this is her message, good fool?"

"Yes, she bids you strike that instant when the blue mantle comes within the lamplight."

"She has planned with a fine wit," said Farinata loosening his dagger.

Braccio, the dwarf, turned and limped away.

The singing came loudly into their solitude :

"*Within the courts of Pistoja,*
In the spring o' the year, in the spring o' the year."

(*Continued on page* 88)

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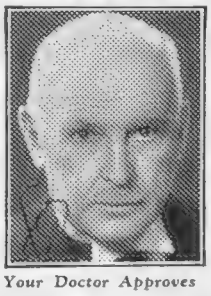

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"By all the gods," breathed Silvestro, "he comes!"

They drew back into the shadow of the wall, there was a faint tinkle as Silvestro's poignard slipped its sheath.

The air was full of the distant melody of music and dancing and all the heavy perfume of the night.

"Now!" panted Silvestro.

There was a glimmer of a blue mantle on a slender figure, a light footstep, the shadow of two peacock's plumes upon the wall.

Farinata overturned the light.

Silvestro struck at the blue mantle; the duke wore no mail, he fell without a word and Farinata's dagger sank to the hilt in his heart.

"Done!" cried Silvestro and struck at the fallen body again.

"Quick!" said Farinata.

They lifted the limp, entangled mass of draperies to the window, and thrust it over, huddled and shapeless it crashed over the rail and into the ash heap below.

Silvestro leant out and looked down.

It was the work of a second, there had been neither struggle nor outcry—the duke had been slain as easily as a rabbit.

Silvestro drew his head in and wiped his dagger.

"*Beauty forsook her silver car,*
To roam the earth, to roam the earth."

"Giovanna, Giovanna," cried Silvestro triumphantly, "the thing is done."

He rushed down the corridor with Farinata at his heels.

The music, the laughter and the soft voices burst upon them.

"Giovanna, Giovanna."

His voice rang through the revels.

"Giovanna, Giovanna."

"Rouse the city!" cried Farinata. "The thing is done!"

The coloured swirl of dancers ceased at their wild entry.

"Giovanna, Giovanna."

Silvestro held out his hand with the blood on it, and the masquers laughed, and, dancing still, fell away before him.

"Dear Lord!" cried Farinata suddenly.

On a dais hung with purple and roses stood Julian della Bella with his hand on his hip; the orange mantle fell open over his linked armour. By his side stood Braccio, the dwarf, with his fingers on the yellow ribbon.

Silvestro reeled back among the crowd; the tyrant of Pistoja looked at him and smiled:

"What have you done with her?" he said.

"Giovanna!" shrieked Silvestro.

Julian laughed.

"Giovanna!" sobbed Silvestro.

From the next chamber came the sound of the silvery lutes, the beat of the dancers' feet was round him.

"*Love from Heaven wandered far,*
With weary feet, with weary feet."

The duke took up the song, and the revellers clasping hands and circling round Silvestro, joined in with mocking voices:

"*Until he came to Pistoja,*
And found it sweet, and found it sweet."

Silvestro fought his way through them, burst the chain of dancers and came to the rose-strewn dais.

"The dwarf!" yelled he, "the evil dwarf hath betrayed us!"

"Well," he said, "you and she tossed for a heavy stake, Lord Silvestro—and lost." He laughed again: "Go to her, true lover, where she waits for you; you are free to go—you and Farinata."

"She is dead!" cried Farinata.

The tyrant of Pistoja put his hand on the dwarf's sleeve.

"We planned it so, did we not, my Braccio."

The dwarf cowered before Silvestro's staring eyes.

"I did it for the ribbon," he whimpered, "because he gave me the ribbon."

The viols and lutes again rose triumphantly, delicately, sobbingly, keeping time to the dancing, the singing, and the laughter—and Giovanna? Giovanna?

Silvestro dashed from the room, with the music in his ears and horror chilling his blood.

"Giovanna!"

The Italian night was ablaze with stars, the banners of the della Bella waved idly against them; distant Pistoja glittered with lights through the purple below him, he fled blindly across the gardens, striking down the roses in his path.

Still was the distant melody beating on his brain.

The Tyrant of Pistoja

"*Within the courts of Pistoja,*
In the spring o' the year, in the spring o' the year."

He came to the yard at the back of the palace, against the wall a lantern hung. He snatched it from its place and stumbled on. He came to the ash heap beneath the window.

"Giovanna!"

What had she said—"I think that I should know when my death drew so near."

Ah, Madonna! She was lying there with the peacock's feathers on her brow and the dust and ashes over her beautiful garments, twisted cruelly, with her blind eyes gazing at the stars, lying prone on the refuse and the tall rank weeds; flung there a useless thing. Oh! Giovanna!

Thrust deep into her breasts glittered her two dagger hilts and a little slow blood showed round her temples where he had struck blindly the first time.

To-morrow! What had she said of to-morrow?

He dropped the lantern on the flagstones, and fell forward blindly against the palace wall above her. The sun—now there was no need for the sun ever to rise again, let Pistoja sink in darkness, let the stars go out and the moon split in twain . . . Giovanna.

The sounds of the heedless festival came through the dark. Julian della Bella was well avenged. There was the devil's mockery in the unbroken beat of the music and the unstilled dance.

"*Within the courts of Pistoja,*
In the spring o' the year, in the spring o' the year."

He fell to his knees beside her and caught the hair up to his lips.

To-morrow! What had she said of to-morrow?

"Ah! I will ride his white horse through the streets." A sob shook him, he set his teeth in the end of her curls. Giovanna.

And still there rose the haunting refrain of the music from the tyrant of Pistoja's festival:

"*Love from Heaven wandered far,*
With weary feet, with weary feet,
Until he came to Pistoja,
And found it sweet, and found it sweet."

END

Nervy People (*Continued from page 40*)

the body is calling for and passes without waste immediately into the blood stream, *acting with the force of a transfusion*. Not only does it generate, it also liberates power.

Other carrot juices either contain preservative or have been pasteurised. Now, although pasteurisation does not damage their Vitamin A and D content, it does damage certain vital elements in the vegetable which facilitate the assimilation of A and D. That is the difference.

Honey, again, is almost all-important. It should never be absent from the table of those who are over forty. For one thing it delays the hardening of the walls of the arteries. Old age is mainly due to this hardening which slows down all processes. Honey is full of life-giving salts in the form of herbal essences. In this form they cannot fail to be assimilated.

Sleeplessness is prevalent at this time of the year. This again arises from the state of the nerves, and for this, juice of St. John's Wort provides an aromatic, non-habit-forming sleeping draught. It is not a drug, neither does it dull nor deaden, it composes, most peacefully, after which a natural sleep creeps in.

BENGER'S, the carefully-balanced, all-in-one night food is easy on the digestion because it is pre-digested. Take one cup at bedtime, if you have been inadequately fed during the day, and you can count on having full sustenance at night, with sound sleep as well.

PHOSFERINE is the never-failing pick-me-up which lightens burdens and makes you happy at your work. It is an indispensable tonic for those who cannot be replaced at their jobs, or who have no time to stop. Phosferine Tonic Wine, stimulating and soothing, is splendid for insomnia, a restorative to jaded nerves.

SANATOGEN is indisputably a great nerve-builder. A marvellous tonic if you feel in that in-between, not-well-not-ill stage. If really ill, it will lift you out of the rut and set you on the high road of health. Convalescents cannot do without it.

END

Pleasure Hunt (*Continued from page 5*)

Seymour Hicks told me that story one night over dinner.

The Christmas of 1914 approached. Sir George Arthur, Kitchener's secretary, had got hold of Seymour, and it was all fixed to send a party over to France in time for Christmas and the New Year. Seymour Hicks co-opted Mr. W. H. ("Billy") Boardman, the vaudeville entrepreneur, and Boardman gathered a company which included Ellaline Terris, Gladys Cooper, Ben Davies, and several others. But then a telegram arrived from the war zone. The Commander-in-Chief of the French armies considered such performances undesirable. Besides, "operations will not permit."

Whether, in fact, French and Joffre had been in conference on this momentous question, remains one of the Great War secrets as yet undivulged. More probably some British staff officer handled the matter, and sent the War Office that telegram.

In any case, Kitchener grandly over-rode both commanders-in-chief, and sent the necessary orders covering reception and schedule, and off went Hicks and company to entertain the troops in the field, too late for Christmas, but just in time for the New Year.

They did wonders. They crossed in a gale, and within two or three hours of disembarking were giving a concert in the fish market at Wimereux. Seymour, who had suffered in the wild crossing, remembered very little of that performance except the pervading odour of stale tobacco smoke and dead fish.

The company sang, danced, cracked their jokes in hospitals and town halls, schools, barns, *estaminets*, railway crossings, hotels, and in the open air during unsalubrious weather. The stage was often planks laid across bully beef boxes. Once there was nearly a riot. It was at a rest camp where about ten thousand Tommies, many of them still mud caked from the trenches, were apprised that the four ladies of the party could not reach the stage owing to the intervening mud—it lay two feet deep in some spots. The officer in charge stopped the rush in its initial stage by calling on the front row of troops, and making them toss for the

privilege of carrying the ladies over the quagmire.

Gladys Cooper caught cold, but carried on. Winnie Hudson collapsed in Rouen and was left behind in hospital. And on arrival back in England, Seymour Hicks was carried off the boat and into a nursing home. Such is the nutshell history of the first deliberate, organised entertaining of fighting men, in a battle zone, with the object of maintaining or improving their morale, and consequently their fighting powers.

In the current war, there was no delay, and no protesting wires came from Lord Gort and Marshal Gamelin. Sir Seymour Hicks played a role he already knew by his Great War experience; and the only difference between this time, and the first time, was that the star came from vaudeville and not musical comedy—she was Gracie Fields.

We are becoming more intelligent about entertainment. The example of the Glasgow magistrates, in ordering pub closing two hours earlier, at 8 p.m., has not been generally followed. Great efforts are being made to alleviate the blackout conditions by "moonlight" street lighting, and shielded reading lamps in trains. The entertainment industry, knocked off its feet by the first war regulation, has been restored to its proper place in the national wartime set-up. The supply of celluloid escapist entertainment is no longer cut off at 6 p.m.

But all this is not due to generosity, or frivolity, on the part of the authorities we have set up to run things for us in our democracy. It is explained by a discovery, and a realisation. The discovery is that pleasure in all its aspects is a gigantic business, which cannot be ruined without creating economic, financial and social problems of a dangerous character. The realisation is that the habit of entertainment is now so interwoven into the lives of the people of our industrial civilisation, that a shut down, or even a very severe curtailment, must act as a tremendous and progressively operative depressant, comparable to the effect of news of severe reverses in the fighting zones on land, at sea, and in the air.

Meantime, the entrepreneurs of pleasure in all its branches are wondering what the wartime public wants. My publisher friends confidently forecast a great book boom, thanks to the inadequacy of the radio as an entertainment medium. But none seem to know just what people will want to read. One said: "Oh, anything." He may be right.

I recall a provincial hotelier who told me that in the last war he bought two hogsheads of port. He bought on a sample glass he tasted in town. But when the hogsheads arrived, he tasted a sample of each, and lo, it wasn't the same.

He returned to town to ask the wine merchant what he meant by sending him such muck. But the wine man was absent that day, and the hotelier came back for the week-end trade. That week-end there was a great influx of officers on leave from France. His hotel was packed; the bars were crammed. By Monday there was no point in having a row with his wine merchant. The hogsheads were emptied. The leave officers had finished the lot. No complaints.

Maybe the wartime taste in books will be no more discriminating than was that Great War collective palate.

A famous theatrical manager, with whom I had a talk last week, told me that the public were "off" patriotic plays, and that the only war-type song that he would describe as a hit was "You Can't Black Out The Moon." People don't respond to the old crude appeals any more. "Horatio Bottomley was a star in the last war," he remarked grimly. "He'd be a flop in this one. People are more sophisticated."

Revue was a Great War invention. Revues became the most popular form of wartime entertainment. Farces came next. History seems to be repeating itself in this war. The most successful show running as I write is a revue built around Vic Oliver, whose success owes nothing to the quite incidental fact that he is Mr. Winston Churchill's son-in-law.

The big success of the Great War period was *Chu Chin Chow*. It *(Continued on page 90)*

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made a quarter of a million. *Daddy Longlegs*, and *A Little Bit of Fluff*, made fortunes, too. Barrie's *Dear Brutus*, a 1917 production, was not so successful. Possibly encouraged by the fact that Arnold Bennett had taken £10,000 with his *Pretty Lady* novel—the riskiest thing he had done up to then, the story of a French prostitute in wartime London—Somerset Maugham wrote his "shocking" play *Our Betters*, and had it produced in New York in 1917. It wasn't brought to London until 1923; but there were good reasons for that.

There are no plays with "shock" scenes, or themes, in wartime London now. At the time I write the only "serious" plays running in town are an old Shaw piece, *Julius Cæsar* (in modern dress), *Lady Precious Stream*, and Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day*. The rest are farces, and comedies ranging from an old Wilde play to Coward's *Design for Living*. None show signs of making a fortune. But "laugh-and-leg" shows are packed out. Max Miller, Vic Oliver, Leslie Henson, Will Hay, Jack and Claude Hulbert, Bobby Howes, Sidney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, Tom Walls, Lupino Lane, Gordon Harker, the Crazy Gang—all the clowns, comics, and comedians, are working overtime.

It's the same in New York—and New York, not London, is the capital of the drama of the western world, and has been for years.

Of eight new major productions scheduled, only two are dramas, neither likely to make theatre history. The other six are comedies except one, and it is a musical. The Theatre Guild's most exciting news is that Joan Crawford is looking for a play in which to star on Broadway. One of the scripts being looked over is about NewYork's smart set, a night club dancer being the leading character.

A FRIEND of mine who last summer visited Paris, Brussels, Copenhagen, Berlin, Stockholm, Vienna, and Budapest, found nothing new, little drama, and a lot of slap-stick comedy—"anything for a laugh." Evidently people wanted a relief from the tension of their lives.

He told me that in Paris he met Leonidoff, the chief producer at Radio City Music Hall, the biggest in New York. Leonidoff was searching London and the European capitals for new clowns, successors to such artistes as Grock, Toto, Coco, Porto and Marcelline. He couldn't find a single one. Yet Europe is the traditional home of clowns. They developed from the Comedia dell' Arte of the Italians. Italy, France, and England, produced the great originals, the Grimaldis, Auriols, Footits and Fratellinis.

The children of clowns used to become clowns. But it looks as if they're not being trained any more. It's possible that they have found a more lucrative career as movie stars, and exponents of "the new politics," and "the new economics." But restrictions on humorous allusions, on travelling, on taking money out of this and that country, double taxation, and what-not, have for years combined to discourage the international artiste—and clowns, to live, have to travel around, especially in Europe.

A great demand for laughter—and a dearth of laughter makers. There's irony for you. But authentic laugh makers never have been common. The springs of laughter are mysterious, anyway. Who knows what makes us laugh? A few men, and even they are not always right. It was a war that made Charlie Chaplin. The troops in France laughed at his antics; and this news, broadcast throughout the United States, rolled up a tidal wave of fame which he succeeded in riding through the peace interregnum—but only by the strategy of making but one film every three years. The clown hailed as the greatest of our era has achieved the supreme triumph of recognising his own monotony, and guarding against it.

Chaplin has never amused me. When I found that the Marx Brothers didn't make me laugh, either (although the Ritz Brothers do), I began to think I must be lacking in some fundamental streak of humour. But fortunately a small inferiority complex in this realm was removed quite recently. At the next table to mine in a restaurant two well-known theatrical magnates dined with a Russian-looking French countess who runs a fashion business with an important stage dressing side. She is a clever woman This trio were debating where they should go for a little amusement after a dinner which appeared to be a business affair. One of the men proposed the Marx Brothers. "Oh, no," cried the countess, clasping her hands in anguish. "No, no. When one has seen them once, one has seen them always. They nevaire change."

I felt reassured. That is the trouble with clowns. Once they have perfected a routine, they never change it. Only the witty people keep fresh and unexpected, and clowns are never witty.

But there is a dearth of wits, too. Indeed, one night, as we sat late over supper, Freddy Lonsdale asserted that all the wits are dead—except Seymour Hicks. I recalled Seymour's staccato stories, one in particular about the member's guest whom Seymour encountered in a corridor of his club. "'Ere, where do I wash?" asked the stranger aggressively. "All over," said Seymour, hurrying on. Who else could achieve such a retort in a flash of inspiration?

Most wits and all clowns have to work hard for their effects. Laugh making is hard work. Probably this is why the faces of clowns, in repose, are lugubrious: of comics, grim; of comedians, the Hickses, the Guitrys, as austere and angular as lawyers' faces.

I have lunched several times in the company of George Robey, and he has never made me laugh. He is pleasant, impressive, sensible, weighty: and passionately interested in matters of health and taxation. On one occasion something I said interested him—we were a luncheon party at the old Embassy Club—and when the coffee and brandy arrived, he came and sat beside me. He told me the secret of the elixir of youth—he hadn't missed a performance in forty years. He disbelieved in hot baths. One should have only one a week—and then make it tepid, and hate it. He did not smile, or invite me to laugh. All this was health, money-earning power-life.

I have been told that, compared with Mr. W. C. Fields in private life, undertakers are gay company. Yet as a professional laugh maker, Fields tops the list. He labours mightily to create those effects which seem spontaneous. A man who had worked with him described him to me as "an anguished perfectionist"—an artist who is never completely satisfied with the results of his toil.

He has a saying: "Who knows what is funny?" which he uses to crush producers, directors, writers, and others, whose views on what may get a laugh differ from the Fields' view. It means: "Nobody knows—but *I* am likely to come closer in my guess than you are." He has a number of inventions to his credit. Most depend upon surprise, all upon timing.

When he was a boy knocking around the theatre, he once saw something go wrong in a costume melodrama. The sword which should have vanished in the villain's body, struck against the actor's chest, and *bent*. The emotional tension of the audience broke in a gale of laughter. No calculated comic effect could have produced such merriment as this unexpected and unpremeditated transition from tragedy to farce. Fields never forgot it. As a juggler, he used billiard cues which bent. They helped to make his act a success. He killed a scene in a film in which the script called for the oar to break and let him fall backwards as he rowed a boat. He substituted an oar which bent. He was right. The laughs were tremendous. But why something that bends should be funny, and something that breaks not funny is one of the psychological mysteries surrounding laughter whose solution would be worth great sums to the commercial enterprises engaged in manufacturing entertainment to meet a public demand.

CLOWNS are costly—the best ones. They earn more than the stars of grand opera who used to be the plutocrats of the pleasure world. Now—during their vogue, usually brief—the plutocrats are the top pipers to whose tunes the world dances. Mr. Artie Shaw, a gentleman elected by magazines and radio station polls as America's King of

Swing, had a net income for 1939 of around £50,000. He gets £5,000 for a two-weeks theatre engagement. A recording company pays him £1,200 to cut three phonograph records—an afternoon's work. Measured by financial reward, Mr. Artie Shaw is from six to seven times more valuable to western mankind than a member of Britain's war cabinet. Youth—the desire of youth to dance, and play, the response of youth to certain basic musical rhythms—these explain the enormous net income of Mr. Artie Shaw.

Nobody knows when or how the war—or rather, the three wars, two in Europe and one in Asia—will end. But it is pretty safe to prophesy that, unless our whole civilisation collapses, the public demand for dance music and dancing will expand rather than contract after the war's end. Peace may even see a great new dance boom. There was a jazz boom after the Great War, in which thirty nations fought, and eight million men fell on the battlefields. The possibilities of the basic dance rhythms of our age are not yet exhausted.

It seems clear, too, that there will be innovations in pleasure life, and a further expansion of the whole industry. Its growth in the twenty-year interregnum between two wars has been astounding. Popular dance halls, ice-skating rinks, "the dogs," radio, cabaret, sound films, dance bands, dirt-track racing, cruises—these are all phenomena of the last quarter century. If one includes gambling, one can add the slot machines, and the "pools." Entertainment has been geared to the enormous engine of our industrial civilisation, and has grown with it, until it is now one of the greatest of all modern industries. The economic machine would break down if one tried to take organised and commercialised pleasure out of modern life.

In Britain alone the whole industry—it includes all sports and pastimes—gives employment, directly and indirectly, to nearly two million people.

The thousands of cinemas have a box-office "take" of £40,000,000 a year here. The thirty-five London theatres represent a £10,000,000 business. The freak sideshow in the last Olympia circus took £600 in a month. A two-day cricket match at Southampton had a £2,000 "gate." Golf sustains a £5,000,000 business. The takings at some of the big Saturday afternoon football matches reach from £3,000 to £5,000. Some £1,500,000 is spent annually in the popular dance halls of the big cities.

What the war is going to do to some of these groups is anybody's guess. Greyhound racing closed down immediately. The leading personality now runs an R.A.F. training station; his chief publicity officer is in the Navy, Intelligence Section. London had only one pantomime at Christmas. The great evacuation explains that. It also explains the popularity of juvenile shows in other parts of the country.

The evacuation movement may be turned to practical peace time use. A great organised seasonal movement of children from the industrial centres is among the possibilities. The influx in certain areas has given already a notable stimulation to local entertainment businesses. It is around such new developments, changes in human habits, travel and transport facilities and developments, that new communities and new enterprises grow up.

One foresees changes in the location of pleasure cities and seasonal playgrounds. Some were dying before the war started: new ones were on the way. There is undoubtedly a link between the end of the old Embassy Club in Bond-street, and the decline of Deauville as the world's smartest summer playground. The crowd who made those places "smart" have gone elsewhere—usually, farther afield.

For decades after Blanc brought his little spinning wheel to Monaco, and sold the Grimaldi family the idea of rebuilding their fortunes by permitting the Blanc company to develop a gambler's paradise in the principality, Monte Carlo had a monopoly in its field. The (*Continued on page 92*)

THE SILENT POOL.

Has your good name gone into it?

TO pool or not to pool, became a question of vital importance to the community. In a trice the motorist was invited to forget all he knew about his favourite branded "juice," and every town and village pump bade him take to Pool! Here was an example of standardization which everybody agrees is fully justified.

Fortunately, the early months of this strange war have enabled the authorities and business men to assess the relative national values of control and freedom of action, and it now seems clear that the Government is disposed to relax some of the restrictions which stifle courage and energy, which is vital if business is to carry on. Control of material is inevitable; distribution may be re-oriented, but when goods or services reach the selling stage, there must be that free and competitive spirit without which a business structure—big or small—cannot be expected to function to the utmost for the national good.

This aspect of wartime operation is well worthy of reflection by business executives and especially by those whose financial investments have been made in concerns whose product names *were* in themselves an absolute guarantee that money was well and safely placed.

In recent months many good names—great names—profit-making names—have been threatened with obscurity through the undue curbing of prudent advertising expenditure. With proper regard for all war effort; to those who fight, to those who grow and transport our food and to those who make our munitions of war, it is to those who can SELL British merchandise at home and in overseas markets that we must look for the making of money with which to pay the war bill.

Companies whose products are of high reputation need not run the risk of consumer obscurity. If national needs indicate that "spend now" is not a patriotic theme, the institutional and prestige-sustaining campaign is well justified and highly valuable against the happy day when Britain can get back to normal business. A number of great firms are adopting a "holding on" campaign in the great publications of the Illustrated Newspapers Group: The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," The "TATLER," The "SKETCH," The "BYSTANDER," The "SPHERE," The "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" and associated monthly magazine, "BRITANNIA AND EVE."

. . .

In a gale the sapling snaps, whilst the mighty beech and oak stand firm. These great papers have stability which the wars of nearly one hundred years have failed to undermine.

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INDEX to ADVERTISERS

February 1940

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

A
A.B. Cookers 67
Anne French Cleansing Milk .. 72
Arrid 79

B
Bentley Motors 64
Birds Custard .. .. Back cover
Bob Martin's Powders 70
Boots Ltd. .. .. .. Cover ii

C
Cointreau 85
Copley-Smith Knitting Wools .. 79
Crookes' Lacto-Calamine 59
Cuticura Soap 73

D
Dr. Barnardo's Homes 76

E
Esse Cooker 81

F
Firth Vickers Stainless Steel .. 72

G
General Electric Co. 67
'Gor-ray' Skirts .. .. Cover iii

H
Hofels' Curative Foods 68

K
Kolynos Dental Cream 76

L
Larola 70
Lea and Perrin 75
Leichner 82
Lucas, Joseph 64

M
Mansion Polish 74
Menopax 87
Min Cream 89

N
Nugget Polish 87

O
Osram Lamps 85

P
Palmolive Soap 83
Player's Cigarettes 61
Pond's Cream .. .. .. Cover iii
Potter and Clarke 80

R
Rover Cars 63

S
Sanatogen 61
Schweppes 2
Smith's "Bluecol" 89
Swan Brand Ware 87

T
Tampax 78
Tangee Beauty Preparations .. 71
Tattoo Lipstick 77
Tek Toothbrushes 68

V
Vandré 82
Vapex 80
Vitos Machine 63

Y
Yardleys 69

Great War nearly bankrupted the company. Zaharoff and Rothschild had to come to the rescue with their money bags. The fat years of 1925–29 brought easy money again. But astute business men, closed out of participation in enterprise in Monaco, started competition all along the Riviera coast. Chromium-plated casinos, new luxury bars, galas and sports, the presence of bribed celebrities, milked Monte Carlo so dry that the company had to build a summer casino and swimming pool, devise new gambling games, and fight hard to regain trade. Now Monte Carlo has lost its monopoly of the roulette game, the old gambling resort is only one of a string of casino towns along the coast. It will never regain its old glory.

Mussolini is trying to cash in on Italian neutrality, but so far there has been no great rush to desert French for Italian playgrounds. The competition, however, has induced the French to eliminate a blackout along the Riviera coast. The *palazzo* owners of Venice are hoping for a good season, but I doubt if they will get fat rents this year from British and American cosmopolitans who "make" the Venice season.

But the loss of Britain and Europe is the gain of South America and Canada. Canada may be the Switzerland of to-morrow on the winter-sports map, especially if the big long-range airplane develops to permit volume travel at low prices. Even Mexico is striking out. The government has restored a cottage at Acapacingo which was the refuge of Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlotta. The Mexican politicians don't care a hoot about Maximilian and Carlotta. But their

Pleasure Hunt

travel experts have pointed out that seasonal festivities, religious ceremonies, markets, harvest feasts, bullfights, are not enough. For a steady tourist attraction, there's nothing like a romantic historic spot with a royal flavour.

The enterprising people who have been developing the tourist attractions of Scotland are well aware of this. The mist-covered moors and mountains of the rocky Hebrides, the scenery, the plant and bird life, have their lure. But what brings thousands of Americans during the summer is the publicised association of the islands with Flora Macdonald and Bonnie Prince Charlie.

It was a travel service man who gave me this sidelight on the tourist mind, and this insight into travel resort mechanism. He illustrated by a story. An American and a Frenchman were arranging some mutually profitable tourist business. They spoke of the Roman ruins of Provence, of Versailles and the Sun King, of the romantic associations of the Tuileries, of Montmartre and Notre Dame. "We could do something with a Napoleonic battlefield," remarked the American. "It's a pity Napoleon fought his big battles outside France. I guess that guy was just no good to France anyway."

"You are mistaken," said the other. "We have his tomb."

One hopes the day will not be far distant when Munich will build up quite a tourist traffic on the attraction of a sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of Adolf Hitler.

END

Dinner for Four

(*Continued from page 57*)

one piece on the other, on baking sheet. Fill centres with walnut and jam. Whisk white of egg until very stiff, add castor sugar and place on each pair of slices. Lightly sprinkle with castor sugar. Decorate with cherries and bake in very slow oven for thirty minutes. (Regulo Mark 1.) Serve hot or cold.

PRAWN SAVOURIES

Small jar of prawns.
Three small tomatoes.
Toast. Parsley.

Butter small rounds of toast the size of tomato slices. Place slices of tomato on toast with prawn on top. Decorate with minute sprig of parsley or slice of stuffed olive.

Dinner for Six

(*Continued from page 57*)

make gravy, fry, adding the stock. Flavour with lemon juice and strain round meat. Decorate with lemon.

POTATO SURPRISE

Peel and slice the potatoes about a quarter of an inch thick. Lay the slices in a casserole or covered dish with seasoning. Cover with milk and grate a little cheese over the top. Cover and place the dish in the oven with the veal to cook for thirty to forty minutes. (Regulo Mark 1.)

FRIED PARSNIPS

Boil the parsnips till tender. Cut into half-inch slices. Season and coat with egg and bread-crumbs or batter. Fry golden brown in hot fat.

PEACH GATEAU

One small tin peaches.
One small sponge sandwich.
6d. sponge fingers.
½ pint cream.
Castor sugar.
Cake tin with detachable base.

Cut off one end of each sponge finger and split in two. Line the cake tin with these and half the sandwich at the bottom. Tie with ribbon and slip out of the tin. Drain peaches, put two pieces aside, cut up the rest and mix with whipped cream (put a little of the cream aside) and sugar. Place mixture in sponge case, place other half of sandwich on the top and decorate with remainder of fruit and cream.

STUFFED CELERY

One head of celery.
One small cream cheese.
1 oz. chopped walnuts.
Plain biscuits.

Cut celery into two-inch pieces and stuff with cheese mixed with nut. Serve with plain biscuits.

END

Hat and Mitts

(*Continued from page 55*)

Work ch. stitching on the backs of gloves with dark wool.

SNOOD

With medium hook make a ch. of 75. 1 tr. into the 5th ch. from hook. * 5 ch., 1 tr. into the 5th ch. from hook; rep. from * to end of row. Turn with 2 ch. * 5 ch., 1 tr. into each space made by 5 ch. in last row; rep. from * to end. Repeat this last row until 18 ins.

Last row: * 2 ch., 1 tr. into each space. Slightly gather the sides with wool needle and wool. Now one double crochet all round. Run elastic through the double crochet.

HAT

With dark wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 130 sts. Work 8 ins. in plain knitting. Now lay a piece of silk or fine woollen material the same size on this. Stitch the back seam. Fold edges to the centre and stitch firmly all round. Leaving spaces for filling. Fill with wadding and stitch the spaces to centre. Attach snood to hat.

1.2.40

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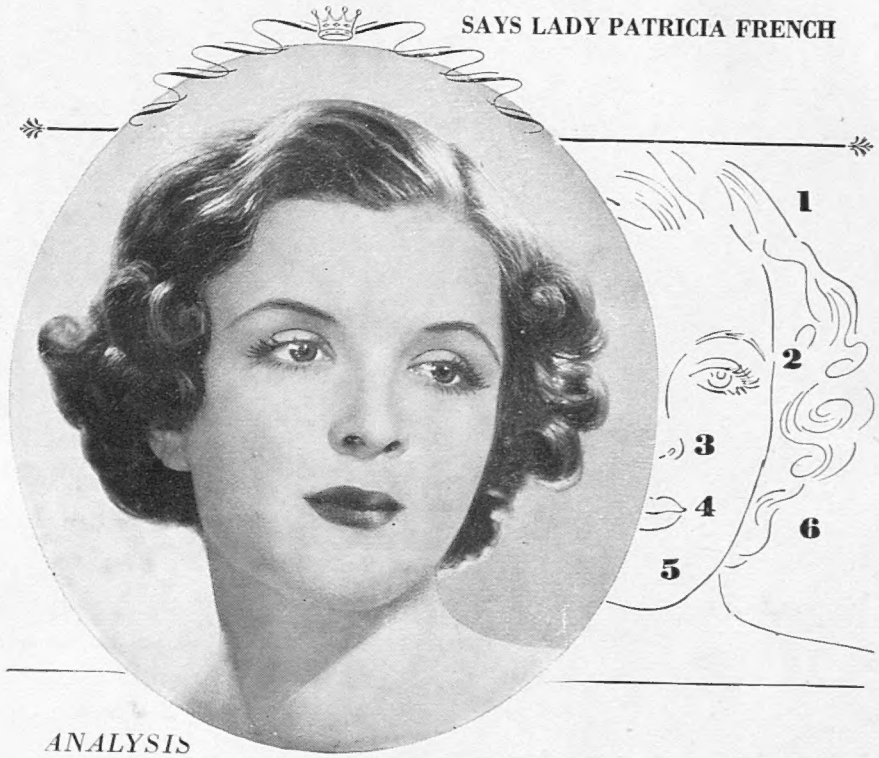

ANALYSIS

of Lady Patricia French's features

(**1**) *Shape of face.* Rounded—the forehead broad, with smooth, fair skin. No sallowness such as is often seen in fair-complexioned brunettes.

(**2**) *Eyes.* Starry, dark, with long dark lashes. The smoothness of the skin around the eyes enhances her youthfulness.

(**3**) *Nose.* Short and straight with fine, even-pored skin.

(**4**) *Mouth.* Vivid, almost heart-shaped.

(**5**) *Chin.* Round and milk-white. Unspoiled by any blemishes.

(**6**) *Hair.* Dark with gleams of copper-gold, a lovely setting for an exquisitely fair complexion.

Lady Patricia's skin is indeed "like an English rose"—thanks to her regular use of Pond's Creams, she declares.

What Pond's Creams have done for her complexion they can do for yours! Pond's Creams supply *all* the skin's needs. They stimulate, lubricate and protect it.

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